Outdoor America

JUNE, 1925

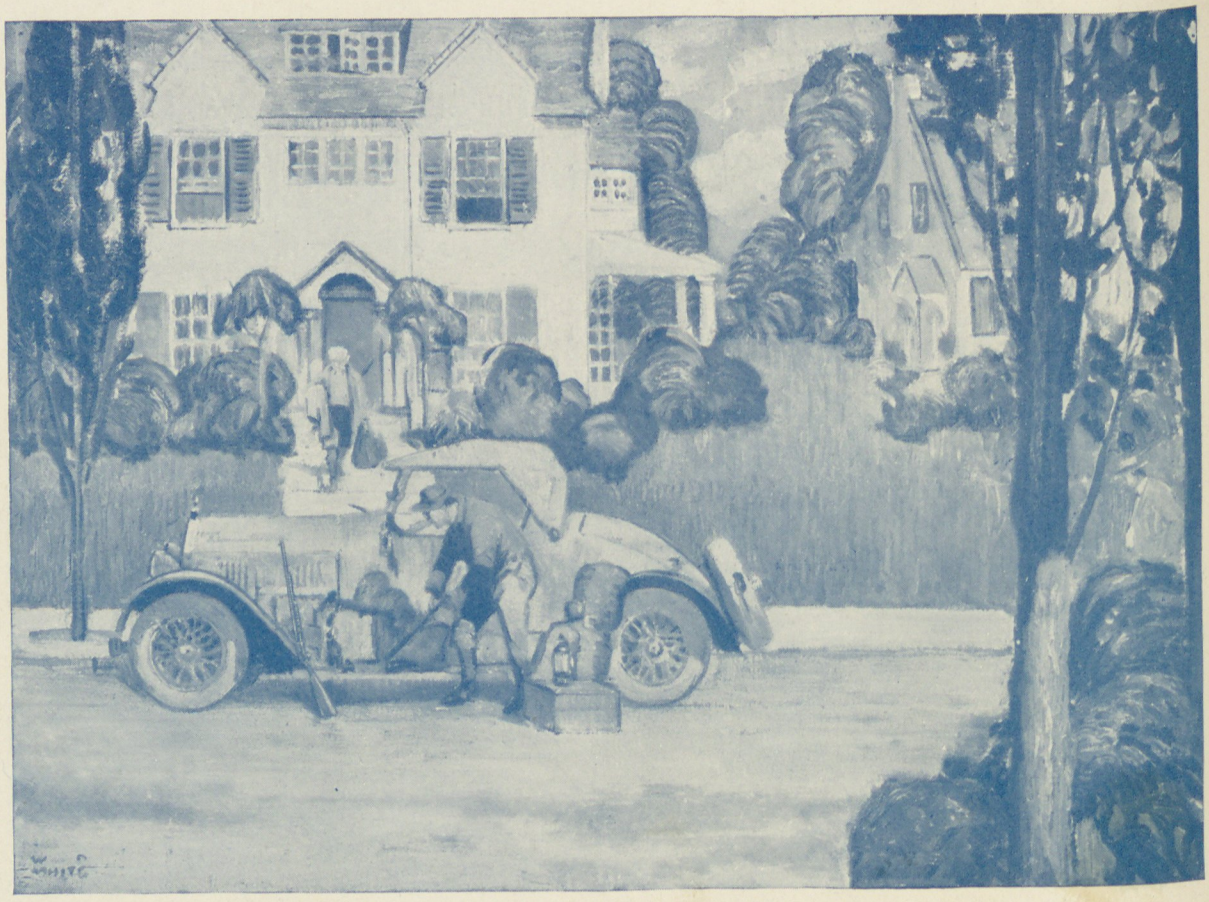
Price 15 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

EL COMANCHO · ZANE GREY · DONALD HOUGH

CHARLES B. REED



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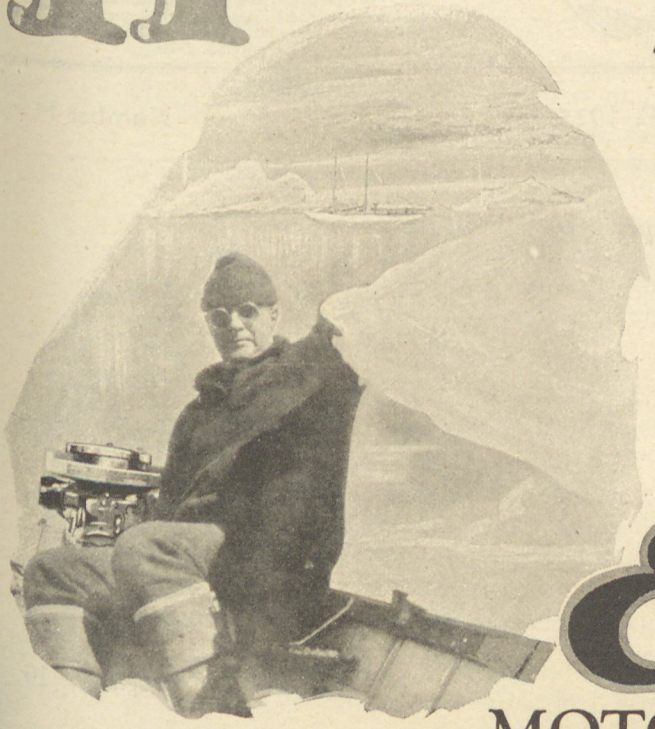

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Outdoor America

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CONTENTS

Cover Design . . . . . *From a painting by Frank Stick*
Frontispiece—Familiar Haunts . . . . . *From an etching by Earl H. Reed* 4
Wild Portages I Have Met . . . . . *Donald Hough* 5
Photographs by the Author.
The Fisherman—Continued . . . . . *Zane Grey* 8
Illustration by Frank Stick.
The Isle of Mystery . . . . . *Charles B. Reed* 10
Illustrations by Earl H. Reed.
Pennsylvania Scores Again . . . . . *Robert B. Vale* 13
Floating Down the River—Part One . . . . . *Guy Von Schriltz* 14
Photographs by the Author.
The Curse of the Cottontail . . . . . *Bruce Hetherington* 16
Illustrations by William Schmedtgen.
Swordfish a la Carte . . . . . *Richard L. Sutton, M. D., F. R. G. S.* 18
Photographs by the Author.
Running Down the Longitude . . . . . *El Comancho* 20
Illustration by C. Otis Wilson.
The Salmon That Broke the Hoo-Doo . . . . . *John C. Cosseboom* 22
A School in the Open . . . . . *Florence L. Clark* 24
Photographs by the Author.
A Wisconsin Drainage Crime . . . . . *Louis Radke* 26
Everett E. Lowry—Cartoonist 29
An Oklahoma Accomplishment . . . . . *Charles J. Brill* 30
I. W. L. A. Now Buying Haylands in Jackson's Hole . . . . . *C. R. Hallowell* 32
Photographs by J. T. Gratiot.
Science Vs. Sentiment . . . . . *J. B. Lippincott* 35
Convention Sketches . . . . . *Everett E. Lowry* 36
Editorial 38
Pollution Department . . . . . *Edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward* 40
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.
Mostly About Boys . . . . . *Edited by Ben East* 46
Waltonian Nook . . . . . *Edited by Carl E. Simon* 48
Angling Memories . . . . . *Edited by Will H. Dilg* 58
With the Trap Shooters . . . . . *Jack Smith* 67
When Your Dog Made His Bid for Fame . . . . . *Edited by Shady Lane* 86

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Familiar Haunts

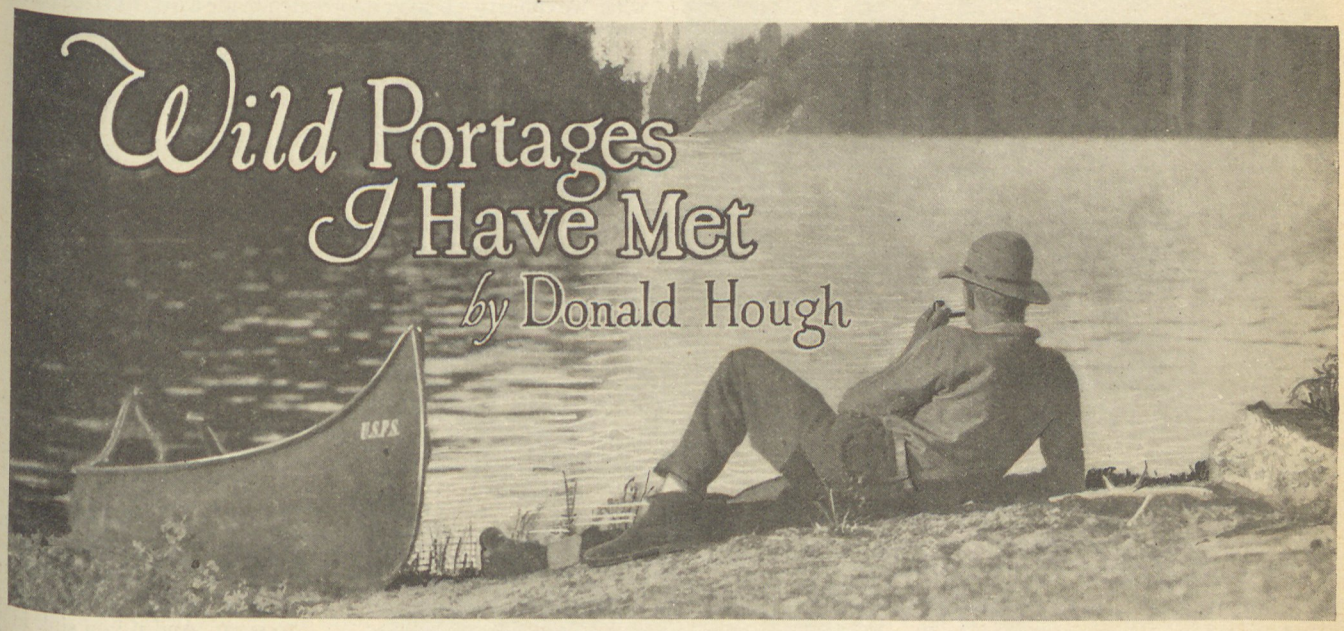
An etching by Earl H. Reed, the famous artist

Our third national convention voted unanimously that Congressman Harry B. Hawes form a committee of congressmen and senators to create an I. W. L. A. Game Refuge Bill which can be passed. With Congressman Hawes' committee there will be a committee of sportsmen, farmers and reforestation experts so that a bill may be introduced in the next Congress that will suit *all* of the people of the United States.

Vol. 3 Outdoor America Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life No. 11

Wild Portages I Have Met

by Donald Hough



EARLY one morning last winter I looked out of a tent in the Superior National Forest to see if the air outdoors was really as cold as the air that had been seeping into my blankets all night.

It was real early in the morning and most of my companions were still in their blankets sleeping, or perhaps feigning sleep until somebody else made a fire. But Jim Hoffman was dressed, and he was all by himself out in front of the tents thawing some dog harnesses over a fire he had just made.

"Good morning, Jim," I called. "How high is up?" I was trying to be funny.

But Jim was fast and he never even looked up as he replied, "What I want to know is, what becomes of all the white when the snow melts?"

I ducked back into the tent and finished tying my moccasins, and for the next half-hour tried my best to think of a good comeback, but it was hopeless.

My opportunity came, however, about noon. I was trailing the dog teams on a stiff portage—up hill, then down, then up again—where Jim and the others who were in direct charge of the dogs had to add a lot of human muscle to the dog power that moved the toboggans.

I came on Jim as he was in the middle of a hill. His dogs had quit on him temporarily. The steam was rising from his bared head and he was panting harder than the dogs were.

"Jim," I asked, "how far away is the end of a portage?"

Jim gave me a hard look and I noticed that although the temperature was somewhere near zero the snow in the vicinity of Jim began to melt.

Of course these winter portages are portages in name only. They are called portages mostly because they follow the trails of the summer time canoeist. Instead of carrying the load across in the winter, you just help the dogs pull it. If you're carrying a pack in the winter, of course your whole trip is a portage; and two years ago I took a hundred and fifty mile trip that turned out to be a hundred and fifty mile portage, which is the longest portage I have ever met and the longest one I ever intend to meet in the future or any other time during my life.

At the top of the rise I saw her coming.

Donald Hough, noted writer of outdoor stories, has been commissioned by the Izaak Walton League to investigate grazing conditions in the Kaibab National Forest, to determine what should be done to preserve the deer reported to be starving for lack of forage due to their tremendous increase in number during the past few years.

A complete story of this investigation will appear in the July issue of Outdoor America. The entire nation is intensely interested in the conservation of these deer. Do not fail to read the story.

Of course it's in the summer that you meet portages in the proper meaning of the term—those nice, hilly, swampy, rough, rocky, trails that lead from one lake to another and over which you must carry your canoe and equipment. Now all portages have two ends—the end you start from and the end you hope eventually to reach. Which brings us to the main point of this discourse, and I will take as my text the same question I asked Jim Hoffman on the winter trail—"How far away is the other end of a portage?"

Portages can make or break canoe trips, according to the way you treat them; and if there is anything in the world more temperamental than a north woods portage I have missed it. They resemble grand opera stars even in that they never make their last appearance as advertised.

Portages are easily forgotten. If they weren't, the summer hotels would be full of ex-canoeists every season. When the canoeist comes home from his latest trip and begins to bore everybody about it he never forgets to leave out a single sunset, his nimble mind makes over soggy slabs of dough into delicious flapjacks, and he not only brings in every fish caught on the trip but he catches a few extra ones extemporaneously without batting an eye.

Instead of carrying the load across in winter—you just help the dogs pull it.

But does he mention the portages? He does not. If you mention portages he is likely to give you a vacant look. "Ah!" he breathes, "portages, you mean? Yes, there were a few—but we didn't mind them."

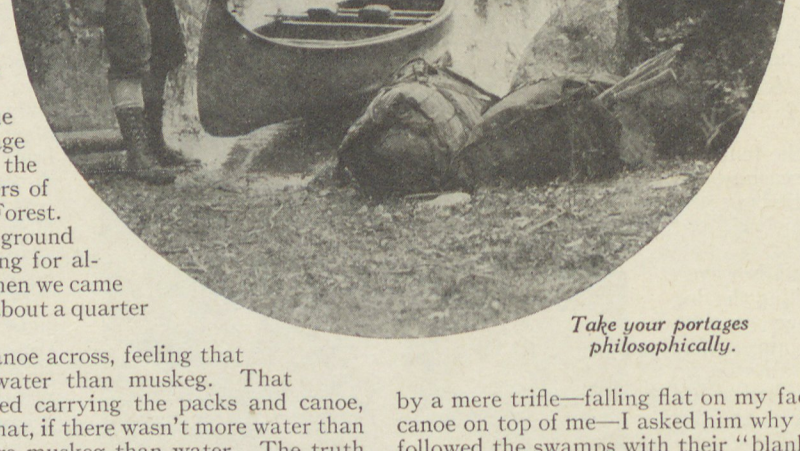
Now I have taken quite a few portages in my day, and I have minded all of them. Some I have minded a little, some I have minded a lot, and a few I have minded like the very devil.

Of the latter class let me mention a two-mile portage from the headwaters of the Kawishiwi to the headwaters of the Isabella in the Superior Forest. The portage started on high ground and we tripped merrily along for almost a quarter of a mile. Then we came to a low, wet place. It was about a quarter of a mile long.

We tried to paddle the canoe across, feeling that perhaps there was more water than muskeg. That didn't work. Then we tried carrying the packs and canoe, under the false impression that, if there wasn't more water than muskeg, there must be more muskeg than water. The truth was, we found, that the water and muskeg were in equal proportion, so we loaded the packs into the canoe and then we stepped down into water and mud well up to our waists and started across, towing the boat. Each step meant that you must raise your foot as high as possible, then put your weight on it. The resistance of the muskeg was enough so that you could pull yourself quite a bit into the air—then your foot would break through and your heart would stand still until you touched bottom.

Before we got out we had struggled through this potpourri breast deep, and never were sure when it wouldn't be head deep or worse.

Once across, we had to carry our baggage and canoe a mile and three-quarters, which is no fun even when your pants, shirt, shoes and socks aren't full of equal proportions of muskeg, mud and water.



Take your portages philosophically.

And speaking of water reminds me of the first canoe trip I ever took, when the portages totaled six miles and the paddling totaled about seven. The canoes had all the best of that trip. The principal portage was a two-mile one without a trail to guide us, so we had to wade through a muskeg swamp, ankle to knee deep, from one end to the other. The only respite was when we came to a beaver dam which made a decent sized pond, and we paddled long enough to catch our breath.

Beaver ponds are a great help to the canoeist, and I have traveled up a small creek that could never have been negotiated were it not for the fact that it was simply a terrace of beaver dams and ponds.

The beaver is a great help this way but he isn't always a great help. The beaver, in cutting down trees, always likes to have them fall in an open space, and this includes trails. The result is a hurdle race on the part of the portager—or perhaps it's portageur—and nobody can appreciate such a hurdle race until he has gone through one. Imagine yourself with a canoe delicately balanced on your shoulders, your head thrust up under the inverted craft, the sun playing a heat wave tattoo on the bottom, a million black flies around your eyes and nose and mouth and ears, and the trail so narrow that you've got to pretend the canoe is hinged in order to make all the curves.

Now you come to one of these beaver playgrounds. The ground is low, even swampy. The trees have been felled so they come about to your thigh, allowing for the distance you sink into the muskeg. Now your problem is doubled. You must twist the canoe to avoid the standing timber, but while you're doing this you must step over a log. Try it sometime. The trouble is that when you step down, you never know how far you're going to step. And if you sink in a little more than usual and find yourself very suddenly astride the log with all the weight off your feet and still retain your unruffled spirit, you belong, not among men, but among the gods.

Perhaps you have gained the impression that all portages are through swamps. This is the wrong impression. Many of them are over mountains—or the closest thing to a mountain that is available. It occurs to me that most trails blazed by the forest service are either through swamps or over hills. I recall walking along a wet trail once with a federal ranger and in a moment of peevishness caused by a mere trifle—falling flat on my face in the mud with the canoe on top of me—I asked him why in the deuce they always followed the swamps with their "blankety-blank" trails.

He pointed to a nearby bluff.

"Would you want them to go over hills like that?" he asked in an injured tone.

The same day we followed a trail that went directly over the center of the highest hill in seven counties.

"Do you find it necessary to follow the highest contour line on the map?" I puffed as we neared the crest of the hill.

The ranger waved a hand elaborately to take in the whole horizon.

"Look at the view it affords!" he cried.

He convinced me for the moment that the forest service really had a kind heart, but on thinking it over I feel that the way to break a ranger's heart would be to let him see Pike's Peak and forbid him to build a portage trail over it.

The worst kind of a portage is one along a railroad track. I carried a hundred pound canoe for a couple of miles once along

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

a railroad track. This was really heartbreaking. But it was necessary. We had ended a six weeks' trip at a lake at the end of a logging railroad and expected to get a ride the balance of the twenty miles into town. We were so sure of our ride that when we passed a ranger cabin that afternoon we had left all of our surplus food supplies there, keeping only a pail of soup. We came to the railroad and the lumber camp and found that the camp had closed and the telephone line was down. We looked at the map and discovered that we could paddle a part of the way and walk part.

It was now late afternoon, but we couldn't tarry, so we started down that darned railroad track carrying our canoe, our packs, and our pail of soup. At the end of two miles we came to a lake and there we put the canoe in and paddled to the other end of it and camped. We scraped up every odd and end of food we had in our packs, and added it all to the soup. We had soup that night and soup for breakfast the next day, and when we portaged out of the lake over a young mountain Dad was still lugging the soup pail. We traveled all morning and at noon we halted in the middle of a sea of mud which brought our trip in that direction to an end, and we supped mightily on soup. When we turned around and portaged back over the mountain again we still carried the soup, and the soup nourished us as we again hit the ties down that railroad.

We reached town that night about nine o'clock after eighteen hours of paddling and of walking down railroad tracks with canoe and packs for ballast; and as we approached the lights near the wharf a faint clink from the rear of the canoe told me that soup, pail and all, had gone to its everlasting rest.

It seems to me I have wandered from my subject. However, that is nothing to be surprised at, for portaging is often synonymous with wandering. I recall a portage once that wandered all over half of the Superior Forest, and when I asked about it Oscar Heikkila told me it had been cut by a ranger who was trailing a moose, and that the moose was looking for a certain kind of berry that was rare in that vicinity; and so I enjoyed the pleasure of walking a mile over a quarter of a mile portage just because a heathen moose had looked for a certain green berry for his lunch.

—and then there is the Stairway Portage north of Grand Marais on the north shore of Lake Superior.

And then there is Stairway Portage north of Grand Marais, on the north shore of Lake Superior. It is a quarter of a mile long and a quarter of a mile up and has several flights. They have put sticks on it making steps, which helps. I played very cute on this trip and agreed to carry the canoe down if my companion would carry it up when we returned. I thought I had achieved a victory, but if you want to know what kind of a victory it was, put a canoe on your shoulders and start downstairs with it. By the time you reach the twentieth stair you wonder what is happening to your knees. On the fiftieth stair your knees are about to burst under you, and on the ninety-ninth stair you have decided that the old Spanish Inquisition, where they merely cracked your joints between iron clamps, was a joke. On the hundredth stair it is a race to see who hits the ground first—you or the canoe.

I have left the worst portage until the last. I didn't even make it. My wife did. I went across first, then waited for my girl friend, whom I call Mrs. Hough, to come along. After a while I started back to see if everything was all right. As I came to the top of a rise I saw her coming. At first I thought she was doing a schottische. She was advancing a step, backing up two, advancing three more, sidestepping a half, backing up one, then advancing two.

I didn't get the drift at first; then I saw that she was making the usual porcupine portage—she was all quills. On her back she had a pack of indifferent weight. In one hand she had two paddles. Each paddle pointed in a different direction—one to the east, one to the west. In the other hand she had two fish rods. One pointed north, the other south. The portage trail ran southwest to northeast. Consequently these things were caught either all at once or one at a time on every part of the surrounding scenery. In addition to this her hat was over one eye, and she was endeavoring to right it by spasmodically jerking her head.

The other day I had lunch with a young man who was planning a canoe trip into northern Minnesota. "I hope," he observed over the ice cream, "that there aren't many portages. A friend of mine started out from Ely last year and was only gone two days. He said all he found was one portage after another."

The young man was right. His friend had found the woods full of portages for the same

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 83]

Are you doing your share in helping?

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustration by Frank Stick

In The Fisherman, Zane Grey, internationally famous writer, has given the readers of Outdoor America an angling classic.

The story of Lorry Dunn is typical of the many trials, tribulations and joys encountered by the average American boy. Every man who has been a "reg'lar feller" in his boyhood will get many thrills from its paragraphs and recall the days of his youth.

The author has contributed this great serial as he has many other fine stories, as his part in the League's program to conserve something of the out of doors for the boys.

THESE shiners were strange finicky little fish. Not always would they bite, and nothing but angle worms would tempt them. Tiny hooks and tiny baits had to be used, and the fisherman must keep out of sight. Like brook trout rising to flies these golden shiners broke water after the deceptive bait. Usually they were large, and all of them were strong, exceedingly active, and full of fight. The high bank made it necessary to swing them up, and this fact, coupled with the other difficulties, made the capture of one out of five hooked a fortunate average. Also they were hard to keep alive. Fresh water had to be supplied frequently. Lastly, if one of these shiners was dropped alive and wiggling into a hole where there was a bass, he was almost sure to take it.

Not until these happy all-satisfying days were over and September with the waning of summer was at hand, and school imminent, did Lorry realize just how much they had meant to him. And not until the very last day did he summon courage to tell his old friend that he could come no more this year.

"All play and no work make a bad boy, Lorry," said Mr. Miser. "You must study. Summer is over. But the May flowers will bloom again. I will be here next spring. And Dillon's Falls will always be here."

So they parted, and Lorry went home with an ache in his heart, and back to school. And soon it was as if Dillon's Falls were a dream.

High school opened many avenues of new interest to Lorry, but the splendid average in studies that he had maintained in the Eight Ward school did not here materialize. It was not that Lorry was not keen to advance. He started in with ambition. But soon he was thrown into companionship with new and more attractive girls, who made eyes at him and wrote notes to him and waited for him after school. This popularity incurred the disfavor of some of the other boys and also that of Lorry's teacher. She was a large, severe-faced, sharp-tongued woman, who showed little evidence of remembering that she had once been young. Lorry was singularly sensitive to praise or blame; and about this time he discovered that he was subject to spells of depression. Altogether these distractions operated against Lorry's applying himself, as otherwise he might have done, and at the end of the term some of his marks were poor.

This fact distressed him, and he set about manfully to make up for it. But circumstances were against him. Blame for some prank involving a girl was unjustly laid upon Lorry. He could not tell the truth without hurting the girl. Following that came an unfortunate occurrence. Lorry had a good clear tenor voice and he liked to sing, but he did not read music well and had no great aptitude for holding a tune. On Fridays, when the professor of music came, two classes were merged in one. Lorry shared a front seat with another youth, a very good singer. At the beginning of the lesson, when the class was in full chorus and Lorry was singing at the top of his lungs, the professor tapped sharply on a desk to command silence. Pointing his stick at Lorry he said: "You keep still!" The boys and girls let out what seemed to Lorry a roar of mirth. He felt the blood burn his cheek and temple. "If I can't sing it's not because I haven't tried," he cried, sharply to the professor. "Why haven't you taught me how? You give some of the girls special lessons."

The professor was furious and sent Lorry back to his own classroom. Lorry slammed his music book down, muttering: "I'll never open it again." And indeed he never did. His teacher punished him by keeping him after school hours, made a butt of him before the other pupils, lectured and importuned him, all to no purpose. Lorry was through studying music. At last the matter of his delinquency was laid before his father. Lorry told the truth and proved it by one of his classmates. Dr. Dunn curtly informed the teachers that he did not blame Lorry, and upheld him.

It was a victory for Lorry that turned out badly for him. It increased his teacher's disfavor to dislike. She had her pets, and one of them was the youth who could sing so well; and he made the mistake to ridicule Lorry. The result was that this fortunate boy with the silver voice went home from school that day with two black eyes.

All these things might have been of little consequence to a boy of different temperament. But Lorry knew he was misunderstood and unappreciated; and gradually something unhappy formed in his mind. It did not soothe his ruffled temper when his father made him go to work Saturdays clerking in a shoe store. From eight o'clock in the morning until eleven at night! Lorry wondered if it were possible to hate anything more! His mother divined his feelings and sought to comfort him, but though this made Lorry love her more it only added to his shame. It was a long hard cold winter. Lorry read books, when he should have been studying. He was an omnivorous reader. He read everything he could get his hands on, but Robinson Crusoe and the Last of the Mohicans and the Harry Castleman books were his favorites. He devoured them. He knew them by heart.

One evening a week he went to a dancing club to which he belonged. His popularity here, at least with the girls, had not waned. If anything it had increased. Lorry did not have tact, and he was not of a temper to toady to boys or try to propitiate rivals. He danced right on gallantly and to certain disaster.

There were only three girls in this set whom Lorry liked equally when they were all together, and each one best when he was with her separately. He knew his predicament, yet seemed to welcome the toils that closed round him. Effie Wolcott was sixteen, fair-faced, with great eyes like dark velvet; Marjorie Brown a year older, was tall and slim and proud, gray-eyed, with a wonderful braid of golden hair; Elinor Roberts, the same age, small and dark, sad sweet lips and sad eyes. Lorry laid siege to their hearts, without conscious motive, just drawn by youth and beauty and something nameless, of which he had no knowledge.

It so happened that Effie had a brother, a debonnaire, high-handed young fellow, chum of the president of the club, and who hated Lorry. At the height of

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Lorry went home with an ache in his heart, and soon it was as if Dillon's Falls were a dream.

Lorry's popularity these two conspirators malignantly exaggerated a playful and innocent remark of Lorry's and used it as a means to expel him from the dancing club. The shock to Lorry was terrible. He could not believe it. Protests to the president of the club were unavailing. At last Lorry realized he had been greatly wronged. He was sure the girls had not been let into the secret, because they were unusually sweet and solicitous with inquiries as to why he did not attend the latest club dance. This made his situation only worse. Lorry sought young Wolcott and at length cornered him in his father's store. Lorry told him quick and hard what he was. Young Wolcott sat on a table among his bosom friends, and despite their proximity he turned deathly pale.

"Come outside. I *dare* you to," demanded Lorry, fiercely.

"I wouldn't fight with you," replied Wolcott.

"You bet you wouldn't—you coward," retorted Lorry. "All right, this is your time. Mine will come!"

The winter passed, a long bitter time for Lorry Dunn. With the advent of spring, however, he began to lose much of the brooding that had settled upon him, and started to think of summer and Dillon's Falls. As time went on Lorry found that, had he but known, his girl friends would have been glad to see him all through this dark period. He redoubled his former attentions and was more popular than ever. Then it leaked out that he had been expelled from the dancing club, and why. Some of Lorry's friends loyally championed him; they knew he could not be guilty of what he was accused. But Elinor Roberts acted strange and aloof, and Effie Wolcott abruptly grew cold. One night, the last he was ever with her, he took her home from a party on the Terrace. As there was a merry crowd of young people together he did not get a moment alone with her until they reached her home. She went into the yard and closed the gate between them. It was moonlight. Her face was white and beautiful, and her dark eyes gazed up at him. Lorry stammered a few words of appeal. But she bade him goodnight and turned away.

Lorry went home beset by anger and doubt. His blood boiled at the injustice done him, and he lay awake at night beside his brother, pondering and miserable. On Saturday afternoon of that same week he met Marjorie Brown on the street. She looked into his face as if she had never seen him. She did not know him. Lorry, cut to the quick though he was, did not give up without another fight. On Sunday night he went to Marjorie's church and after the services waited for her outside. Lorry went to his defeat like a soldier. Almost he knew, but he had to make certain. Marjorie came out in company with her family and friends, and Lorry faced her with uncovered head.

"Marjorie, may I walk home with you," he asked, quite clearly. "I have something most important to say."

That was a crucial moment in Lorry's life, perhaps in Marjorie's. With deliberate scorn she turned her back.

Lorry took the insult as he would have taken a blow in the face, without flinching. But all the lights seemed to dim. Tears in his eyes! Something of boyhood died in him then. He was ashamed of her, of her sex, of the falseness of her and those who had made her blind. But this nobler emotion gave place to fury. He would show her how little he cared—for her—for Nell—for anyone. He would show them what a man he was. He would beat Ralfe Wolcott half to death or get drunk. But to drink was impossible. There was the pledge he had signed to please his mother. Still he must find something terrible to do.

Lorry's evil genius kept pace with him. At the corner he met two boys he knew well, both older, and noted for experiences still foreign to Lorry.

"Come on, Lorry. We're going to Jumbo's," said Charlie Hawes, and his comrade, Harvey Stout, added more urgent solicitation.

Lorry seemed caught in a current he could not, did not want to resist. His mood was such that what he would have rejected at any other single hour of his life he now embraced. Jumbo. She was a notorious woman who kept a house of ill-fame. Lorry had passed it. He had wondered with all the curiosity of dawning youth. He forgot his mother; he forgot Homer and the faith of Old Muddy Miser. He remembered only Marjorie's scornful face. Very well, he would be what she thought him. Wildly gay, he fell in with these boys and accompanied them.

(To be continued)

The ISLE of Mystery

by Charles B. Reed

Illustrated by Earl H. Reed

LAKE SUPERIOR was in one of her most winsome moods and Phil McCoy, the fire warden, stood watching the westering sun as he puffed an after-supper pipe. To me the Great Lakes is forever a source of enchantment and the influence is particularly strong in the morning and evening. It came upon me now in a vast, all-enveloping wave.

"Why is it, Phil," I inquired, "that everything about this country seems to have an associated fringe of mystery?"

"I don't know," he replied, turning around, "but it is certainly true. Now take that sunset, for instance, all crimson and gold, and note how the smaller islands of the 'Lizards' loom up between sky and water, trembling, like hanging gardens. I suppose that may happen elsewhere, but it seems peculiarly uncanny and appropriate for this lake. No, I don't understand it, but surely the air of mystery is forever present."

The Eye of the Forest.

The description was vivid, but in addition there was a gradual rush of feeling into the man's voice that thrilled me. It summarized all the wildness of the life around us. It suggested the cry of the loon, the glimmer of sedgy pools, the whispering fingers of pines and the lapping of twilit waters. I looked at him rather than the horizon. His brown eyes shone like lamps under some kind of spell or self-hypnotization. His finely-chiseled countenance was radiant—or rather not so radiant as luminous. That he was sensitive and high strung, I knew, but never before had I witnessed his quick responsiveness to natural phenomena. This, it occurred to me, was due to an overfining of the nerves, and must have come to him from his Anglo-Saxon father just as his broad shoulders, slender waist and calfless legs had come without the slightest alloy from his Indian mother.

After a moment I again turned to the spectacle before us. Phil was unaware of my presence. He stood at gaze like one entranced. The sun glowed like a great red ember in the West and fiery spokes gleamed across the cool levels of the sleeping lake.

Finally Phil sighed and relighted his pipe. I took advantage of his release to resume the conversation.

"What in your opinion, Phil, is mystery?"

There was a prolonged silence and I had about concluded he had not heard me, when he replied, "I suppose it's almost anything we don't understand."

"Do you think it must always involve the invisible foundations of life?"

"Oh, no, not at all. It may concern the sordid and common as well as the vital or spiritual. It may be even wholly academic or problematical. The one thing essential to mystery, it seems to me, is that it should be a thing apart from all the routine and artificialities of life."

"Would you think it might sometimes be a reappearance of certain experiences that once were common in the Pagan youth of the race—a clairvoyance, so to speak, that was gradually outgrown and forgotten as we evolved and lost touch with Nature?"

"Yes, that might be, too. But in that case it ought to persist more strongly in primitive countries and under primitive conditions."

"That's what I mean, Phil. Unsettled regions like this around us, for instance."

"Yes, that sounds plausible, all right," he answered indifferently. Then he started to say something more and checked himself, wavered an instant and turned again to the sleeping lake.

"You are very fond of this country, aren't you, Phil?"

"I am more than fond of it," he responded with awakening enthusiasm. "I love it. The years my father sent me away to school were the most unhappy in my life. Yes, this is where I belong. The rustle of the leaves, the murmur of the water and the smell of the moist earth give me all sorts of delicious sensations. In cities, on the other hand, I am oppressed. My head is hot and heavy. I might better be in prison. Here in the forest my interest stays at a high pitch all the time. When I travel even a well-known trail, it seems sometimes as if my ears would prick up like a deer's, I am so sympathetically alive to what is going on around me. Ye gods! look at that afterglow. Isn't it a wonder? It means a fine day tomorrow for your trip up the river. I wish I could go with you. By the way, how are you going out this time? We have had no rain for weeks and I fear you will find the upper reaches of the river very shallow."

"The water is low, is it? Well, I suppose if it doesn't rain it would be best to take the portage across the Wildcat Lake and then up through Mijinimunsing Lake to Anjigami and out that way."

"Mijinimunsing, eh! the many-island lake. I was thinking of that a few minutes ago for, speaking of mysteries, I ran into something up there last fall that has kept me guessing ever since."

"Something strange is always happening around here, Phil. Tell me about this one."

"I was staying at the lumber camp on the lower Anjigami, and I waited until their drive went down, for a lot of fires always happen around a lumber camp after the men leave. Woodworth took all his men down with him, and a few days later I left, too. But the Anjigami was full of logs, so I portaged across the lakes to the northern arm of Mijinimunsing and started up the lake. Along in the afternoon I drew in to that little island, the first one from the inlet, you know, where you usually make

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camp. I had never stopped there before, but as I approached I became conscious of a kind of homey feeling and at the same time of a sort of elation as if something important to me was about to happen. I landed and pulled up the canoe. Then I began to get the fire ready when I suddenly became aware of curious noises deep in the bush. I listened, but getting no idea of the disturbance I walked cautiously in the direction of the sounds. The noise increased and I thought I could distinguish a heaving and panting as of men struggling, and occasionally the breaking of a twig. I kept on slowly and suddenly came upon the scene. There was a small clearing with a bark wigwam to one side, and just beyond the wigwam near the water's edge, an Indian and a white man were fighting silently with knives. Even as I looked, the white man wrenched his knife hand free from the Indian's grasp and plunged the weapon into the breast of his opponent. The Indian fell with a groan. An instant afterward an Indian girl of possibly twenty-five years, whom I hadn't seen before, stepped out of the forest and joined the white man. I rushed forward, but before I could intercept them the pair had entered a canoe and were paddling swiftly up the lake. I shouted in vain. They paid no heed though they must have heard me. I hurried back to my own canoe, shoved off and followed in pursuit. The fugitives paddled down the long arm that opens off from the island on the east and turned south into the lagoon of the inlet. I followed as fast as I could and saw them disappear among the hanging branches of the inlet mouth. I reached the spot a few seconds later, passed the creek, and came out on the wide outspread flats through which the inlet flows. You remember that open place. It is fully three miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half wide. Well, believe me or not, there wasn't a soul in sight.

"I paddled slowly up the creek, looking everywhere for signs, but the pair had left no trace. Finally I went through into the next lake. There was nothing to be seen, and as darkness was coming on I made camp. The next morning I took up the problem again and examined each foot of the creek on both sides without success. Not a weed had been disturbed, no mark of the canoe was visible in the soft mud. The escape was complete, and I never saw them again.

"Thoroughly aroused and just as thoroughly perplexed, I returned to the island and walked across to the scene of the tragedy. Now listen. I give you my word there was nothing there. No corpse, no wigwam. Not the slightest sign of any recent occupation."

I looked up in surprise. "No camp, Phil? What do you mean? Had you been drinking or dreaming?"

"I was just as sober as I am now. It was no phantasy but as vivid as any experience I ever had in my life. You were discussing mysteries a few minutes ago, now work this one out if you can. You have all the incidents exactly as the thing occurred. Waboosons will tell you I talk straight and don't drink."

I could tell that Phil was disturbed and a trifle provoked to see that I was rather cynical about his story but, on the other hand, he was broad enough to know that what he had related was not easy to accept. I started to ask some questions, but he shook his head.

"No, it's no use. I can't add anything. That's the way it was. You don't believe it and I can't help it or blame you. I'd feel the same way, I suppose. But you work on it. Good night." So saying, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went to bed.

It was a curious story and a puzzling denouement. For a long time I sat before the fire trying to make something out of it which would fit logically into the conditions. Two things were clear. Either the affair had happened as Phil had described it, or it had not. If the first, then an explanation could be found. If it was just an illusion distilled in some way from those grim northern hills, then Phil must be slipping a little mentally. Speculation seemed futile, and I gave up in despair.

The next morning Phil left us. The lake was quiet, and he hoped to reach Gargantua before night. As he bade me goodby there was a queer whimsical twinkle in his eyes. For a moment I doubted. "You were entirely serious last night, weren't you?"

"Never more so in my whole life."

"All right. Goodby."

Fiery spokes gleamed across the cool levels of the sleeping lake.

The thing haunted me. It was so definite and yet so strange. Possibly something in Phil's personal history might help so I waited for a chance at Waboosons. The opportunity came some days later when we were fishing along the river with an indifference born of the knowledge that there were plenty of fish in camp.

"Waboosons, how long have you known Phil McCoy?"

"We boys together," he replied. "Me little older."

"He's not full Indian, is he?"

"Kawin. Hees fader white. Hees moder Indian woman. Hees fader bring heem to Post one summer. Heem pappoose—few days old. Cry much—buckaday, ver' hungry. Our women dey feed heem. Hees fader, he say hees moder just die."

"His mother didn't belong to your tribe then, Waboosons?"

"Kawin. Nobody never know hees moder. T'ings happen that away up here. Fam'ly goes trappin'. Mebbe come back, mebbe not. If dey come back we see dem at Post. Mebbe never see heem again."

"Did Phil always live with your people?"

"Ah hah, he always leeve wit' us. A little

A wanderer.

while he go way. Den hees fader die and he come back. McCoy good hunter, good man. Mishishin, ver' good. Good fire warden too. Ver' honest. No drink."

"He doesn't? That's good, too. I was about to ask you about that."

"Kawin. Never drink. No like eet."

Thus one avenue was closed. The problem became more obscure. I was at a loss for another clue. I was tempted to regard the incident as a fleeting glimpse into the vestibule of lunacy. But was it?

Three weeks passed, and we began to think of leaving the woods. Hard rains had raised the waters and we could go out as we pleased either by the lake or the river route. The latter took two days and the former five. Still, we had plenty of time, so when Waboosons came for his orders, I told him we would take the Anjigami trail up through Lake Mijinimunsing. I was resolved to have another look at that little island.

At a convenient time the expedition started and by various trails, waterways and portages came on the late afternoon of the second day to the inlet of Lake Mijinimunsing. My interest sharpened and I even became exhilarated as we pushed through and out upon the island-specked bosom of the lake. We arrived at the island satisfactorily but only in time to make camp and eat before darkness came on. The night was wholly uneventful, but when we awakened a strong headwind was blowing. The low hanging clouds seemed to mean more wind rather than less and probably an all-day siege, so we seized upon this as a reasonable pretext for not moving forward.

After breakfast the camp settled down into a restful routine while I sauntered casually off to the leeward to check up on Phil's story. The island is not large and I soon came to the small clearing which he had described. My first impression was most agreeable. As a site for a camp, either summer or winter, the spot was ideal. On three sides the little glade was surrounded and guarded against storms by tall hemlocks and spruces, while the fourth was open to the water. On the edge of the forest, directly opposite the water, was a stately pine several feet in diameter and wholly devoid of bark, which rose seventy or eighty feet in aged and majestic ruin. At the shore a series of rocks extending out into the lake formed a natural harbor for canoes. Through the barkless arms of the dead pine and through the adjacent spruces and hemlocks a hard wind was blowing, but in the glade itself the air moved variably in pleasant currents heavy with the scent of moldering trunks and resinous weepings. Dry wood was abundant and the ground spread away in convenient levels for tent or wigwam. As I made these observations with the wailing swish of the forest high above me, it seemed strange that we should have overlooked so commodious a camp site in a region where the forest must always be cut away before a tent can be placed.

I now made a closer examination but found no traces of Indian occupancy. The ground was well beaten down, to be sure, but also it was covered with the dead vegetation of many years. No, Phil was certainly slipping somewhere.

Just as I came to this conclusion, a small twig from the dead pine struck me on the shoulder and fell lightly to the earth. It startled me, and immediately I recalled a spruce cone which had fallen at my feet a few minutes before. I remembered it because it had come from a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

A young forest.

Pennsylvania Scores Again with $25,000,000 Forestry Appropriation

by Robert B. Vale

Robert B. Vale, writer of the accompanying article, is the author of several books and numerous short stories. He is an outdoor man and a friend of conservation, in which field his articles are attracting much attention because of their clear, direct and appealing style. As a result of one of his articles, "When Half-Hunters Take the Field," published in the Saturday Evening Post last Autumn, the number of fatal hunting accidents in the United States was reduced greatly, Pennsylvania alone lowering the record of fifty-five deaths in 1923 to thirty-eight in 1924.

THE State of Pennsylvania is preparing to make a great experiment in conservation; is getting ready to undertake a program of idealism and keep faith with its founder, William Penn. At the last session of the Legislature which adjourned a few weeks ago there was passed an enabling act for a $25,000,000 bond issue to the end that many millions of acres of mountain, valley and cutover land may be added to the state forests and put to work producing timber. Nothing like it ever has been attempted by any state of the nation. It is possible that the loan can be submitted to the people at the coming election in November, dependent upon a decision of the supreme court, but whether the time be fixed for 1925 or later, approval by the voters is regarded as almost assured.

Pennsylvania contains approximately 28,000,000 acres, and its state owned forests aggregate more than a million and a quarter acres at the present time. The plan now is to add to them until one-fifth of the entire area shall be held by the Commonwealth, and this immense tract shall be dedicated to Nature and Nature's God; to trees, to the wild life that abides in the woods and to the profit and happiness of mankind.

More than two hundred years ago, when William Penn laid the foundations of his colony, he dipped far toward the future, and he wrote into his plan something that seemed to hold the essence of prophecy. It was a request, that those who came after him should leave at least one acre in every five in woods, thus assuring an ample supply of timber and lumber; but what was most significant was his reference to the part that the forests played in maintaining water supply and an equable climate. In his wisdom, William Penn knew how the forests could conserve and regulate the rainfall of the state.

But, in the building of the Commonwealth men forgot the words of Penn, and the never-ending call for beams and boards and joists and other material sent the woodsman's ax deeper into virgin growth. The years passed, decades went by, and finally, in the late seventies, the people of Pennsylvania awoke to the fact that they had destroyed their heritage. The words of Penn came back; found an echo in the heart of at least one man, and Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock began his task of arousing the Keystone state to a realization of the harm that had been done, and to the restoration of Penn's Woods.

Those in other parts of the United States have heard of Pennsylvania as politically wicked, intent upon vast industrial development and wholly practical. The truth is that Pennsylvania has ever been swayed by ideals, and it has held fast to those ideals. Since Dr. Rothrock gave the people his vision of state forests every governor and every legislature have followed a consistent policy of making the dream come true. The $25,000,000 bond issue was first proposed by former Governor William C. Sproul more than three years ago, and since it is required that two legislatures [CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

Are you doing your share in helping?

Floating *Down* the River

by Guy Von Schriltz

Part I

JACK would have made an ideal patient. Doc and I agreed on that the very first day. And when a doctor and a lawyer agree upon any subject not directly connected with the outcome of some lawsuit affecting their mutual pocketbooks it is a most unusual situation.

I repeat: Jack would have made an ideal patient. He was so keen about taking things! Why before we reached Joplin he had all the pocket knives in the crowd! But you needn't take my word for it. Ask Vern or Doc. It probably would not shed any light on the matter to mention it to Uncle Billy. Not that I am trying to conceal anything, mind you, but Uncle Billy is a natural born diplomat, besides he had left his knife at home in the pocket of his Sunday pants.

Then, too, a patient is usually more or less of a chronic objector. (Or so I have been pointedly reminded the few times when I have been at the mercy of the medical profession!) Of course I don't mean to infer that Jack was disagreeable about things at all. But *you know* how it is. Take that $2.75 which he lost the second day rolling those pretty green dice which he brought along—the Lord knows why—for instance. Before we got home we would gladly have made it $12.75 and would have returned it to the unfortunate adventurer into the realms of chance on a silver cake platter—or tied to the end of a brick—if that would have erased the incident from the tablets of his memory.

Now don't come to any hasty conclusion about Jack. There is more to follow. Sometimes a person becomes biased and prejudiced about a fellow fisherman when you just *can't* catch more fish than he does and it is difficult to do that fellow fisherman justice in telling the story of the trip.

So forget Jack a moment and let's thrust him and his green "stomping dominoes," (Jack says they "stomped" on him) and his taking ways back into a convenient crevice of our mind and turn to Doc.

Doc is six feet four, weighs two "stones," assuming that a stone is one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and makes a large unhealthy creaking noise whenever he rolls into a folding cot at night. That is, the cot makes that kind of a noise whenever Doc goes to bed. Of an evening I invariably looked across the tent to be sure that my kodak hadn't, by mistake been placed under Doc's cot. I just *had* to do it before I could rest. I thought a lot of that kodak. It had been to Wyoming, Canada, Arizona, and the Pacific Northwest with me. I dreamed one night that that cot gave way and the vision of my pet picture taker smashed flat brought me up on my elbows wide awake. But it was only a bad dream. There in the moonlight the good cot held and Doc slept peacefully, very creditably competing with sixty-three large green bull frogs that bellowed in the bayou back of camp. Doc is a marvellous story teller. He never missed an opportunity to "spring one" on us during the whole ten days of the trip, and bless you if he didn't have twenty-eight entirely new ones for us on the depot platform after we got home!

Uncle Billy held a unique place in our party. He was fifty-one, or eighty-three (I forget which), a natural born fisherman of the type which really sees enjoyment in the sport, yet he had never cast an artificial bait. He cast several varieties before we came back up the White River. And Uncle Billy caught fish. For instance, down in that swift bend where the two white heron stood on a bar. The beautiful blue-green water swirled about an old log, and a square of fluffy foam circled gently in the back water. As the boat slid by, Uncle Billy arose to his feet and cast a "bug" into the upper end of the foam. It "plopped" exactly in the right spot and Uncle Billy began to reel. A ridge of water rushed across beneath the foam. Uncle Billy reared back—But—just a moment. I had forgotten. We aren't even to the River, are we? And here I am catching bass!

Vern I remember for two things. He had a very fair drug store in his sailor's duffle bag and he caught a channel catfish on a wooden plug! Even though I forget the apothecary half of my recollection of Vern the balance will stay on with me through life as the first instance of the kind which came under my observation.

"Dad" and Lige were our "crew." I'll probably be obliged to mention them from time to time, as the food and the handling of the boats are large parts of a voyage of this kind. "Dad" had a most pleasant way of being near when the larger catches were made and Lige served the meals.

We arrived at *Bronson* at noon and leisurely partook of a fine chicken dinner down by the wharf before we went aboard the boat. Lake Tany Como is an artificial enlargement of the River, the direct result of Tany Como dam. It is long, narrow, and fringed with drowned timber. The boat, a rear paddle wheel, home-made craft, consumed most of a very pleasant afternoon winding about among the pretty wooded hills and landed us at the dam. From the dam we travelled by automobile, reaching Forsythe in ample time to discover that we had no outfit awaiting us and that complete arrangements for our float were yet to be made.

The most of next day Doc fussed around with the boat owner and we pulled out about four o'clock. In the meantime, we had tried out our tackle and had taken a swim. I can't say that I enjoyed either greatly. Nobody had a strike fishing and the rocks hurt my feet while swimming. One direct benefit from the swim was a grain of intelligence, born of sore feet perhaps, which sent me up town for a pair of rubber soled canvas tennis shoes to wear in the water. They proved eminently satisfactory. I wore them every day with comfort and it was with genuine regret that I presented them to Dad and went back to leather footwear when we reached Cotter.

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We paddled three boats out into the current at Forsythe. Flat bottomed, locally carpentered affairs, constructed solely with the idea of safety and tonnage in mind, slow, clumsy, yet curiously suited to our needs, we found before we had fished many minutes. Lige paddled the "grub" boat. Dad commanded one fishing boat and the rest of us contended the trip through for opportunities to fish with him, alternately paddling and fishing in the third boat when forced to do so.

Each fishing boat contained two folding chairs and all one had to do was sit comfortably and cast and cast and cast—when not occupied in extracting a partner's plug from a near ear.

The first afternoon I was disappointed in two discoveries. The Ozark Mountains weren't mountains at all and it was hot. I had expected something like Colorado weather and the famed Ozarks were just hills covered everywhere with green trees. Why one of those White River mountains wouldn't make a respectable knob on top of a *real* mountain in the Rockies! Still, all in all, they looked pretty good to me and I soon decided that if we could just catch some fish, I had my mouth set to have a right good time.

Leaving Forsythe I was assigned to Dad's boat. I immediately cleared for action. I cast a few thousand times that afternoon in tempting, swirling spots and below old black logs, without one single strike and we went into a fishless camp that night with spirits somewhat dampened.

Dad and Lige set up two tents on a gravel bar and got supper. We wanted some fish to eat, strange as it may seem!

A cot made an ideal table and a carbide miner's lamp, from Vern's drug store, gave us light—and drew the willow flies by the billions. I don't remember distinctly just what we had for supper, but I do recall that we were all too well fed to go to bed with anything like comfort, so we set up our cots, then went swimming.

Uncle Billy and I waded in first. The water was fine and Uncle Billy struck out. I "grew up" out west where there is little water on top of the ground, so I stayed near the gravel bar. Swift water and I are not the best of pals. About the time Doc shed his concluding stitch, I heard Uncle Billy say something out in the middle of the river. In a few seconds he repeated it.

"I have a cramp in my legs."

I'll never forget that moment. A shiver ran up my backbone, the black, rushing water, stretching out into the night on a level with my chin, the relentless current pulling, pulling, pulling. I could scarcely retain my footing on the gravel bottom. Again Uncle Billy spoke:

"I have a cramp in my legs."

And the uncanny part of it all was Uncle Billy's tone. He didn't yell as most persons would have done. He spoke in a natural conversational voice, again from the darkness beyond my sight.

"I have a cramp in my legs."

We all awoke to the gravity of his words when he spoke the second time. I clawed ashore shouting. Vern and Jack were in a boat fifty feet below me. I pushed them off and they paddled frantically. Then I remember a long lean form rushing past me and a boat shooting out into the river. Somebody stood upright in the stern and paddled with great sweeping swipes. It was Dad to the rescue. His boat fairly bounded over the water.

Uncle Billy had been swallowed up by the night. The river rushed relentlessly on. No sound came out of the blackness except the bumping of wood on wood from the direction Jack and Vern had gone and the splatter of Dad's paddle straight out.

"Keep going, Uncle Billy, they're coming." No answer—just the ripple of the black current.

Had Uncle Billy gone down? We strained our eyes and ears, our hearts in our mouth. Jack shouted, "Where are you, Uncle Billy?" No reply. Silence.

A few seconds. More shouting from Vern and Jack. No response. Silence. Terrible silence. It seemed a long time. Despair seized me. Tragedy! Then a shout. A glad ringing shout, quickly mingled with another. Dad had found him! And Jack and Vern were not far away! Uncle Billy had paddled steadily on with his hands, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]

Over went the barrage and down went the rabbit

The Curse of the Cottontail

by Bruce Hetherington

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

Bruce Hetherington, who sent this story in to Outdoor America, is widely known in England and Canada as a writer and hunter of big game. He is now in Europe planning a tour of Africa.

"The Curse of the Cottontail" is written around a character who lives near his native heath, Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada. He has promised the readers of Outdoor America more stories from his active typewriter. These will appear in future issues.

UNCLE HUGH MACDOUGALL boasted two consuming passions, volcanic in their intensity. Doubtless he had experienced other flames in his eighty odd years of contact with humanity, in fact he was quite willing to enumerate when Aunt Jennie was out of earshot, but all had withered and died.

Of the two remaining, his whiskers took precedence over his annual fall rabbit hunt, but only by a scant margin.

The hirsute decoration (prior to the great event) was a thing of beauty. It was thick and of the type popularly classified as "flowing." Another bid for distinction lay in the fact that while it completely surrounded a cavity filled to capacity with tobacco juice and conversation, not one oaken stain marred the purity of its virgin whiteness. It was combed several times a day, shampooed and brushed until it glistened.

Uncle Hugh, during the cold Canadian winters, might be a bit averse to removing the heavies for a thorough bath, but the temperature never dropped sufficiently low to make him forget his beard.

Uncle Hugh had started from home in the morning with his old gun and patriarchal hound, intent on bringing home a few cottontails. He had ridden with a friend some twelve miles into the "sugar bush." A few hours of meager hunting had sent the friend home early in the afternoon, cold and discouraged. Uncle Hugh, however, was after rabbits, and even a lowering sky that threatened an approaching storm failed to convince him that it might be advisable to leave early. Now a rising wind added to the discomfort of the cold, and at last he mumbled, as he rubbed the dog's head, "Come on, Duke—let's be gettin' on toward home." The old hound whined softly and cringed closer to Uncle Hugh's legs.

It was hard going through the cedar swamp. Fallen logs and an occasional soft spot in the crust of snow, caused many halts. The cold sharpened minute by minute. The wind grew stronger until it swept whistling across the open spaces and moaned in the cedar thickets. A light snow began to fall on the heavy crust. Duke hung close beside the old man and whimpered with fear as the blizzard closed down around them.

"Humph! Didn't aim to get caught in a storm." Uncle Hugh's voice cracked as his teeth chattered, but it comforted the dog. Snow swirled on all sides in blinding masses. Stumps and fallen tree trunks rose out of the shifting darkness to make the way harder. Half blinded by the whirling snow, hungry, and tired, Uncle Hugh paused for a moment on top of a small rise. Shielding his face with his arm he peered into the blizzard and saw the timber line about a quarter of a mile to the north.

Too excited for coherent thought, he turned, facing the wind, and started for the timber, stumbling and falling—urged onward by the thought that within this wooded area was shelter from the wind and snow.

The unabating ferocity of the storm and the approaching darkness struck terror to the old man's heart and the rheumatic twinges now shot through his legs. His muffler became unfastened and whirled away. Clutching at his coat collar he loosened his beard from its comfortable anchorage inside his coat. It waved fitfully and added greatly to his discomfort.

Unmindful he struggled on.

Within a hundred yards of the timber line he paused. Above the roar of the wind could be heard the crashing of trees as the storm whipped through on its path of destruction. A massive maple, rotten at the roots, crashed to the ground within a few feet of the old man.

Knowing that to enter the timber meant the end, Uncle Hugh turned and headed southeast toward a small patch of

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cedar. The storm at his back drove him rapidly onward.

Finally he reached the cedars. Pushing his way through the low hanging tenacious branches he sprawled full length upon the snow in a little clearing entirely surrounded by these trees. It was one of those sheltered pockets often found in the northern country.

For a few minutes Uncle Hugh lay quietly, trembling and shaken from cold and fear of the unknown. The old dog whined as he snuggled close.

His body ached, but the instinct that comes from long contact with northern winters warned the old man against the subtle lethargy that means death. He struggled to his feet and looked wildly about. In one corner of the clearing, about ten feet from the trees, a whirlpool had formed a hole in the snow. He groped toward this spot, his gun clutched in his numbing hands.

Reaching his destination he brought the butt of the gun down on the undercrust of snow. It broke, and floundering around, scooping frantically, he made himself a sort of burrow about four feet in diameter. Exhausted, but fearing to pause, lest he be overcome with the cold, he staggered to an old dead cedar that lay broken a few feet away. With an effort he broke off a few of its brittle branches and returned to his shelter.

Fumbling in his pockets he found his old match safe. His aching fingers clumsily attempted to strike one. Five attempts failed—then a tiny flame sputtered.

Cautiously he placed the twigs on the flame, shielding it from the wind. The cedar sputtered, then ignited, and with frenzied coaxing the fire grew to pleasing proportions.

Thus sheltered from the storm and warmed by the blaze, Uncle Hugh's fear vanished and the bravado with which he had disdained his friend's offer of a ride home earlier in the day, returned.

He looked loathingly at the hound.

"Yer a fine beastie—fer some auld woman," he mumbled. "Humph! afeared o' a bit o' a storm—humph!"

The dog had passed the point where criticism meant anything in his life. He had crept as close to the fire as he could and lay there shivering.

Uncle Hugh dug around in his pocket until he found his pipe and tobacco, sliced a generous portion from the plug, crunched it between his palms and filled the pipe. Before re-depositing the tobacco in his pocket he bit off another pleasing chunk, and lighted the pipe. Then, sitting down on the branches, he stretched his feet close to the flames and meditated upon the day's happenings.

Darkness slowly settled over the woods and the storm subsided as quickly as it had arisen. The crashing of timber and moaning of wind through the underbrush were replaced by an oppressive silence. The cedars that but a few moments before had seemed like terrified ghosts whipping about were now transformed into solemn pillars of pure silver as a full moon played its beams upon their snowy branches.

All was silent save the sputtering of the cedar and tamarack burning on the fire. Little sparks flew into the air and drifted listlessly down to the snow.

Again Uncle Hugh gathered firewood and replenished the blaze. He then managed to hack, with his old hunting knife, some of the boughs from trees near at hand. Of the latter he improvised a bunk.

Thump! Thump-Thump!

While his appetite had been sharpened to a needle point, a sharp tug at his belt, a mouthful of his cut plug and a pipeful of his favorite anaesthetic had successfully acted as a counter-irritant.

He sat down on the boughs and, for the first time since the storm had broken, took cognizance of the fact that his beard had left its moorings. The thought struck him with awful force and brought a nauseating tug at his heart.

Fearful of what he might discover, his hand crept slowly toward the whiskers, knowing full well that its pristine beauty had been marred by close contact with Mother Nature's little hazards.

Part of the beard had departed utterly, in fact it had been shortened from a waistline model to one of the chest variety. Twigs and other bits of refuse were lovingly entwined in the sacred growth—in fact his hand encountered more debris in that short space of time than had accumulated in the whiskers during the past fifty years.

A black rage shook Uncle Hugh's heart. His temper burst its bonds. He leaped to his feet cackling vivid epithets at the unkind hand of fate.

He spotted Duke snoring blissfully. He took this as a direct insult. The mere thought that anything could be so comfortable in the face of his terrible loss was beyond Uncle Hugh's comprehension.

He cursed the dog with Gaelic thoroughness, threw a chunk of firewood at him, and as the astonished hound leaped out of the pit to the snow level, fired a shot in his direction.

Duke, being thoroughly convinced he was anything but welcome at the moment, tucked his tail between his legs and, with his long ears flopping, raced madly toward home.

Uncle Hugh continued to hurl imprecations upon all and sundry until, overcome by the violence of his emotions, he sank upon his makeshift bed and a benevolent sleep calmed his troubled soul.

The deathly stillness was broken only by his wheezing snores and the occasional plunk as the snow piled on the cedars, fell to the white floor beneath.

Thump! Thump-thump-thump!

Uncle Hugh awakened with a start.

Thump-thump! Thump-thump! and a dark something scurried away into the thicket.

"Damn rabbits," he grunted, and tossing some wood on the fire returned to the land of dreams.

Thump-thump-thump!

It sounded as though the rabbit were directly over his head. He reached for his gun and suddenly remembered it was empty. He loaded it up with a charge that would have destroyed the world's largest grizzly bear. Again he drowsed, with the gun leaning against his chest.

Thump-thump!

Half asleep, Uncle Hugh scrambled to his feet, aimed in the general direction of the noise and pulled the trigger.

Not in any way resembling that mythical classic the "immovable body," the recoil from the old blunderbuss knocked Uncle Hugh over backward and the sacred whiskers (or what was left of them) mingled with the flames.

Before Uncle Hugh could plunge his head into a convenient snow bank and extinguish the blaze, his pride and joy had mingled with the drifting smoke.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]

Swordfish a la Carte

by Richard L. Sutton, M.D.

Author of "An African Holiday," etc.

You may talk of tiger shooting,
And of roping polar bears,
And of stalking crusty rhinos
In their thorny, rocky lairs.

But for thrill and stimulation,
And for ecstasy sublime,
I will stake my last centavo
On a sailfish, every time!

SWORDFISH, as found in American waters, are of three varieties: the broadbill, of the Pacific; the marlin, commonly a resident of the California suburbs, but occasionally a visitor in the south Atlantic; and the sailfish, the smallest, but undoubtedly the gamiest and most attractive member of the entire swordfish family, which exhibits a preference for the sun-kissed waters of the Florida peninsula. The sailfish shares with the tarpon first place in the affections of the salt water angler who is out after big game. Unfortunately, its habits are such that very few of the fraternity are ever so fortunate as to make its acquaintance. Sophisticated friends with whom I have discussed the matter have invariably declared that one must take into consideration not only the time, the place, and the fish, but Lady Luck as well.

Finally I got in touch with a man who was not only a famous fisherman, but a specialist on sailfish. His advice was: "Wire Colonel Schutt, of Long Key Camp, to secure a guide, and make arrangements for you, and tell him exactly what you want. I'll guarantee that he will serve you a swordfish a la carte, or a sailfish, a la hook, just as you prefer."

January, February and March are the best months, and as my annual struggle with the income tax blanks always leaves me in a pitiable state of nerves, I selected a post-combat date, in March. Fortunately, Colonel Schutt was able to take care of us; and at the appointed time I tucked my little wife under my arm and climbed aboard the Florida Limited.

We reached Long Key intact on the morning of the fourth day, and found the little island all that could be desired in the way of an angler's paradise. At the majority of fishing resorts, angling is considered merely a life work At Long Key it is looked upon as a religion. The majority of the visitors are old and hardened habitues, men who return to the club year after year, out of pure love for the sport. More skilful manipulators of the rod and reel I have never met. Woe betide the young enthusiast who pulls up alongside the dock at night with half a ton of fish, the majority of which have been snagged on elephantine tackle! He will not be openly censured, but it will be at least a month before he recovers from a severe case of chronic frost bite. Light rods, and six, nine and twelve-thread lines are the rule, and if you think an eighty-pound sailfish cannot be safely handled on a twelve-pound test line, watch Zane Grey, or Jerlaw, of Chicago, or Van Campen Heilner, or Billy Allen, of Louisville, perform!

The majority of the fish are released as soon as boated, and it is not unusual to see a launch, over which five sailfish flags are floating, brought to dock without a single fish on board.

The swordfish are caught only in the channel, several miles east of the Key. All of the boats are of the cabin type, new and very seaworthy, and Colonel Schutt had reserved for us a capable and experienced guide, Captain Lee Brewer.

To the amateur, the sailfish is somewhat of a problem. Rapacious at times, inquisitive always, occasionally erratic and invariably coy, one is inclined to the belief that the female of the species predominates. Professor Fred Parke, the eminent naturalist, of Bangor, who makes his winter headquarters at Long Key, agreed that this suggestion was a plausible one, worthy of further investigation.

Until recent years, sailfish were supposed to be immune to the blandishments of every known lure, but finally it was discovered that they could sometimes be taken on a thin strip of fresh mullet, trailed on the surface of the water at a fair rate of speed. The fish lie near the top, in the deep channels, singly or in pairs; or, not infrequently, in small schools of from four to five, up to a dozen. Long, slender, and cigar-shaped, with brownish colored backs, elongated noses and powerful tails, they can travel at an almost unbelievable rate of speed, with very little apparent effort. Occasionally one sees them playing, leaping in the air, their shining sides reflecting the sunlight like a polished Damascus blade. As a rule, the sail is kept furled and concealed in the long, narrow groove overlying the spine. Only once have I seen a fish with the beautiful, mottled dorsal fin elevated. Their method of striking is peculiar. Oftentimes the first intimation one has of their proximity is a slender, brownish, shadow-like form, traveling along in the wake of the bait. Occasionally the fish are seen at a distance, and the boatman will then manoeuvre the launch so as to cross directly in front of the intended victim, similar to the tactics employed at Catalina.

A few seasons back, an artificial bait fan from Philadelphia arrived at Long Key. It was then that the boatmen first met a "Tarporeno." The multiple hooks did not appeal very strongly to the fraternity at the club; but the long, slender, graceful, red-headed, doodle-bug bait certainly made a hit with the sailfish. For years they had been waiting for just such a plaything as this to turn up, and at last it had come!

The skipper who chaperoned the representative from the Quaker City told me that the excited fish chased them clear back to the railway bridge. While the grab hooks were persona nongrata, there could be no objection to the use of the hookless corpse for decoy purposes, and nowadays every boat that goes forth is equipped with a "Tarporeno teaser." The plugs are about eight inches long, with enameled, ivory colored bodies, and bright red heads. When the launch is traveling at a good rate of speed, the plug acts like a demented water beetle that is suffering from an acute attack of paralysis agitans. We proudly christened the one which had been allotted to us "Barbara," in honor of a dear little pink-haired flapper whom we both love very much, and Barbara certainly proved one industrious damsel.

The sailfish swings up behind the decoy and the trailing baits, usually with its eyes focused on the teaser. Finally, it makes a dash for the teaser, and hits it a crack with its bill. It is then, as Mrs. Sutton said, that the angler forgets all that was ever told him, and begins to act on impulse. Despite the good resolutions that you have made, your hair promptly assumes the position of the bristles on a

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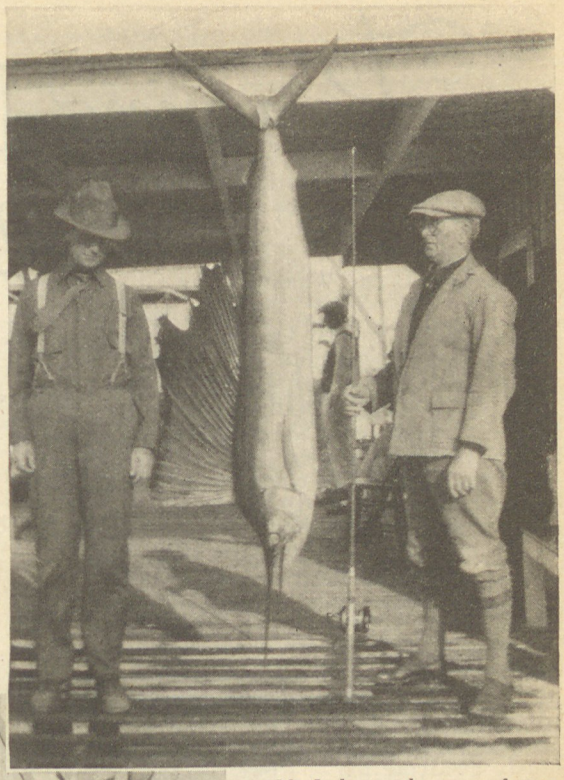
brand new tooth brush, and your blood pressure oscillates around the three hundred mark.

The boatman grabs the bridle rein of the decoy, and as he leads it toward the boat, the excited fishermen dangle their baits in front of the nose of the sailfish. If the latter is a cultured, refined member of the family and a good sport, it courteously takes one of the mullet strips in its mouth, and starts off. Not infrequently, however, you can see a scowl flash over its face, the rapier-like nose is slightly elevated, and it departs for greener fields and pastures new.

But if, D. V., it does take the bait, you release all clutches, drags, brakes and other impedimenta on your reel and sit as still as possible while you watch the big swordsman rip yard after yard of line off the spool. This is the real trial. Finally, the fish stops, half turns, and begins to crush the bait between its jaws. A learned acquaintance insists that this is to break the bones. To me, it looks as if the fish was simply turning the bait preparatory to swallowing it, or, more probably, to spitting it out. It is then, if you still have control of your nervous system, that you strike. If the barb goes home, things immediately begin to happen. Commonly, the startled fish turns about three somersaults, and winds up by walking about a quarter of a mile on the tip of his tail. Then he dives once more, and makes an eighteen hundred foot run around the boat, with two hundred yards of line as a radius, and the jubilant but discomfited angler as a pivot.

The experts use six and nine-thread lines, the amateur, twelve-thread, and the dubs, from eighteen to thirty-six. I had never before snagged a sailfish, and so I went prepared for trouble. When I go duck hunting for sport, pure and simple, I provide myself with a twenty or a twenty-eight gauge shotgun, but when company is expected, and my little wife sends me out after a mess of ducks or geese, I shoulder my old ten bore Ithaca; and then I know that practically everything within the hundred-yard limit is my meat.

This time, I was rigged out with a heavy rod, a No. 9 reel, and three hundred yards of Ashaway Special. The Better Half was similarly equipped. We swung clear of the dock at eight thirty, and forty minutes later were abreast of Tennessee buoy. Here Barbara was thrown overboard, and we baited up, and trailed the split mullet alongside the teaser.



N. Jerlaw with a seven-footer captured on a six-thread line.

Mr. Meisselbach and Miss Ruth inspecting a good day's catch.

"Look, look!" gasped my wife. The lines had hardly straightened out before a long, torpedo-like brown fish came gliding up to Barbara. "Let out more line," admonished the skipper. We did so and then, as he shortened Barbara's tether, we skipped our baits along, on top of the water, right beside our visitor's nose.

The temptation was too great; the big fish hit my mullet a whack with its elongated proboscis, and the next second the tidbit was seized and on its way to parts unknown. To me, it all looked as easy as shooting tadpoles in a bucket. "Let him have it! Let him have it!" gasped the captain. "Now!" he commanded, and I snapped down the drag. Once, twice, I struck, and as the leviathan felt the barb, the water opened up and out he came, anger, astonishment, fear—in fact nearly every emotion except delight pictured on his aesthetic countenance. Mrs. Sutton reeled in her line and settled down to watch the fight. Back and forth, up and down, in and then out, the eight-foot monster surged, now on the water, now beneath it, but always playing the offensive. Once it charged directly at the launch, and I thought of the accident which had befallen a boat on the previous day, when it was brought in with four inches of swordfish bill sticking through the planking.

Sailfish are prone to make long runs, and, for this reason, two or three hundred yards of line is a necessity. If one endeavors to stop a rush too suddenly, the fish is almost invariably snapped off. This is largely due to the peculiar formation of the mouth, and the nature of the labial structures, which are hard and smooth, but fragile.

Through neglect of this precaution, I lost my first fish by fighting it too hard, and, the next day, Mrs. Sutton met with a similar accident.

Not infrequently we would see a whole family of fish, probably quadruplets, or sextuplets, for all were generally of the same size, swimming along, abreast as a rule. This formation was not one calculated to encourage the ambitious angler, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]

A twenty-seven pound barracuda borrowed by Bobby Brown for exhibition purposes.

Are you doing your share in helping?

Running Down the Longitude

by El Comancho

Illustration by C. Otis Wilson

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line and tell me why you don't if you have a kick coming; I like to please you if I know what you want.

El Comancho.

DURING the day David visited the lumber yard and selected materials to be used in building his river fleet. This he had delivered at the river bank below the dam where the ford road entered the river.

Next he established a temporary camp and put two members of the expedition in charge of materials and tools as watchmen and caretakers; then he hired two carpenters whose ability and honesty he knew and reported to Professor McGregor that he was ready to begin construction in the morning, which pleased that gentleman mightily, for he was a worker himself and admired ability in others.

Then, with the evening ahead of him, he went to June and found her up and about again and anxiously awaiting his coming.

Jule met him with a smile that hid her heartache. David understood and made no mention of anything, knowing that time was Jule's best ally. Her inborn woman's courage would do the rest to heal her hurt.

As for Jule, she felt no rancor, no resentment toward David, nor loved her sister the less, for, being a good sportsman and one of the women who are destined to mother the world, she had learned to carry her load and smile—and most women learn the same thing sooner or later, else the race would not endure. Jule would face the future and work out her problems as they came, albeit hers was a lonely trail.

June, with a song of happiness in her heart in spite of the misery that the thought of near separation brought when she allowed herself to think of it, met David with all the impetuosity of new love understanding and underwent her moment of ecstasy in his arms.

"Let us stroll over to the house, I want to see mother a moment," he said, as he linked her arm in his and started down the walk against the last warm tints of the evening sky.

Overhead the nighthawks called and hunting bats looped and twisted on hurrying wings, squeaking bat-talk to each other in passing.

The Brownthrasher put on his evening concert from the elm top, as was his wont, broadcasting free music of sorts for those to hear who cared.

The stars took their places in the blue canopy and the moon drifted westward with the flowing tide of night.

The living things of darkness proclaimed their joy of living in a chorus of voices attuned to exceeding fineness, and firefly watchmen made their rounds with lighted lanterns to see that all was well.

Overhead the myriad leaves of the arching elms rustled sleepily to the touch of wandering, vagrant air—and were still.

A rattling wagon, late and hurrying countryward toward home, made known through haste that feed awaited the team in their own stalls, to be reached regardless of rough and bumpy roads; gradually the turmoil of their going grew less; dwindled; subsided.

A vociferous dog was hushed to silence by harsh command; quarreling pigs squealed, briefly; sounds adjusted themselves to the deepening shadows. Night had taken possession of the world.

It was lovers' time.

David and June strolled quietly and used many words, pitched low against the quiet dusk, to say in many different ways that age-old lovers' portant truth—"I love you."

And so, in time, they entered the house of David's mother, widowed these many years.

With a smile she met them, for both June and Jule she had helped into the world, as neighbor to their own mother, and to her the twins were as daughters of her own and welcome always.

"Mammy," said David, using the child-name his mother loved the most, "I brought Junie home to let her tell you a bit of news that is all our own—this!"

As he spoke he lifted June's left hand up into the mellow lamp light, slipped down on her third finger some trifle that gleamed with dull, rich sheen—and stepped back one pace.

June smiled, extended her arms, and waited, while slow understanding illumined the older woman's eyes until tears—just woman's ready tears—blinded her and she took the girl to her breast to clasp her tight and chokingly murmured, "Oh, Junie! Junie girl! What can I say! How can I tell you that I am glad! Glad! For you and for Davie, I am glad! And for this night I am thankful to my God!"

David turned and walked away to the open door, where he smiled at whatever he visioned in the scented summer darkness; of all women he had always loved his mother most, and now his heart pounded with pleasure at her reception of this girl who had come so suddenly to mean so much to him.

As for his mother and the radiant girl who wore his ring—they vanished through the back door with arms about each other and their heads very close together, and who shall say what passed between them or by what process they became amalgamated until they shared, without loss to either, a whole-souled love for David, such as only mothers of men, and mothers to be, can understand. For you and for me, brother, there are no words which can bring that to our understanding because mothers and wives are women while you and I are—merely men, and may be safely rated as "those who go along."

The Changing World

I've fished today in the old home stream,
I've whipped its rapids, pools and "lies."
With a silken line and a well filled book
Of costly spinners, minnows and "flies."

True I turned away with a well filled creel
But, somehow, the sport did not seem as fine
As in boyhood days, when I fished that stream
With an alder pole and a home made line.

—Selected.

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Presently these two women came back out of the night, to David, and his mother gave June into his arms.

"Be good to her, Davie—for always and always," she said and turned away; her words were full of tears, but they sounded like a benediction across the vibrant darkness, and David said, "Amen."

The lovers slipped away, out into the night again, whispering words—just words; but happiness is not a matter of words or voices.

The Nighthawk and the squeaking Bat took no note of the passing twain—they were concerned only with the job of feeding their material appetites; love, to them, was a matter for next spring—for mating time.

The Brownthrasher roused up long enough to imitate the rollicking notes of the Bob-o-link—and finished his demonstration of mimicry with the nasal whine of a worried Catbird.

Silence held the night again and the lovers made slow progress under the placid moon.

June's mother sat by a reading lamp with gourd thrust deeply into the toe of a stocking while her busy needle wove repairing threads, smoothly laid, to close a rent in the fabric, for, in those days, there were no handy stores where stockings could be easier bought than mended and frugality was not considered a sin by a powdered and painted feminine world beyond the understanding of man.

"Mother-of-twins," said David, as he knelt by her side, "give me your blessing, for I am going to marry your daughter, June."

June waited, up on her toes and near the point of bursting with joy, while she kept in the background.

June's mother stopped her rocking chair, and her needle ceased its diligent weaving to and fro as David's calm, matter of fact announcement came to her uncomprehending ears.

She smiled, slowly, a brief picture of suspended animation.

"You are going to do—what did you say, Davie?" she asked.

"I'm going to marry your daughter, June, within the coming year; I came to tell you and ask your blessing."

The announcement was perfectly plain and characteristically typical of David. Slowly June's mother comprehended what it all meant.

"Why! Why, Davie! Why! Why!"

She was so flustered she lost control of her words.

"It is true, Mother—aren't you glad? I am."

The calm voice of Jule had come out of the darkness to bring her back to earth, and her mind began to function again. She had known David ever since the day he was born.

She took his face in her two hands as she had often done when he, as a child, knelt at her knee, and looking into his eyes she said, "David, nothing could have pleased me more except to have twin Davids marry my own twin girls! I am glad—glad and sorry too, for June will be the happiest girl in the world—and Jule—the saddest.

"Twins, David, are a cross for a mother to bear, because they are the two halves of one, and that, Davie, brings mingled joy and sorrow to their mother from the day they are brought into the world.

"For you—and June—I am thankfully glad; for Jule—; I am her mother—"

June came and flung herself beside David with her head in her mother's lap: "Oh, Mother, you make happiness a pain, for I know we cannot both have Davie and I wish—

"I want Jule—, I wish she,—Oh, I can't tell you what I wish—But I know Jule will know—and wish me joy— ; I'm sure of that, for I'd do that for her if she were going to marry Davie instead of it being me!"

From the darkness came a hushed sob; Jule was gone.

Over the two young heads at her knees, Jule's mother spread her hands and smiled through her tears; she had learned to smile with an aching heart long years before, while her two little girls were learning the ways of a harsh world which took little heed of human woes or joys.

"I am glad; may neither of you ever know regret. Her father will say the same when he hears, I know."

June's father traveled and was home only twice a month—a philosophical, quiet man of few words, who was more of a family background than a known and living personality; his wife usually acted as spokesman, and he never disagreed with her; he was as methodical as a machine.

A busy week followed, each night belonging to the lovers up to parting time, and then June had her bad half hour, to be bolstered and heartened by the smiling banter supplied by Jule who would have cried had she dared.

The days went westering all too rapidly, considering the circumstances.

Then, promptly at the hour set, David kissed June and stepped aboard his boat, tossing the mooring line in a handy coil on the load cover.

"All right, let's go!" said Captain Summers of the University of Natural Science Field Expedition in charge of the River Division under Professor McGregor, sunbitten son of Scotland, and Collector-in-chief of the best museum in the West.

The boats trailed out, five of them in single column, with traveling space between, headed for a destination fifteen hundred miles down

(*Continued on page 75*)

"Let us stroll over to the house, I want to see mother for a moment," he said, as he linked her arm in his and started down the walk against the warm tints of the evening sky.

Every reader of Outdoor America has come to love David, hero of El Comancho's Little River Stories. In the coming issues of this magazine, this splendid writer has taken David through a number of thrilling experiences that will cause your blood to tingle.

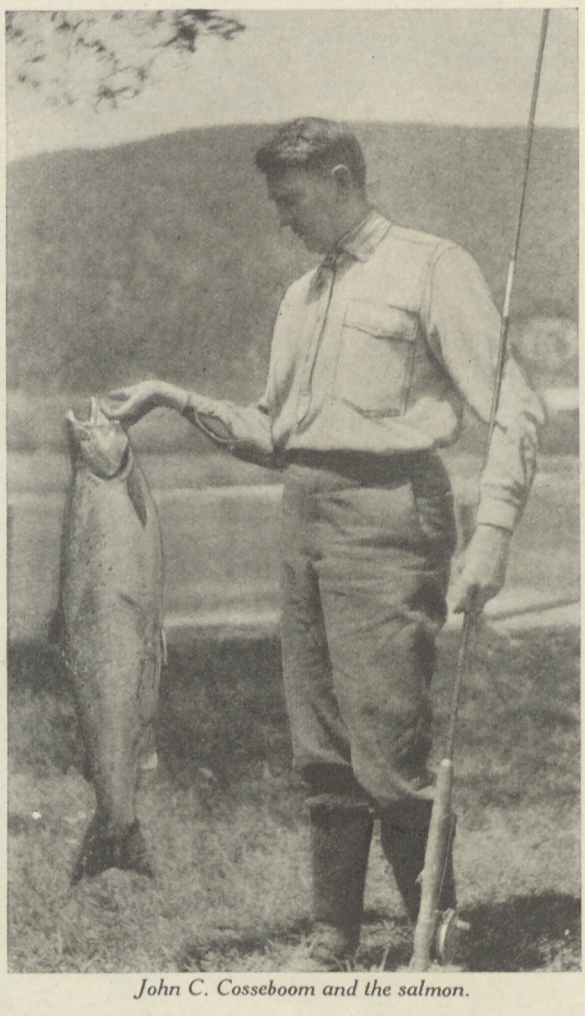
The *Salmon* that Broke the *Hoo-Doo*

by John C. Cosseboom

Famous Deep Sea Angler

FOR hours I had been pursued by a monster that roared at me whenever I stopped to breathe, and sent me fleeing up unclimbable hills, trembling and terror-stricken. And now I lay exhausted among the rocks, my legs paralyzed with fear. I could hear the breathing of the monster as he approached. I could see his red eyes and lolling tongue. I tried to run, but my legs refused to move. My labored breathing choked and suffocated me. I felt the sweat running down my face. Nearer and nearer he came. My struggles grew frantic, but fear held me powerless. When right over me he opened his slavering jaws and let out a roar that wrenched me into consciousness.

It was just coming daylight. I climbed out of bed and went to the window. Mike was going by with a bucket of milk in each hand, on his way to feed the calves. "Good morning, Mike," I said. "O, hello! are you up?" said Mike. "Did the calves disturb you?" "Not a bit, they only blatted all night under my window, and scared me to death with the worst nightmare I have had since I was a kid. Think it is going to rain?" Mike looked up and down the intervale and at the sky. "I don't know," he said, "doesn't it beat everything altogether how this 'droot' holds while you are here! I think that if the wind hauls 'round into the east it may rain yet." "Mike," I said, "you're a liar. You know darned well there won't be a drop of rain fall in this valley until I leave." Mike grinned. "Well," he said, "everybody does hope that you will stay until after haying."



John C. Cosseboom and the salmon.

Good salmon fishing needs rain and high water, especially in a river that is accessible to a great many fishermen. When the water is low and bright and warm, the fish get lazy and will not rise. The fishermen can see them in the pools and they fish over them all day long. I bet there were salmon in the pools this summer that knew every salmon fly pattern by its first name. The water becomes so clear it is possible for gangs of hoodlums at different parts of the river to spear and net at night. This year these gangs succeeded in scaring off some of the wardens and practically spoiled the fishing. O, for just one Canadian Northwest Mounted Police to patrol that river!

For these reasons we always pray for rain to raise and color the water. This makes the fish lively, prevents netting and spearing, and gives them a chance to reach the head waters of the river to spawn.

It seems whenever I land in the valley a drouth begins and lasts until I go home. Mike, being an optimistic soul, tries to encourage me by prophesying rain each day, but he can't fool me any more.

"Say, Mike," I said, "that young fellow from the States who came by while we were fishing the Long Pool yesterday told me he saw a big salmon in the Seal Pool. He said he fished over him two hours, but he could not coax him to rise, so he went away and left him there. He said the salmon was lying just opposite that little island on the west side of the pool. It is pretty certain they won't rise to anything but a dry fly until it rains. They have been in the pools so long and have been fished over so much that it is practically of no use to try, even with a dry fly. However, since those blasted calves have me awake, I've a good mind to try for that salmon before anyone gets around. I shall be dressed by the time you have them fed—and I hope they choke—then we will go over and see if we can break this hoodoo that has got me."

The hoodoo I spoke of was this: Since I had been in the valley, I had hooked and played thirteen salmon in succession and had lost every one of them. I could write a book about those thirteen fish and how I lost them. To be sure, I was fishing with dry flies and nymph flies, using the very lightest leaders and five ounce trout rod. This had something to do with it, but not to the extent of losing thirteen in a row. Once a rod collapsed. Three leaders broke. One salmon went around a sod with roots sticking out of it. One rubbed the leader against a limb on a sunken log in the bottom of the pool. One monster fish—the biggest I ever saw—when hooked, made three long jumps right at me and I never got a tight line on him. The others all got away somehow. All but one were big fish. I swore enough to last all fishermen forever and blamed everything on Mike whether he was near or not. If anyone ever blamed the loss of thirteen salmon on me I should kill him, but Mike lets me live, for which I am thankful.

I was anxious to break this hoodoo—so was Mike.

After I was dressed, I stole a glass of milk, drank it, and joined Mike down by the river. I had my long rod. This rod is really too heavy for the light leader I use for dry fly fishing, but I wished to be able to drop a fly on the water above a fish without casting. Sometimes this works beautifully. You locate your fish, stand almost opposite him but a little down stream, let out just enough line, swing the rod up stream but not over the water until it is above the fish, then let the fly down very gently on the water and in such a way that the leader and line are up stream from the fly. In this way the fly, floating down toward the salmon, is the first thing he sees. To do this properly requires a long rod. But with such a rod you must play your fish with infinite care; otherwise you will break the leader, which must be very fine for this kind of fishing.

A little explanation of the difference between wet fly and dry fly fishing may be in order here. In wet fly fishing you stand above your fish and cast diagonally down stream across the current, letting the fly sink three or four inches. The current swings the fly across the stream toward the side of the river on which you stand and over the salmon. A wet fly does not resemble anything that walks or swims or flies. We never

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

know why a salmon takes it. To him it may resemble a minnow or bug in the water. But it certainly does not resemble either of these when out of the water.

Now a dry fly is made to represent exactly some fly or bug floating on the water. You stand down stream from your fish, cast up over him in such a way that the dry fly floats perfectly naturally down stream toward him. It must float very close to him and high up on its hackles or he won't look at it. A very fine leader is necessary to fool the salmon, as the fly must appear to be unattached to anything.

When the Old Master himself goes after them he succeeds in bringing home the bacon.

Mike had his long handled gaff. We poled across the river. The sun was just peeping over the hill back of Mike's house. The mist was rising from the water. The grass on the intervale was wet and cold as we walked up by the Red Bank to the Seal Pool. Not a breath of air was stirring. The water was like a mirror and clear as crystal as we walked along peering into it trying to locate a fish. When we reached the little island, we waded out to it and looked carefully into the smooth current. There he was! A beautiful salmon! He was lying in five or six feet of water and about ten feet from shore. We could see him as plainly as a gold fish in a bowl. His only movement was a slight waving of the tail now and then and the opening and closing of his mouth. He must have seen us, but paid no attention. Salmon are queer that way. Sometimes they scare easily and sometimes they do not scare at all.

We backed away from the water and started to rig up the rod for dry fly. This is quite a job. After the rod is set up, the reel put on, and the line threaded through the guides, you pull out forty or fifty feet and grease it very carefully with a preparation of deer fat and paraffine. Then you tie a long, tapered, very fine leader to the line. This is also greased. I generally grease all but a foot next to the fly. All of this is done to make the line and leader float. If it all floats but the last six inches of the leader it is all right. I like to have a little of the leader next to the fly under water, as it seems to appear to the salmon not to be attached to the fly.

We chose a number eight "Cinnamon Sedge," which I attached to the leader with a knot I know how to tie, but cannot make plain on paper. I then dipped the fly in a preparation of vaseline and kerosene to make it float, reeled up some of the line, made a few false casts to shake the excess dope from the fly, and was ready to try for Mr. Fish.

I wish to say that after all of this trouble to get ready to use a dry fly, a thrice accursed little trout generally rises at the first cast, grabs it, hooks himself beyond the power of man to get him off, covers the fly all over with slime and gore, and dies gloriously by being hurled forty rods back into the intervale. Then you change the fly and start all over again.

I stole to the edge of the island and waded out about two feet from shore. Mike stood just back of me. Swinging the rod up stream I let the fly carefully down on the water ten or twelve feet above the salmon. It floated cocked up on the water for all the world like a natural bug. It went down over the fish and nothing happened except he disappeared—just vanished. If you are ever looking at a gold fish in a bowl and all at once he isn't there, you will know how I felt. I lifted the fly from the water and looked all over the pool. "Mike," I said, "he's gone, if you can tell me where, I should like to know."

Mike shook his head. "I didn't see him go, I was watching the fly." "So was I," I said.

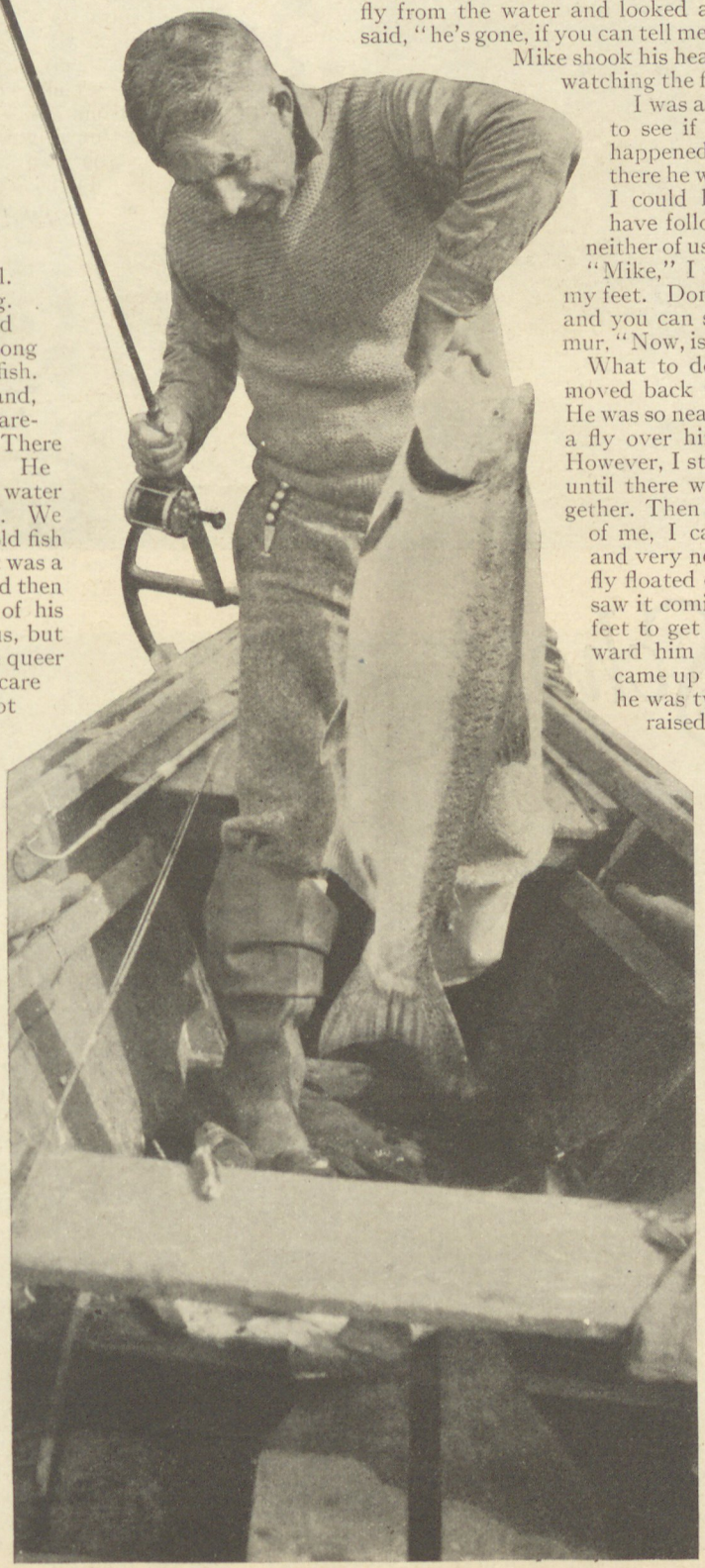
I was about to leave the water to wait to see if he would come back when I happened to look down at my feet and there he was right under them. So near I could have kicked him. He must have followed the fly in so gently that neither of us saw him.

"Mike," I whispered, "he is right under my feet. Don't move. Peek under my arm and you can see him." I heard Mike murmur, "Now, isn't that wonderful altogether."

What to do now I did not know. If I moved back the salmon might get scared. He was so near me that I saw no way to float a fly over him with a seventeen-foot rod. However, I stripped some line from the reel until there were about forty feet out altogether. Then swinging the rod carefully, back of me, I cast almost straight up stream and very near shore, lifting the rod as the fly floated down toward the salmon. He saw it coming and moved out four or five feet to get under it. As the fly came toward him he began to rise slowly. He came up horizontally at first, but when he was two feet under the fly he slowly raised his head until his nose was three or four inches from it. Then, with his white nose almost touching the fly, he began to assume a perpendicular position, then to tip slowly backward as the fly floated over him down stream. Suddenly he opened his mouth, sucked in the fly, thrust about two feet of himself out of water, turned over with a flop and headed for bottom.

I had stood there with my mouth open watching that rise and nearly forgot to strike—but not quite. I just straightened the line and the fight was on. "My Gorry!" Mike said, "that beats all of my going fishing. You might fish a hundred years and never see anything like that again." I agreed with him. I have fished ever since I was able to walk and caught everything from chubs to sailfish, bonefish and tarpon, but I never got such a thrill as I did from the rise of that salmon. Why I did not jerk the fly away from him, I do not know.

(*Continued on page 57*)



Zane Grey lands a beauty.

A School in the Open

by Florence L. Clark

FOR half of a sticky August day we had motored east across northern Iowa, a land Croesus-rich in corn, cattle, and hogs, but mostly as flat as your hand. Then, of a sudden, we met up with the eastern rim of Iowa's two-hundred-mile-wide upland prairies. Behind lay the stretches of never-ending corn and oats; ahead, the road dropped down, down, through a narrow break in the Mississippi hills.

A mile and a half "coast" and we rubbed our dusty eyes to find we were passing down the main street of a town, walled in close by towering, densely forested hills. At the end of the street was a charming vista of the Mississippi River and beyond, on the other side, the haze-enveloped hills of Wisconsin made a purplish-gray line across the blue sky. The scene was beautiful as a bit of Switzerland, and, wonder of wonders! we had dropped into it, direct from the corn prairies of the state which boasts "ninety-five per cent tillable land."

But that was only the first of our surprises in McGregor, Iowa. Halfway down the street, a banner stretched high from telephone pole to telephone pole bid the tourist "Visit the Wild Life School."

"Wild Life School? What in time could that be?" I thought.

In the hotel, a moment later, I put the question to the man at the desk, and for answer was politely handed a circular.

"American School of Wild Life Protection, popularly known as the Wild Life School, and said by William T. Hornaday to be 'the first School of Wild Life Protection ever started on this round earth.' "

That was the heading of the circular. Below, it went on to say: "The faculty of the school are eminent natural scientists. From the great love of the out-of-doors and their zeal to instill this love in others to the end that our wild life may not vanish, they give their services without pay. The group of names following included those of George F. Kay, Iowa State Geologist and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of Iowa University; Dr. L. H. Pammel, botanist, and chairman of the Iowa Conservation Commission; Dr. Bohumil Shimek, University of Iowa and a national director of the Izaak Walton League; and more than a half-dozen others, among them a New York man, Dr. M. R. Gilmore, of the staff of the Museum of the American Indian, New York.

Birds, wild flowers, trees, rocks, insects, stars and Indians were the subjects taught, and the manner of instruction was explained in this manner:

"In the shade of the oaks on the Heights is pitched the big assembly tent of the school. Classes are held in the mornings in the tent. They are in the form of informal, non-technical nature talks of general interest. The students ask questions, take notes and are free to come and go as they please. Each evening there are talks illustrated with lantern slides and movies.

"Faculty and students roam the woods afternoons and before and after the morning talks, literally going to school with the birds, trees, flowers, insects and rocks. A mushroom, a rock outcropping, a pheasant's nest, the many varieties of oaks growing on the Heights, a 'ghostly' Indian pipe, a honey bee sipping nectar—these and a hundred other things become charming lessons for the eager students who group about the different members of the faculty as they unfold Nature's secrets."

We had read far enough to accept the suggestion of that banner, "Visit the Wild Life School."

"Where are these Heights?" I asked the hotel clerk.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

He led us to the door and pointed to the top of a hill which rose abruptly from the bank of the Mississippi. "You can take the footpath or drive," he explained.

The climb meant a change to us after long hours in the car, and we set out for the Wild Life School up a winding, dark-shaded, cool trail. When we were nearing the top we came upon a group of forty or fifty men, women, boys, and girls in the little opening in the woods. They were standing rigidly silent, with every neck craned, many with field glasses at their eyes. One of the group, spying us, gave a stop signal, putting his fingers to his lips to command silence. We obeyed. A tense moment followed. Then from a nearby oak tree came the exquisite song of the Indigo Bunting, holding us spellbound, as it was repeated once, twice, three times.

"There he goes!" someone cried, and the silence was broken by a rush to watch his flight. The bird, lost to view, the hikers moved on. We joined them, getting friendly greeting—the one touch of Nature had made us all akin—and listened to their guide, Dr. Titus Weeks, bird student and poet, answer eager questions about the little feathered beauty whose song had entranced us all.

A few steps farther on a fern bed made a green carpet under the trees. Dr. Shimek pointed out the different varieties and told of them in a simple way which all could grasp. A flash of red in the wild blackberry bushes when, wonderful to say, a cardinal bird lighted in the path not twenty-five feet away. A bit farther, and at the bidding of Dr. Kay, the crowd gathered on an outcropping of sandstone to listen to the story of that millions-of-years-old day when St. Peter's formation was laid down in the primordial seas.

After an hour of this most interesting, I had almost said thrilling, walk we had ever enjoyed, we circled with the party back to the hilltop, the "Heights," as it is called. Here we found some forty cottages, a small hotel, and a number of motor camps. They were all full to overflowing with students of the school. We were told that others were in cottages on Ridgewood, an adjoining hill, and still others in rooms and the tourist camp downtown.

It was the late afternoon and a rest period. Groups of people were lounging under the trees, or on the cottage porches, chatting and laughing. Children were having fun in swings and on teeters. A kodaker was taking a group, a mother was reading a story to her children, an artist was sitting on the edge of the bluff, sketching the river, khaki-clad, bareheaded folks were moving about among the trees, in twos and threes, stopping to talk with groups on the grass and benches. Everybody knew everybody else and everybody seemed to like everybody else. It was the happiest, most carefree crowd I ever hope to see. Enjoying themselves? Why, apparently they didn't know there was anywhere in the Universe a world of fret and worry and strife.

Sauntering over to the brow of the hill in front of the Inn, another surprise was handed us. Before our eyes was stretched a magnificent water scene, probably unsurpassed in beauty in all America. A God-given setting for a school to teach careless Americans to cherish and save her wild life, I thought.

While we sat on a bench on the hilltop, drinking in the loveliness of river, island and shore, almost pinching ourselves now and then to remember that we were in the Corn Belt, a man who, with his wife and four children, was attending the school, having the time of their lives, as he said, volunteered further information on the Wild Life School.

"Nature and wild life in all their phases are taught here," he said, "in a way that even a child can grasp the fundamentals and can understand the message that our birds, plants and rocks carry to us. We are especially taught the gospel of conservation—how to take care of what wild flowers, birds, and animal species, lakes, rivers, and forests have been left to us. No better education, it seems to me, can be given to us as citizens and to our daughters and sons, than Nature study and an understanding of what we see when we take a hike to the woods, or a motor trip to some favored locality.

"On our daily bird hikes we have identified thirty to thirty-five birds each time. With the geologists we have studied the rocks, which are unusually interesting in this region. Under another expert, we have studied the insect life, have learned about familiar insects, and have had several lectures on the habits of the honey bee, with a trip to a local bee yard.

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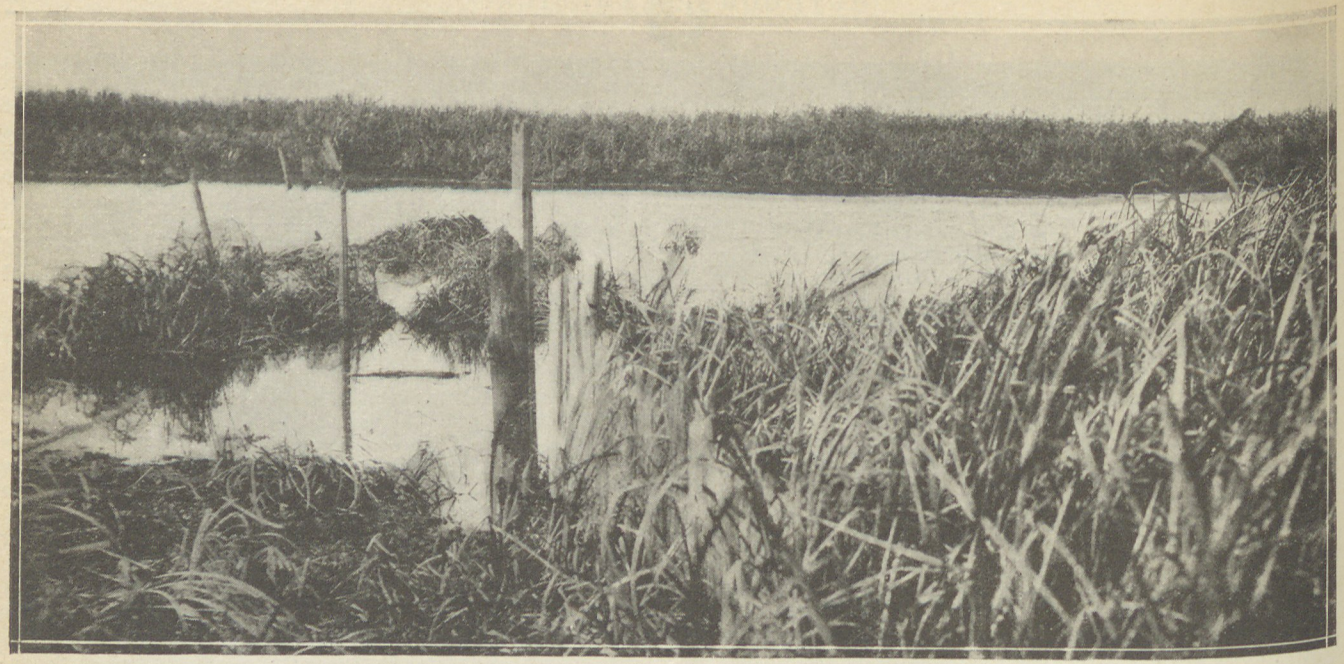
A geology class of the Wild Life School at Dripping Cave.



Ruins of the Diana dam, blown up by drainage interests.

A Wisconsin Drainage Crime

by Louis Radke

HORICON MARSH, once the greatest paradise for game and fish in the northwest, was known in the early days as Winnebago Marsh. The Winnebago Indians made it their hunting and fishing grounds long before the paleface ever pulled a trigger or cast a line within its borders. It spreads its 40,000 or more acres of land over an area four to six miles wide and about eighteen miles long in southeastern Wisconsin. This vast region is known as the headwaters of Rock River, the two branches of which make their junction in the marsh. Rock River was meandered by the United States Government Survey as far north as the north line of Township 11, North, Range 16, East, and by the Statutes of Wisconsin declared navigable as far north as Township 14, North, Range 15, East, the latter point being the north boundary line of Dodge County. The local acts of Wisconsin of 1839 provided that "Rock River is hereby declared to be a public highway and forever free for the passage of boats, barges, canoes, rafts or other crafts capable of navigating said river as high up said Rock River as Township 14, Range 15."

In 1845, with the approach of civilization, the old pioneers erected a large dam across Rock River at Horicon, causing the overflow of this vast area. Lake Horicon, picturesque and beautiful in the extreme, with its peninsulas, islands and numberless bays and coves, sprang into existence. Lake Horicon not only had the distinction of being the largest artificial lake in the world, but was known as a haven for the market hunter, commercial fisherman and trapper. Ducks and geese abounded. Muskrat and mink throve at the shores. Fish of all kinds were caught and marketed in enormous quantities. In the winter of 1857, fishermen shipped one hundred and forty tons of pickerel and pike to eastern markets. Ice fishing became a popular sport and a profitable business. This beauty spot and game and fish paradise was destined, however, to delight but a single generation. All too soon promoters planned to remove the dam at Horicon. Long and vexatious litigation followed.

In 1867 the promoters practically won their fight when the State of Wisconsin for some reason saw fit to sell the lands beneath the waters of Lake Horicon at five cents per acre. A law was passed entitled "An Act to Incorporate the Union Mechanics Manufacturing Company." This act permitted the removal of the dam in 1868. Lake Horicon slowly but surely sagged from its shores into Rock River. Winnebago Marsh, later known as Horicon Marsh, again came into its own. Scores of little lakes remained, abundantly rich in bird and other animal life.

Then came a period from 1870 to 1883 when sportsmen from other states were attracted to Horicon Marsh. Nearly every species of migratory water fowl known to the inland waters of North America could be found. Hunters shot more than twenty-five varieties of wild ducks.

Came a period in 1883 when the Diana Shooting Club was organized, largely by eastern capitalists. This club leased the lower half of the Horicon Marsh. The upper half was leased by Milwaukee and Fond du Lac sportsmen. Both clubs held undisputed hunting, fishing and trapping rights for many years. So-called poachers and trespassers soon challenged these leasehold rights upon navigable waters through court proceedings.

Came a time on December 23, 1904, when a petition was filed in the Circuit Court of Dodge County to establish the "Horicon Drainage District," including within its scope all of the lands within the limits of Horicon Marsh. An order was entered in said proceedings organizing and establishing such drainage district. Upon appeal to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin by interested parties, this order was reversed and the case remanded to the Circuit Court with directions to dismiss the petition, for the reason, among others, stated in the opinion of the Supreme Court: "We hold Rock River is a navigable stream, and that no authority of law was delegated to the commissioners to impair it or appropriate it for drainage purposes, and that the drainage district ordered will have that effect." This case is reported in Volume 135 of the Wisconsin Reports on pages 227-238. The decision was rendered on April 17, 1908. The petition was then dismissed in the Circuit Court.

Came a period in 1909 when an effort was made to restore Lake Horicon. Prominent business men of Horicon, Watertown, Janesville, Beloit, Wisconsin, and Rockford, Illinois, conceived a plan to reconstruct the dam at Horicon, and hoped that the lake thus recreated would not only be restored to its old-time loveliness but would act as a reservoir in holding back the tremendous flood waters that rushed down upon these helpless cities each spring, doing damage in untold thousands. Due to the protests of drainage promoters and drainage engineers, the plan was finally abandoned.

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Notwithstanding the Supreme Court decision aforesaid, and within the next ten years, without any authority or permission of any court, and without sanction of any kind, promoters and engineers perfected and completed plans for the private drainage of Horicon Marsh in violation of the rights of the public, and a huge ditch was dug through the center of the marsh, about sixty feet wide and about eight feet deep. Many side ditches or laterals, about thirty feet wide and four feet deep, were added during the four or five years of dredging. That huge ditch became a vampire stream. It bled white the Horicon Marsh. It has left only dreary desolation. Beautiful Rock River, majestically winding its way through Horicon Marsh, was cut and slashed into ribbons. Small bodies of water and lakes were totally destroyed by the experimental claw of the destroying dredge. Navigable waters were thus destroyed in open defiance of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, and a paradise has been wilfully trampled under foot. Pools and streams and bayous, ducks and geese and wilderness creatures, are gone. No farms have come in their places. Rather, there has grown up a tangle of cat-tails and weeds, giving neither life nor joy to either man or wilderness denizen. During this period drainage engineers contended that the Hustisford Dam was the key to successful drainage of Horicon Marsh. This dam is now located on Rock River about ten miles south of Horicon and not only creates what is known as "Beautiful Lake Sinissippi," which spreads its beauty over thousands of acres, but its back water reaches as far north as the city limits of Horicon. One more of Wisconsin's beauty spots was marked for destruction by drainage engineers. One more of Wisconsin's greatest resources was to be added to the already long list of drainage crimes. Here is where justice stepped in and helped save a part of our great out-of-doors by a timely decision of Wisconsin's Supreme Court, which states "Hustisford Dam must not be disturbed."

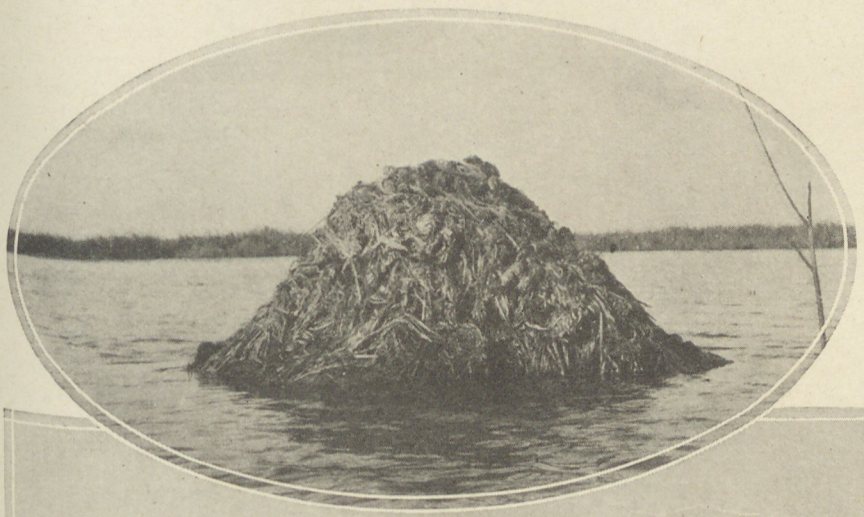
Clustered about the dead Horicon Marsh are the towns and cities of Horicon, Beaver Dam, Mayville, Fond du Lac, Waupun, Burnett, Juneau, Hustisford and others. In them dwell thousands who look daily upon a drainage crime that has wrecked a virgin loveliness and given nothing in return. They know that drainage has failed. They have [illegible] in a semi-drained state for fifteen years. They have stood by while drainage advocates had not merely their day, but nearly two full decades, wherein to demonstrate what benefit drainage might yield and what promises it might fulfill, and they have come to learn that for all the beauty and wilderness charm that has been taken from them, there has been returned no farm, no cultivated acre, no crop worthy of the name. Therefore these thousands, supported by hundreds of thousands of other people in their state and nation, are now asking for a return to old conditions.

Pages might be written on the romance and beauty of Horicon Marsh. The old lake, broadening majestically where the Rock River entered it, the latter marsh with its hidden nooks, its fern-drooped bogs, its rice beds. More might be written of the pilgrimages that came each year out of Chicago, out of the east from New York, and out of the west and the south—to thrill at the call of the mallard, the honk of the Canada goose.

Horicon Marsh may again be flooded by building an inexpensive dam at Horicon. The waters thus held back would flood only waste lands—the land that has been drained but that has yielded nothing for fifteen years. No individual would suffer material loss of any kind if this restoration were accomplished. Any claimed losses would be highly theoretical and could be based on potential values only. Potential values have been tested for fifteen years without demonstrating definite results. This paradise again created would be within easy reach of populations totalling millions. Chicago and Milwaukee alone, disregarding more immediate residents, would profit by restoring this beauty spot. Properly protected, there is every reason to believe that the marsh would again become a haven for ducks and geese and other water fowl that once swarmed over it. Properly guarded it would offer a breeding place, a refuge, eminently suited for the propagation of wild life, and serving as a feeder for hundreds of other lakes in mid-western United States.

The restored lake will mean restored wild life, as Horicon Marsh is in the line of flight of the migrating water fowl, both northward and southward. It offers unusually excellent conditions for wild fowl propagation if only the water is restored. Owing to its splendid location it will make one of the ideal wild life refuges for the nation.

There is nothing in the way of Lake Horicon's restoration if enough people want it. The lake is not a Wisconsin lake alone, it is an Illinois lake, an Indiana lake, a Missouri lake, a Minnesota lake, and even a New York State lake. It demonstrated many years ago that its wilderness call is heard in far-off cities and villages. It numbers among its friends sportsmen, hunters and out-door lovers from New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Milwaukee and other cities too numerous to mention.



Above—Muskrat mound. Below—Cattails wave merrily over this "agricultural" area.

Are you doing your share in helping?

A Horicon marsh cornfield submerged last August.

Came a period in October, 1923, when the final campaign was launched to flood Horicon Marsh. The Horicon Marsh Game Protective Association (members at large of the Izaak Walton League) was organized for the purpose of carrying on this fight.

In less than twelve months the Horicon Marsh project became one of the leading topics of conservationists in America. Rotary clubs, Kiwanis clubs, American Legion posts, Chambers of Commerce, American Federation of Women's Clubs, Game Protective associations, Rod and Gun clubs, heartily endorsed the movement.

The Izaak Walton League of America, speaking through its peerless leader, Will H. Dilg, was the guiding force of the movement.

On December 7, 1923, at the annual convention of the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League, held in Fond du Lac, a resolution was drafted and unanimously adopted advocating that Horicon Lake be restored for posterity.

On April 14, 1924, at the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, held in Chicago, Illinois, a similar resolution was presented and adopted, amid tremendous cheers and applause.

On May 22, 1924, the President of the United States issued a call for a Recreation and Out-door Conference to be held in Washington, D. C. Will H. Dilg, President of the Izaak Walton League of America, presented the Horicon Marsh project as deserving a place among the great conservation measures required to save out-door America for posterity.

Officials at Washington are greatly interested in the Horicon Marsh. United States senators and congressmen have endorsed the plan to make Horicon Marsh a game and fish refuge.

Public sentiment is thoroughly aroused over the crimes caused by indiscriminate drainage. Judge K. M. Landis says, "This devastation has not only been stupid, but criminal. The Izaak Walton League of America, to overcome our stupidity of the past, is now making the fight for us and our children and our children's children. On December 12, 1924, Waltonians fired the first gun to vindicate the public rights to navigable waters on Horicon Marsh. Public sentiment is aroused over this drainage crime.

It is estimated that nearly 200,000 citizens will petition their governor, attorney-general and railroad commission to institute proceedings to restore the navigability of Rock River in Horicon Marsh, on the grounds that such navigable waters are held in trust by the state for its people.

A resolution, sponsored and defended by the Izaak Walton League of America, asking for an investigation of the matter has passed the Wisconsin Assembly and is now before the Senate.

Drainage promoters and interests outside of the state owning most of the Horicon Marsh lands, are instigating skillful propaganda in opposition.

They have succeeded in arousing fifty or more innocent farmers living around Horicon Marsh to organize what is known as the Horicon Marsh Farm Land Protective Association, their purpose being to kill the resolution now before the senate and to thwart any investigation. These farmers have been cleverly led to believe that their adjoining lands will be destroyed and that this restoration movement is nothing more than the "encroachment of hunters and trappers in the immediate vicinity."

The facts of the matter are that this last desperate organized effort by the opposition did not originate among the farmers. Keen master-minds, by skillful maneuvering, are using the farmer for a screen in order to conceal their real motives. If Horicon Marsh was fit for agriculture, the owners certainly would not have permitted the establishment during the past year of three large muskrat farms covering thousands of acres in this area. The largest of these muskrat farms is now being leased and controlled for a number of years by none other than the secretary and treasurer of the Horicon Marsh Farm Land Protective Association. Even the most skeptical must admit that agriculture and muskrats do not go together.

Tremendous pressure is being brought to bear to stop this investigation. And why? The issue is clear cut and the resolution merely asks for an investigation of the facts. Investigation will show that Horicon Marsh has failed to grow crops, as in dry times everything burned up, while in wet seasons the crops are drowned out.

The general public, until two years ago, suffered the loss of its rights in silence. Speaking now, through the Izaak Walton League of America, this same public demands a full and fair investigation of the facts.

Grain fields of Horicon.

On April 2, 3 and 4, 1925, at the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, held in Chicago, Illinois, the Horicon Marsh resolution was introduced. Not only did the convention unanimously reaffirm the action taken by that body at its last annual convention, but it heartily endorsed the resolution now before the Wisconsin Legislature.

The old marsh is calling to its host of friends—calls to them for release from suffocating weeds and Canada thistles, from a vampire stream, a drainage scheme that has destroyed the beauty nature once intended for all.

If the activities of a few drainage fanatics, who care nothing for public rights, go unchallenged, then the old lake bed's virgin loveliness and fragrance, its golden sunsets and shimmering moonlit nights, its thrill of wild life, and its reedy, wave-washed banks, will be lost to the enjoyment of thousands yet unborn. Waltonians ask only that man be compelled to restore the water he has so ruthlessly drained away.

There is an awakening call in the breezes, there is a challenge in its possibilities. Horicon Lake is not a dream of the past, it is a real hope of the future. It is the out-door heritage of posterity. Here is a plea, coming quite unsolicited and entirely without suggestion, that should go straight to the heart of every

(Continued on page 74)

Another "agricultural" view.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

Everett E. Lowry
Cartoonist

Everett E. Lowry

We believe that every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA *will be interested in knowing "who's who" in their magazine. This is the first of a series of short stories to appear each month in the future, dealing with the interesting features in the lives of our writers and artists whose splendid contributions to* OUTDOOR AMERICA *have made possible this great publication.*

WHEN the waters of America have been purged of poisonous filth—when once again the fishermen of the nation can return to their haunts and bring home the bacon and we "can point with pride" to the old swimmin' hole with the boys splashing about in it, a national monument should be erected in honor of Everett E. Lowry, the famous cartoonist, whose splendid contributions to OUTDOOR AMERICA since its inception have done much to spread the word of conservation and the dangers of pollution.

"Way back when" this magazine was known as the Izaak Walton League Monthly, Mr. Lowry's name appeared on the contents page as the first artist to enlist in the ranks of Waltonism, and since that time he has put in many an hour working without pay for a cause in which he believes and in a manner that stamps him the true sportsman that he is.

Month after month Mr. Lowry's striking cartoons on the evils of pollution appear in the magazine in addition to illustrations for stories and sketches of League celebrities.

Everett Lowry is known throughout the width and breadth of "The Fourth Estate," that semi-Utopian land of Journalism, having been affiliated with the country's leading metropolitan newspapers for a number of years.

His Favorite Author

In the early days of Chicago newspapers it was a hard struggle for a young artist to receive recognition, and such men as Clare Briggs, John T. McCutcheon, Tom and Bill Powers, Lowry and many others whose names are now familiar to the entire English speaking world, were often given assignments covering, as reporters, political speeches, ladies' aid society meetings, and police runs. It was generally conceded that all city editors of the period were without artistic sensibilities and utterly devoid of appreciation. But that impression (among members of the reportorial and art staffs) is not entirely confined to "the early days."

Mr. Lowry was prominently before the public with such comic pages as "Binnacle Jim," a prime favorite among America's youth, and "Bub, He's Always to Blame," which appeared in all of the most important big newspapers in the United States, when he began the study of national politics and established a reputation for his keen analysis of political situations. His cartoons were leaders in the campaigns.

It was at this time that Mr. Lowry drew a cartoon which has gone down in American history as the outstanding cartoon of two decades—a cartoon which made such an impression on President Roosevelt that it undoubtedly had much to do with the decisions of T. R. during his term of office.

The cartoon, which appeared in the Chicago Chronicle, now hangs in the Roosevelt home in Oyster Bay, N. Y.—the only American cartoon there. When Roosevelt saw it in the Chronicle he turned to his secretary. "Bully!" he cried. "The best cartoon of my two administrations. Send for the correspondent of this paper and have him secure for me the original."

The cartoon played a prominent part in Mr. Roosevelt's life. It is said that often he escorted visitors to the place where the drawing hung on his library wall and said: "That is the old fellow I'm working for!"

Edward B. Clark, a prominent Washington newspaper correspondent, has said that the cartoon supplied him with much material for his articles. In one such article he tells of a conversation with the President and continues:

"'I have another way,' said the President, 'of determining the wisdom of asking Congress to do things.' Then he took me over to the original of a cartoon by Lowry. The title of the cartoon was 'His Favorite Author.' The farmer was reading a newspaper with the front page caption 'The President's Message.'

"'This is my favorite cartoon,' said the Colonel. 'This fine old fellow represents the American people. When I am thinking of suggesting something in the way of legislation I come over here, stand in front of him, look him full in the face and say, "I wonder if you will approve." From him I get my answers, and there have been many of them, yes and no.'"

In a letter to Mr. Lowry the President said: "Your cartoon has been a source of real comfort and a source of strength to me."

Recently the old Roosevelt home in New York was established as a memorial to the immortal T. R. In it are many of the things dear to Theodore Roosevelt. In asking Mr. Lowry to execute a duplicate of the cartoon for the Roosevelt House last month, R. W. G. Vail, the librarian, said:

"I am sorry to have missed seeing you when you were here. I would have enjoyed meeting the man who drew Colonel Roosevelt's favorite cartoon. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 71]

Are you doing your share in helping?

Charles J. Brill

An Oklahoma Accomplishment

by Charles J. Brill

THIS is a story of triumph and tragedy, of delight and dejection. It is the story of a successful campaign for legislation establishing a program and providing machinery to put into operation that scheme which would restore a state's vanishing wild life; and the story of the sudden death, just as he was about to launch this great undertaking, of the man who, having led this successful campaign, had been chosen to direct the reconstruction.

It is the story of Oklahoma's successful fight for a commission of sportsmen to administer affairs of the state fish and game department which had been operated under the political spoils system since statehood; and of the death of Earl M. Stapleton, president of the Oklahoma division of the Izaak Walton League of America, while attending the recent annual convention of that organization in Chicago.

It is not to boast of the accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League members in Oklahoma that this is written, though to obtain passage of five conservation measures at a single sitting of a state legislature is no ordinary achievement, but rather in the hope that their successes might encourage fellow Waltonians in other states facing the same situation that Oklahoma faced to tackle the problem and, the task once undertaken, that Oklahoma's experiences might help them clear the same obstacles he had to hurdle. It is written in the belief that state the three things standing between any raped of its wild life and a land filled with fish and game are: indifference on the part of sportsmen, ignorance on the part of lawmakers, and greedon the part of politicians.

* * *

Just about the time Pennsylvania was launching her program which has made that commonwealth the game paradise of the United States today, Oklahoma was entering upon an era of wanton destruction of her wild life which has brought her to the same state of despoilation in which Pennsylvania found herself a quarter of a century ago.

A quarter of a century ago Oklahoma not only was the happy hunting ground of thousands of Indians making their last stand in the wilderness they once had ruled, but of other thousands of white men who came from all over the United States to fish in her streams, hunt quail, prairie chicken, and antelope in her fields, and turkey, deer, and bear in her forests.

Came statehood, civilization—and the rapid vanishing of fish and game.

As civilization's frontier advanced, with its ever widening fields under cultivation, its ever increasing stream pollution, its ever growing army of hunters and fishermen and, distressing but true, its massacre of fish and game for the market, borders of wild life's refuge grew smaller and smaller.

From a land of plenty in 1900, Oklahoma had become almost barren of fish and game in most places by 1923. Pitiful remnants of Oklahoma's once great flocks and herds, having been driven to their last retreats, were facing nothing less than absolute extinction when the Izaak Walton League came to their rescue.

* * *

Strange but true, Oklahoma owes her scarcity of game today to the great abundance she possessed at the time of statehood.

Game protection laws were passed at the first state assembly in 1908; but laws without enforcement are no better than no laws at all. Furthermore, laws are enforced only as public opinion demands.

There was little demand for enforcement of game laws in 1908 because, except to a few, it seemed foolish to think that there ever would come a time when fish and game would not be abundant in Oklahoma.

For that reason the fish and game department, in the beginning, merely provided the means of paying off a few political debts.

Earl M. Stapleton
1878—1925

As the revenues increased, so did jobs with fair pay but no work. Political leaders, always hard pressed to find enough to serve all demanding reward at the political pie counter, were quick to recognize the value of the fish and game department, politically. They were just as quick to develop it to maximum capacity. This limit was reached during the administration of Governor Jack Walton, who was impeached, in 1922. More jobs were created in the department under him. Their occupants were paid out of the sportsmen's fund but their duties were development and perpetuation of a political machine rather than propagation and conservation of wild life.

* * *

Just as the abundance of game in 1908 brought the establishment of a political machine in the game department, so the superabundance of politicians in 1922 brought about a reaction which has taken the fish and game department of Oklahoma just about as far out of politics as is possible.

While the realization that something must be done soon or Oklahoma would be stripped entirely of wild life had been expressed on all sides for the last five years, no concerted move had been made to obtain relief because the sportsmen of the state were not organized; and it was apparent that strong organization would be needed to overthrow the spoils system in power.

Then came the Izaak Walton League of America. Though it had been in existence for more than a year, only the most progressive of Oklahoma's sportsmen were conversant with its ideals, policies, and possibilities.

Earl M. Stapleton was one of these. J. B. A. Robertson, a former governor, was another. Then there was Samuel H. Harris, known far and wide as the "father of Oklahoma's game laws"; and J. M. Postelle, a hunter and fisherman of wide experiences and high ideals; and Forest Taylor, an enthusiastic sportsman of the younger school. Frank J. Hill, who soon became Stapleton's right hand man, and as secretary of the state division, one of its hardest workers who now shoulders much of the League's responsibilities was a sixth member of the little council held in Stapleton's offices in the summer of 1923, which decided to put over the Izaak Walton League in Oklahoma, and then, through the League, obtain legislation needed to save the remnants of its wild life. From these remnants, by proper manipulation, were depleted streams, fields and forests to be restocked.

Six months later when the special session of the ninth legislature convened, the League, thanks to the organization genius of Stapleton who had been elected president of the state division, boasted more than fifty live chapters in Oklahoma, with

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

several thousand members, and was gaining momentum daily.

Through the League's efforts, a measure was passed providing for the establishment of game sanctuaries in all parts of the state in which wild things could reproduce undisturbed and spread into neighboring fields.

It was a good law, but the old machinery of the department failed to function.

To replace the inefficient and obsolete system with a modern machine modeled after the wonderfully successful creation of Pennsylvania, was the next thing the League set out to accomplish.

Last January when the tenth Oklahoma legislature convened, the League had increased the number of its chapters to 130. Its membership covered the state like a blanket. Thus organized, it moved forward to attack the old system.

To recite details of this legislative battle would take thousands upon thousands of words. It is impossible here. It is unnecessary.

Every day brought new developments; every week its crisis. Those who had fed off the sportsmen's treasury for so long without rendering any service to the sportsmen in return, and those who hoped sooner or later to be absorbed into the old spoils system, fought desperately with all the vicious weapons known to unscrupulous politicians.

Realizing their only hope was to discredit the League or disrupt it, they did everything they could to accomplish this end. They spread poisonous propaganda about the League leaders and those who were fighting the sportsmen's battle at the capitol. They tried to get those chapters they thought would be susceptible to such inducements, to repudiate the bill and its supporters by promising favors from the old regime.

Governor M. E. Trapp of Oklahoma, signs bill with eagle quill creating a state fish and game commission.

To the everlasting credit of the Izaak Walton League in Oklahoma let it be recorded here that, with two or three notorious exceptions, the ranks stood firm against these temptations and against an attempt of these same obstructionistic forces to disrupt a special state convention called, during the heat of the struggle, to organize for a final drive against opponents of the measure.

At least a dozen times during the sixty days the measure was before the assembly it appeared the battle would be lost; but each time Stapleton rallied the League's forces, each time the response was spontaneous, delegations came in to the capitol, letters, telegrams and petitions by the thousands poured in on members of the legislature. Finally came victory.

The measure passed both senate and house by majorities of 33 to 4 and 82 to 12 respectively. In due time it was signed by Governor M. E. Trapp with a pen made from the quill of a feather plucked from the wing of an American eagle.

On Governor Trapp's shoulders rests the responsibility of choosing the commission of three who will serve two, four and six years, administering the game laws of the state. Theirs is the power to collect and to spend the fish and game protection fund, to say where and when and how fish hatcheries, game preserves and public hunting grounds are to be established, to hire and to determine the number and pay of all employes of the department. Theirs is the power, under provisions of the act which becomes effective late in June, to restore Oklahoma's wild life in the fullest extent, or to make the law not worth the paper it is printed on by failure to make the most out of their opportunities.

It had been Governor Trapp's intention to place Stapleton at the head of this commission. It had been recognized by all conversant with the situation, that he was better fitted than any other to obtain quick and efficient results.

Stapleton's death means a change in these plans. While his loss is a great blow to the cause, it is not a fatal stroke. Among the thousands of sportsmen in Oklahoma are many qualified for the post. They have knowledge of his plans, they have the indomitable and consecrated example of their departed leader to inspire them as they carry on to fruition the program for which he sacrificed time, fortune and even life itself.

All those who have Outdoor Oklahoma at heart have faith in the wisdom of their governor, that he will choose men for the commission who will function as they should.

* * *

It would not be fitting to close this recital without a word of appreciation for the valiant efforts of those who carried the burden of this campaign.

From the first, the Leaguers found a whole-hearted ally in Parker LaMoore, private secretary to Governor Trapp, whose counsel frequently was sought, gladly given and followed.

In the senate, the battle leader for this and other conservation measures was Senator Harve Langley of Pryor. He was the parliamentary strategist of the campaign.

Two-fisted, straight-from-the-shoulder was William A. Strong of Boise City, conservation champion in the house of representatives. He was the tireless, tenacious fighter who never gave up, no matter what the odds, and he won many a hot skirmish in committee and elsewhere, almost single-handed.

Debate leader in the house was Robert C. Graham of Oklahoma City, a forceful speaker with a voice that easily drowned heckling from the opposition.

Invaluable in committee and elsewhere was Rep. L. W. Weaver, of Antlers. Mrs. Ida M. Robertson of Drumright, one of the women members of the house, was in the front ranks from the first skirmish to the final volley.

Through the efforts of Mrs. F. B. Hancock of Yale and Mrs. Frank Korn of El Reno the women's clubs of the state were lined up solidly in support of legislation.

James D. Averyt and Fred Cosman, Jr., of Oklahoma City, with Forest Taylor, formed a trio of minute men who responded innumerable times for quick service.

Dr. C. W. Kelly of Claremore, Dr. J. E. Pennington of Chandler, Dr. T. S. Chapman of McAlester, Bob Jones of Muskogee and Amil H. Japp of Walters formed an official legislative committee which worked diligently.

Sam Morley of McAlester, vice-president of the state organization, who now has succeeded to leadership, and A. R. Reeves, another McAlester enthusiast, performed valiant service.

L. C. Cheuvront of Roosevelt, Bryan D. Lattimore of Sulphur, Cecil Sweitzer and H. B. Carson of Shawnee, O. L. Connor, D. W. Franchot and O. W. Lucke of Tulsa, C. D. Caldwell of Antlers and E. L. Wetherbee of Oilton were among other notables who, more than once, made pilgrimages to the capitol to help stave off disaster.

Though their beloved leader is gone, these, and the thousands of other sportsmen and sportswomen who have enlisted under the Izaak Walton League banner, will carry on until Oklahoma's wild life is restored to the fullness of which Earl M. Stapleton dreamed and toward the fulfillment of which vision he set in motion the conservation machinery that cannot be stopped.

I.W.L.A. *Now Buying* Hay Land in Jackson's Hole

by C.R. Hallowell

Photographs by J. T. Gratiot of Diamond G Ranch, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

Determined to leave no stone unturned in the purchase of hayl and to create the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, the National Board of Directors have commissioned C. R. Hallowell, former State Secretary of the Iowa State Division and an expert real estate man, to go over the optioned property and ascertain its value. Mr. Hallowell is now in the Jackson Hole country negotiating for the purchase of this land. This article was written by him in the form of a letter to National Headquarters. Further details of his work will be printed in the July issue of Outdoor America.

WELL, I'm in the hole—maybe in many ways.

I wrote from Cheyenne, I think. After leaving there I saw nothing of interest until I got across the state and into Idaho, except a barren wilderness. Low mountains of sand, shale and rock—typical desert had it been level. No game of any sort except that there were wild ducks wherever we saw water—little water, few ducks, but when I hit Idaho, the scene all changed.

Beginning at Pocatello, Idaho, and extending northwest of Idaho Falls, in fact, clear on to Victor, the end of the railroad, we traveled through a wonderful valley. The first two towns named are wonderfully well built, modern towns, and the sole industry is agriculture. Practically all irrigated land, and alfalfa, grain, cattle and potatoes are the sources of income. Our Idaho russet baking potatoes are grown in this belt. Will say also, that there are sugar (Beet) factories all along the line, and at Victor, Idaho, the end of the railroad, I saw two farm leases made, one for 160 acres and one for 70 acres, and the former brought $20.00 per acre rent, and the latter $30.00—think of it. The farmer paying $20.00, last year off of 40 acres of the same farm, took in $6,000 for russet potatoes. The price at the warehouse the day I was there was $1.50 per hundred for field run, $2.00 for selected bakers.

Leaving Pocatello the trip was pleasant. We followed pretty mountain streams all the way—fine fields and, off to either side, huge mountain ranges. And I saw just hundreds of pheasants like ours at home, and the farmers worship them, for they claim that they are death on cut-worms and potato bugs. Cut-worms raise thunder with beets, and Iowa land is cheap as compared with the irrigated lands in these valleys, but of all the land I have ever seen, Jackson Hole has them all beaten—I will write of that later.

Wherever I saw water I saw ducks. Saw no big game on the whole trip until today, except coyotes. And, by the way, the conservationists are somewhat right when they argue against promiscuous killing, because since the coyote has been so nearly killed off, the gray ground squirrel has taken the country, and he digs up grain as fast as sown, and there are thousands of them on many 160 acre farms. Have seen the ground dotted with them all along the Teton basin, many miles long. The squirrel is the prey of the coyote, just as the rat is of the terrier.

My trip from Victor was overland, and I hope you will get more pleasure out of reading it than I did out of taking it. I was interested, very much interested—like a fellow would be in seeing a big fire or a bad murder. I didn't get exactly scared, but there were times that I wasn't just comfortable. But actually the beauty of the scenery and the delightfulness of the day made ample amends for all discomforts. We used a six-horse stage to the snow line—then transferred to bob sleds, not like ours at home, but very wide. The road (or pass, the Teton Pass) is very narrow in places, and many times our runners were within a matter of less than a foot of the edge of the road, hundreds of feet above the valley below, and we were travelling over snow that varied in depth from inches to 25 feet. When we reached the "hump" as they call it, we were 8,426 feet up, and the mountains around us were a thousand or more feet above us, and way above the mountains a pair of eagles were sailing all during the time we ate and rested. Here we changed to six other horses, and they put heavy log chains crossways from runner to runner on the sled to serve as a brake, and down we went. I walked the first mile, rode the second and walked the third. Would have walked more, only the altitude cut my wind. It was awfully warm, the sun on the snow and no wind. Wore amber glasses and a black veil over all, and still got somewhat burned. The temperature was 76 above. Well, four miles down we trans-

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

ferred again to stage, and came on down to the Snake River Valley, and then just wallowed in mud for miles. After crossing the Snake we got onto the level meadows of Jackson Hole, and had good roads (for here) the balance of the way (seven miles) to Jackson. This part of the trip was just lovely. There were ducks—hundreds of them, mainly mallards, all paired, along the Snake, and just after we crossed I saw about twenty-four Canadian geese on a pond. It was in an alfalfa meadow, but I crawled to within less than seventy-five yards of them and snapped just as they left the water—I hope the picture is good.

I have taken a number of pictures, that is, I have used several films, but I sent them to nearby points to be developed and printed, because I want to know just as quickly as I can whether I am operating the kodak correctly. If I am not, I will be advised, and will then have a chance to get my Teton Pass pictures on the way out. That is the only way out, and as soon as I receive them, I will mail them to you—the balance of them I will send to you direct, to be developed and printed there.

Was very tired upon arrival and I have not done a lot today. Spent a lot of time at the Court House and walked out to the Government Reserve. Saw about a thousand elk—they were in two herds—they had come in there for feed. The Reserve contains 26 or 2,800 acres, I've forgotten which. The Reserve is fenced, but only to exclude cattle and sheep. The elk just hop over. When the snow is off the mountains (June 15th) they will all leave the Reserve and not return until snow covers the mountain forage next fall. The hole is the winter feeding ground only, and when ranchers mow it or summer pasture it with sheep and cattle, the elk have lost the winter feed and starve, and the ground up the valley is strewn with skeletons—I saw them.

Over the trail with a pack train.

Jackson is about as I expected to find it, except that there is more money here than I had supposed. One rancher, three miles out, owns 780 acres, and recently refused $100.00 per acre all cash. Miller, banker here, owns 40 acres joining Government Reserve, and can get $150.00 per acre tomorrow. I would not want either piece at any price for my purpose. I want to buy the meadows, tame hay and alfalfa, all irrigated, understand, which connect the Government Reserve 2,600 acres with the National Forest Reserve lands (thousands upon thousands of acres) which are timbered mountains upon which the elk summer. The lands between are all meadows, and ample in area to feed double the elk that will use them, when thrown in with Government Reserve Lands.

We have subscribed at this time just about one-half enough money to buy the connecting link. Now, if this can be completed, all this vast area will be restricted and hunting prohibited. In fact, practically no shooting is done on this area now. These fellows are good sportsmen—there is a Mr. Crandall—he hunts, but says that in eight years he has never shot an elk on his own ranch. He always goes to the mountains and hunts as a sportsman should. That's quite the disposition of this country.

They are truly a fine people—as polite as New Englanders. Men wear hats about the size of the dishpans used where families are large and all big eaters. They are tan in color, except for beads and buckles. Tan flannel shirts predominate and corduroy or army flannel pants—I didn't notice the women so much because I am not supposed to—and even if the hats are large and cumbersome, I didn't see a man pass a girl or a woman today but that he tipped his hat, if acquainted—I mean he took it clear off. Leather boots, spurs and chaps. A wonderful people—American, and stouter than oxen. Teddy R. surely knew when he picked these fellows for fighting men.

Are you doing your share in helping?

I intend that you shall get the idea that I am to buy as good land as is in the valley. Frisco and Los Angeles contract their choice beef here, and pay high for it. One solid train load went out at one time last fall.

Tomorrow I am going out to look over the land—couldn't get through on account of roads today, but I found out the town fellows made up a purse and had the bad holes fixed so I could get out tomorrow. Then I want to go on over to Sheep Mountain with Fred Jones (who writes for Saturday Evening Post, OUTDOOR AMERICA, etc., etc., and lives here, to try to get a picture of a little bunch of Rocky Mountain sheep). Then I heard today that there are about one thousand Canadian geese on a pond just below the Government Reserve, and I'd like a picture of them. Want to get in shape to make my offers on the land just as soon as I can, and then while they are considering I will scout around and use up those films you sent, but I see so blamed many things to take pictures of I don't know where to start. Didn't take an elk picture today.

I want to go on up north to Moran, forty miles up the Hole—takes a long day to get there. Moran is only a name, but is called a village. There is a Post Office and a place to get gas. Yes, they have autos here, but no auto thieves. Once a car gets in the hole, it seldom gets out unless driven by a man who knows the passes to a T. But Moran is on Jackson Lake (still frozen) and near the south boundary of Yellowstone Park, and the scenery there is wonderful. I inquired as to depth, and can find no one who knows. They sounded to a depth of two-hundred and ninety feet, and didn't hit bottom. Trout are biting fine up there—they fish through the ice with chubs and bullheads taken from open valley creeks. They say these bullheads differ from ours—will look into this.

Trout are hitting fine in the creeks. There are fishing waters on three sides of this village. Less than one-half mile from the hotel to each one. They are catching cut-throats and natives (mountain) and lots of them run twelve to sixteen inches. I have a license and might possibly go before breakfast some morning. I have a fine fly rod and a book of leaders and flies here in my room, and maybe I'll go tomorrow. Yes, I guess I will, for the sun set clear tonight.

Was amused when school dismissed today—out they came a howling mob—all headed for the corral where they jumped their saddle ponies—sometimes three on one, and up the valley they tore in a cloud of dust, and some of them only about six or seven years old. Tell me they won't make husky men and women.

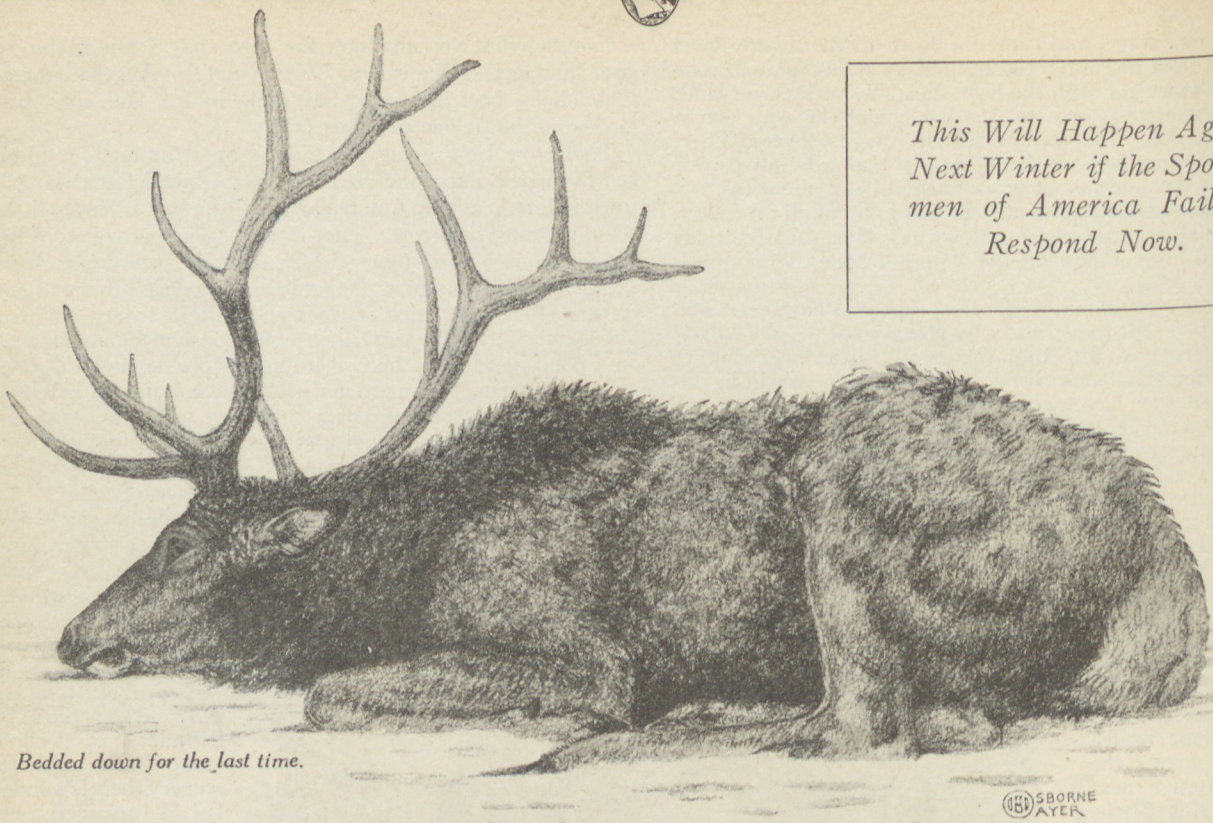
They are made of the stuff that this old America was founded on—the stock that made the "Forty-Niner." They live in the open far away from the contamination of city life and the grime of a cosmopolitan existence.

I only wish the little folks of the city could have all the natural advantages these little folks have. They have their ponies and their old time outdoor recreation.

The League should do everything it can to preserve this bit of the old west. It is one of the picturesque things of this country that is rapidly entering the limbo of things forgotten.

If every man in the League could come here and listen to the tales these settlers tell of the elk and of the hard winters these animals have gone through it would only be a short time until the money had been subscribed to the fund and the future of the elk of Jackson's Hole would be assured.

If they could hear of these animals being frozen to the ground and magpies picking at their eyes, it would be hard to handle the added rush of assistance to this cause.



Bedded down for the last time.

OSBORNE AYER

This Will Happen Again Next Winter if the Sportsmen of America Fail to Respond Now.

Now Is the Time to Help the Jackson's Hole Elk!

Nature has come to our assistance this season and the elk will return to their summer ranges in fairly good condition due to the mild winter and sufficiency of hay on the government feeding station property. BUT NEXT WINTER IS COMING AND NO MAN CAN TELL WHAT IT WILL BRING WITH IT. We cannot trust again to fate. By the time next winter rolls around the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge must be in operation. Now is the time to do it. Just clip out this petition and ask your friends to chip in a quarter or a dime. Tell them the story as you know it. You will find they are anxious to help if you only give them a chance.

Right Now Is the Time to Do It.

Clip or Tear Out Petition on This Line to Comply with Postal Regulations.

City	State	Date	Total $

Name	$	Name	$
Address		Address	
Name	$	Name	$
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The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

Science Vs. Sentiment

by J. B. Lippincott

AS a fair example of that mythical catastrophe, the introduction of an irresistible force to an immovable body, we suggest the scientist and the average angler.

The scientist is famed for his cold analytical precision, while the victim of the rod is more or less famed for his lack of detailed description and inability to master the science of weight with regard to his trophies.

I refer to these opposites advisedly, as I played a rather important part in one of these interesting phenomena at a fishing camp on Pelican Creek in northwestern California. Pelican Creek is a part of the Klamath Chain lying on a high plateau on either side of the California-Oregon line, the source of the famous Klamath River, home of the rainbow trout and mallard duck.

My duties as a hydraulic engineer took me to this delightful region in 1893. I stretched a point in the duties to include a rather thorough exploration of piscatorial life in the lakes and streams in addition to determining their value from an irrigational standpoint. Such practice increases one's vocabulary and one's appreciation of the natural advantages of the country for settlement.

My assistant, W. B. Clapp, a hydrographer and a man of truthful instincts, will vouch for this story.

We put up at a beautiful log cabin lodge on Pelican Creek, near where the creek discharges into Upper Klamath Lake. After stowing our duffle, returned to the fireplace where a goodly gathering of sportsmen were engrossed in the liberal art accredited to Ananias before the aridity of the post-Volstead era.

Mr. Clapp and I drew two chairs up to the group and were soon actively competing for the highest batting averages in this particular hot stove league. Every man there cast heavy prophecies for the next day's fishing and promised heavy creels.

As we trekked off to bed we noticed two individuals obviously misplaced. They had not entered the discussion but seemed engrossed in the perusal of large black books, their faces bearing an expression of deep thought, so deep that they were almost expressionless. A novice in expressions might have remarked, "They register absolute zero."

A cautious inquiry brought the information from no less a personage than the cook, that these men were scientists—"perfessers," he called them. They were famed for their accuracy and were now computing the weight of rain drops as compared to the weight of those that had fallen during the past season.

Next morning we started out early and were favored by a light breeze, producing that ripple which brings joy to the fly fisherman's eye. We worked hard and through luck or skill were rewarded by a fine string of piscatorial pulchritude.

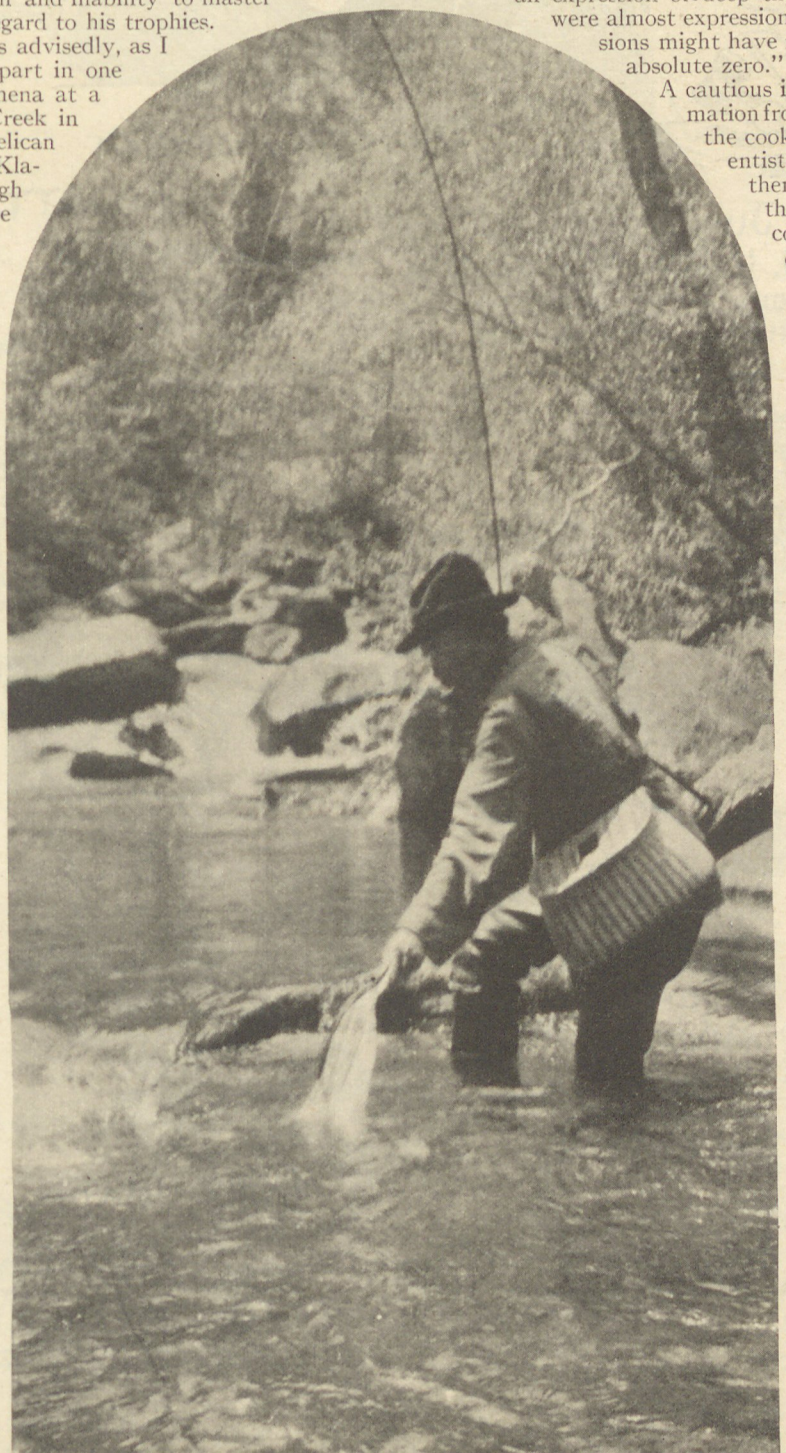
Our spirits were mingling with the clouds and we spent most of the time on the way back to camp congratulating each other on the fine showing we had made, and our hearts swelled with anticipation. Just wait until the bunch at the cabin saw our string.

As we approached the cabin, carrying the fish so that none would overlook them, the fellows seated on the porch began the usual disparaging remarks and comment typical of a hunting or fishing camp.

The two strangers, still aloof from the crowd, eyed us coldly as we began a hurried recital of our achievements.

One of the old timers seated nearby asked how much we thought our largest fish weighed.

(*Cont'd on page 62*)



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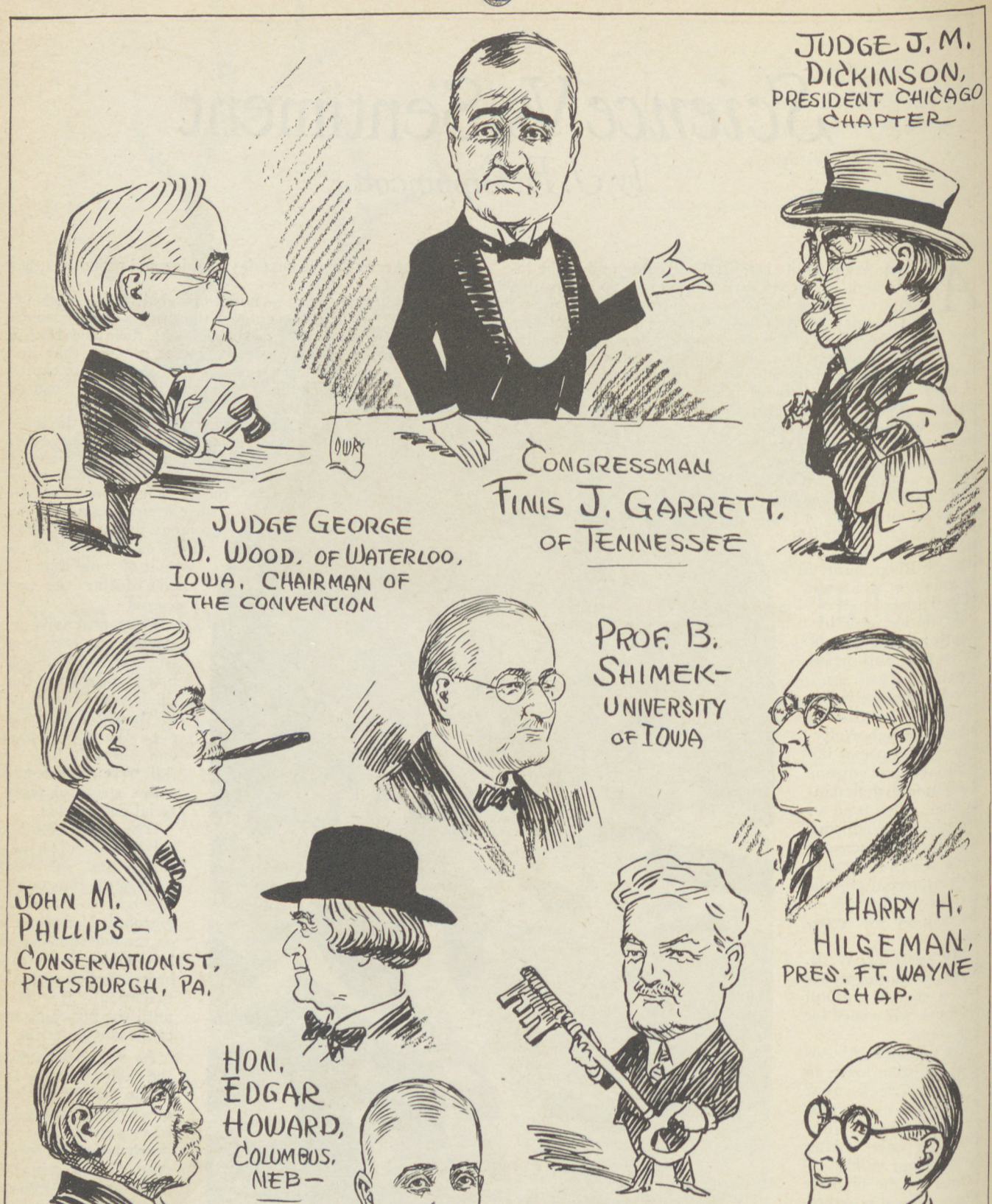
Where the trout leap—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HARRY H. HILGEMAN, PRES. FT. WAYNE CHAP.
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Pen sketches of some of the celebrities who attended

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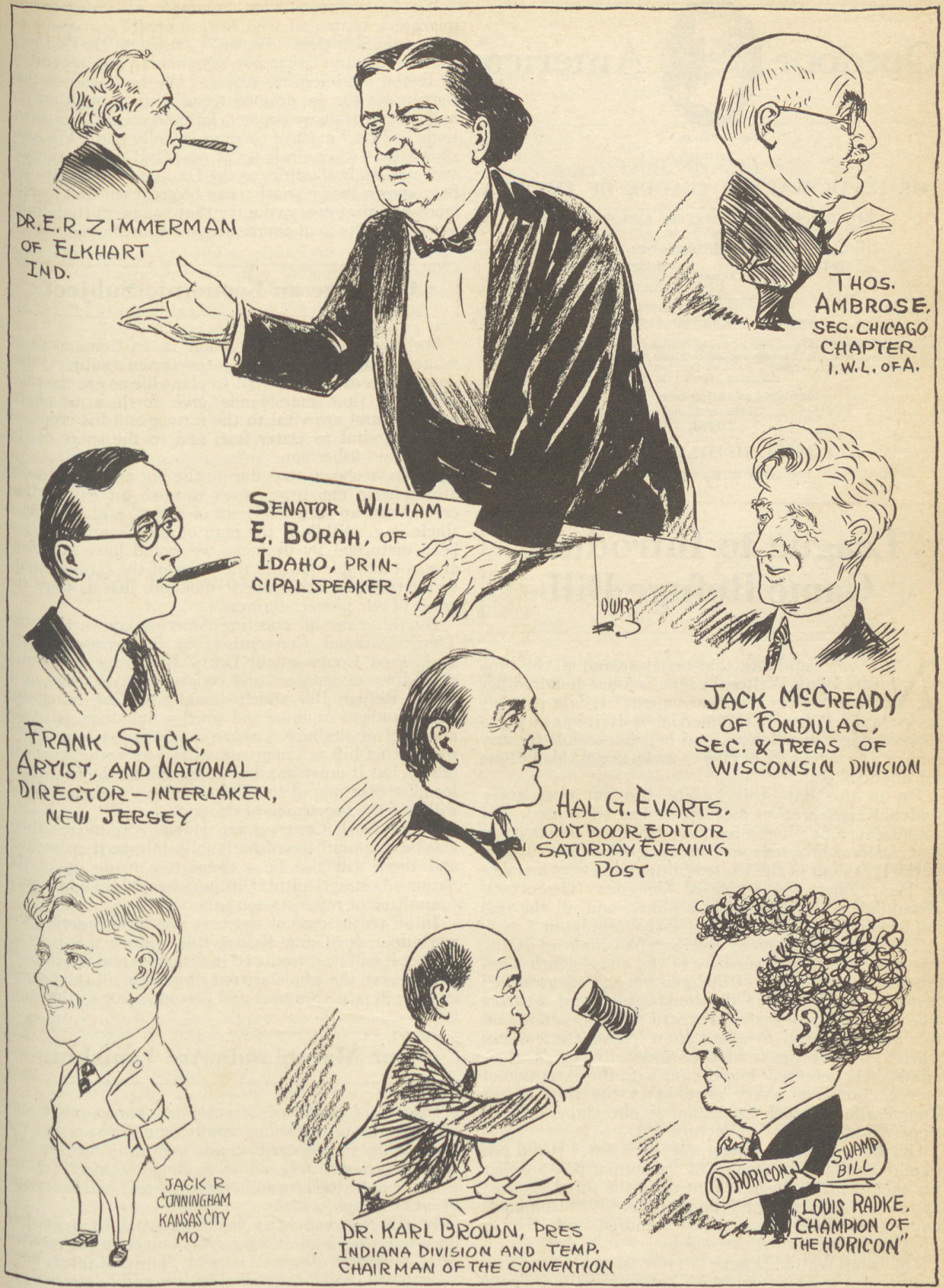
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WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

E. H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

League to Introduce Game Refuge Bill

NO one can doubt that first, last, and all the time the Izaak Walton League is a one hundred per cent conservation movement. It is a people's movement. It has no commercial basis; it has no political or religious alliances, and it is impossible for any man or any syndicate of men to make use of this League for financial gain.

Up to this date this League has put over every national conservation measure it has advocated, and this because our measures have been *one hundred per cent righteous measures* and our League has the support of the President of the United States and every member of his cabinet, the whole of Congress (Democrats, Republicans and Progressives alike), and all the real influences going to make up official Washington.

The writer spent many weeks in Washington during the first and second sessions of the sixty-eighth Congress and knows most of the senators and congressmen personally. He knows the congressmen and senators who are really and truly interested in conservation and this has been brought about from frequent interviews where men sit down and unreservedly speak their minds. He definitely knows that with the exception of four congressmen every member of the sixty-eighth Congress favors such legislation as our Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act.

Our bill carried *a straight appropriation.* It did not require that the sportsmen of the nation pay a dollar tax each season to fish or hunt upon the three hundred and forty-two thousand acres of river bottomlands making up this great three hundred mile Upper Mississippi sportsmen's paradise.

The Izaak Walton League has proved to the American people that the mad course of indiscriminate drainage must be stopped in this country. We have shown that our marshlands are vanishing like the mists before the morning sun and that it is "Time to Call a Halt" if water fowl shooting is to be perpetuated.

We have shown that hundreds of thousands of migratory birds and wild fowl annually starve during their annual flights. We have shown so that all men could understand that our marshlands are imperative as resting and feeding places. We have shown that some areas can be drained to advantage but that the majority of drainage projects fail to come up to expectations and that most of them are wholly bad. We have shown that when drainage is practiced unscientifically such national calamities as the Dayton flood result. We have shown that no nation can be great without marshlands and that every country that has permitted drainage to take its mad course are lower strata peoples.

Drainage an Economic Subject

We have shown that drainage is ten times more an economic subject than it is a sportsmen's subject; that marshlands are as essential to plant life as are the rainfalls and that marshlands give forth atmospheric moisture and are vital to the farmer and his crops, as they are vital to water fowl and to the sport of the hunter and fisherman.

We have shown that during the hot and dry seasons atmospheric moisture ceases to such an extent that crops burn up in whole tiers of states, and often in a single day. While if the plan of the Creator had not been disturbed by drainage we would have sufficient areas of marshlands and the crops of the farmer would be nurtured by atmospheric moisture just as were the crops of our pioneer farmers.

By this time all sporting America knows that our Third National Convention, *by a unanimous vote,* authorized Congressman Harry B. Hawes to form a committee of senators and congressmen to draw up a Game Refuge Bill which would save the remaining marshlands of America and which would meet with the approval of the next Congress. Congress is ready to pass such a bill as Congressman Hawes' committee will create, but it must be a bill which will be the best thing for all the people of the United States, and such a bill will suit the sportsmen of America.

To act with Congressman Hawes' committee there will be a committee of nationally informed sportsmen and there will also be a committee made up of the nation's best agricultural authorities and, in addition, a committee of reforestation experts.

In all truth some of the best minds of America will work upon our Game Refuge Bill, and when it is letter perfect it will be introduced in Congress and it will have and deserve the wholehearted support of all the people, and it will pass Congress and become a law of the land.

Our Marshlands Are Vanishing

Every informed conservationist knows that our marshlands are vanishing rapidly, and if we are to have game refuges for water fowl and migratory birds in this country *action must be secured by Congress quickly;* otherwise it will be too late and *another tragedy will be brought about by delayed action.*

It is a National Duty for this League to proceed at once to create a bill having as its objective the *creation of game refuges all over America.* The Bill must, however, be so drawn that *all objections will be removed.* It must NOT provide for Federal policing of the proposed refuges and neither must it provide for a new government bureau to clutter up the *already over-bureaued central government.* It must be administered by the states.

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

No Federal Sportsman Tax

It should NOT provide for a Federal tax on sportsmen. A Federal tax on sportsmen to hunt game in their local fields and forests is a philosophy which will never pass Congress. There are so many congressmen and senators who believe that there is too much Federal interference and policing now, and too much invasion of the rights of the states not given by the Constitution of the United States, and we believe that a Federal tax for this purpose is *unconstitutional and un-American.*

There is yet another reason why the sportsmen should not be taxed. If the sportsmen pay for the refuges, it is inferred that they are entirely for the use of the sportsmen. The refuges must be bought by the people of the United States *for the use of the people of the United States.* Preservation of marshlands, for instance, *is of more vital importance to agriculture than to the sportsmen.* The destruction of a river hits the general public *harder than it hits the anglers.* The Game Refuge Bill to be drawn up by the Izaak Walton League must be a national, not a class measure. It must strike at preservation of natural resources because natural resources are the wealth of America, and our marshlands are a national asset of great value to the nation.

Tax Plan Fundamentally Wrong

We do not mean to say that the sportsmen of America are not willing to pay a Federal tax. They are willing to do anything *to help preserve and maintain our game and its habitat.* It is the fundamental principle *that is objectionable.*

We must draw a Bill which will be the best thing for the people *and therefore the sportsmen.* The Walton League committee, which will especially watch the interests of the sportsmen in the Bill, and will perhaps be in a position to advance the sportsmen's angle and give wild life information, and a committee of *congressmen and senators* which will view the Bill primarily from the standpoint of the people of the United States as a whole, all of this to the end that the Bill may be a real, workable Bill from the standpoint of the sportsmen and at the same time a Bill which, because it will be a Bill in the interests of America as a whole, *can and will pass the Congress of the United States.*

The committee to act for the League in drawing up this Bill will probably consist of the National Executive Committee of the League, every one of whom is a real sportsman, and all state presidents of state divisions will be consulted *so that the final draft will be applicable to any part of the United States.*

There is a great awakening everywhere as to the rights of the state, and this was concretely proved when we attempted to secure an Enabling Act on our Upper Mississippi Bill from the legislatures of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. We found an overwhelming sentiment among the lawmakers for the rights of the states, and instead of it being easy to secure these Enabling Acts it was a very difficult matter, requiring much caution, energy and argument. It is safe to say that there is sweeping throughout this nation a public opinion as to the right of the state *that is an overwhelming force,* and any man or any league that attempts to get in the road of it has as much chance as one would have who steps in the pathway of a speeding locomotive.

The conservation banners of the Izaak Walton League are held aloft by two-fisted American sportsmen and our more than fifteen hundred county chapters move forward in unity of purpose, and we have vowed to battle for the nation's marshlands and we will save them for posterity forever.

Sportsmen Should Act Now

It is the duty of the principled sportsmen of the nation to rally to our great cause. Start chapters, my brothers of the rod and gun—enlist in this great movement—get into our ranks and get in step with the *new way of saving sport in this country.*

We need you in our councils—we want you to help us work out the great miracle of saving for ourselves and for our children a part of the out-of-doorland which once was ours.

The Izaak Walton League has found *the right trail*—success and not failure is ahead—happiness and not despair is at the end of the *right trail* and our league chapter plan of town to county, county to state, and state to nation offers *the only way to save the marshlands of America.*

Your Boy and His Vacation

SUMMER is here and soon your boy will be tossing his school books into the closet and whooping it up on his annual vacation.

What have you done to plan that vacation for him? Nobody knows better than yourself, the value of days spent in the open, close to a lake or a clean river, and nobody can plan that boy's vacation like yourself.

This is a mighty important thing to think about right now. Your boy's whole future may depend upon the way he spends his time this summer. A bad start may mean a bad finish.

The people with whom he comes in contact within the next three months will long be remembered by him. You will realize this if you recall the impressions made upon you when you were his age and you will be able to see very clearly the things that appealed to you and the things you should have avoided at that time. Take the boy aside and talk it over with him. Find out what he would like to do—get his ideas on the best possible time he could have and then modify them to conform with what would be best for him, thus striking a happy medium that will be acceptable to both of you.

The value of instructing your boy in the ethics of clean sportsmanship in building his character, is obvious. Nothing will help him quite so much as a fundamental knowledge of the Golden Rule as interpreted afield and astream.

All through his life he will base his decisions on the training he receives now. If he is trained, as a boy to respect the sportsmanlike rules of the game, he will be a better man and will achieve greater things.

Lawyers, judges and scientists who have made an intensive study of the boy problem are unanimous in their opinion that proper supervision of a boy's vacation is of vital importance in his career.

It is up to you to see that he gets off on the right foot this summer.

Nothing is of more importance.

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POLLUTION
A National Menace
The Most Important Problem The I.W.L.A. Will have to Solve

Cartoon By Everett E. Lowry

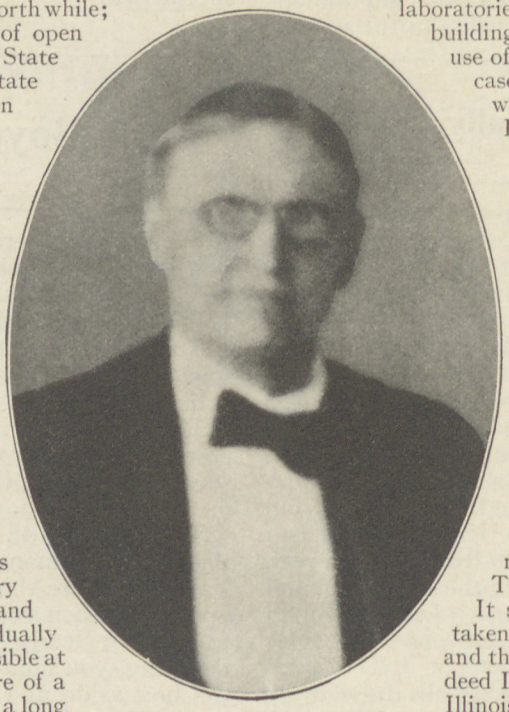
Edited By Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward
America's Leading Authority

An Address Delivered by Dr. Ward at the Third National Convention

FELLOW WALTONIANS: At this time in this city, it seems to me eminently appropriate that the first subject to be considered by this convention should be that of the pollution of our waters.

I do not need to emphasize this and yet, for the benefit of someone here who may not have thought of it, I want to tell you we can spend millions of money on hatching and planting fish, in looking out for recreation and outdoor life, and everything connected with it, but if our waters are not kept pure there will be nothing accomplished worth while; the country will be filled with a type of open sewer which you can find not only in the State of Illinois but, I think, in almost every state in the Union, for, my friends, I have seen such a place in the wilderness of Alaska, and if pollution exists to that extent, in isolated spots as far away as that, where are we free from its menaces?

I should hesitate to speak to you today if it were on any other subject. I suppose my friend Will Dilg would say I could not speak on any other subject, that I was a little like the famous Roman that we learned of in history; what ever he started he got around to the point that Carthage must be destroyed, the enemy of Rome must be laid low; and I think it safe to say that whether I started to talk about flowers or anything else I probably would end up by saying something on pollution. And I want to have that reputation, because I believe unless we insist on the people of the country studying this thing, facing it every day, and knowing what it means, we shall gradually drift into a condition where repair, if possible at all, will be ours only by the expenditure of a great deal of money and a delay through a long period of time.



Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward

It is perfectly hopeless in the little time that I can spend here this morning to attempt to cover the subject, and I want to analyze a little bit, set it out firstly, secondly, thirdly, and fourthly, and then preach, if I may, on one of those items alone.

The legal aspects of this subject are important; they are extraordinarily complex. We hear everywhere of the difficulties in connection with law, with court decisions, with complications of interests, and I think it is hopeless for the laymen to attempt to reach a solution of those aspects. We must leave the question to those good Waltonians like Judge Wood, of Iowa, and Judge Dickinson, of Chicago, who are keeping us along the right road.

Incidentally I might say to you that the United States has just published a book about an inch thick which analyzes legal decisions in all the states, and attempts, if the judgment of a man uneducated in the law may be trusted, to indicate what lines of action are likely to succeed in different places.

And, then, I want to disregard entirely this morning the technical aspects of the question. We must have chemists and you will be interested to know that an army of chemists all over this country, highly trained specialists, under different circumstances and in different connections, are studying various aspects of this problem and they are getting results.

The same is true of biology, the history of the organisms that live in pure waters and those that replace them when they are driven out by the pollution of those waters. All sorts of problems connected with this field are being investigated in schools and colleges and conservation commissions, research laboratories and bacteriological laboratories, city laboratories and state laboratories, and we are building up a mass of information ready for the use of the average man, but I fear in many cases yet unintelligible to him in the form in which it stands. We must rely here also, I think, upon the judgment and the services of the experts who are familiar with this field.

I cannot go further, however, without indicating to you the tremendous value of some of those studies. It is more than thirty years ago that a very well known and distinguished member of this organization, one of our national directors, Dr. S. A. Forbes, of the University of Illinois, began his study on the biology of the Illinois River, and in that intervening thirty years or more he has built up a series of records that make the Illinois River the best known, perhaps the most famous, and altogether for a good reason, of all rivers in the world.

This is a very valuable record, gentlemen. It shows just exactly what changes have taken place, and how rapidly they have come, and that record is to be continued. I hope, indeed I am confident myself, that the State of Illinois and its great metropolis, will gradually shake off the load of criticism and disgrace which it carries owing to the present condition of that lovely stream and build it up again in something like its ancient beauty and service to man.

Now, it is not surprising in a question so complex, with a multitude of angles, that the ordinary man gets somewhat confused, that when that problem presents itself you scarcely know exactly where you stand or what answer to give, and if I were to judge from the letters that have come to me from all over this state and adjacent states, sometimes pretty far from Illinois, I should say that the feeling of uncertainty, of confusion, of entire lack of knowledge of what are fundamental principles and how to proceed, was the most conspicuous feature in the mind of the average man.

A man in Wisconsin writes to me: "I wish you would tell me how to remedy pollution," and I ask him what kind of pollution. He says: "Well, we have this industry and that industry and the third industry on our stream, and I think they are all involved."

You can see my task when I say to you that I had on my desk a printed bulletin of some eighty pages giving just the titles of the papers that had been written on handling pollution in one

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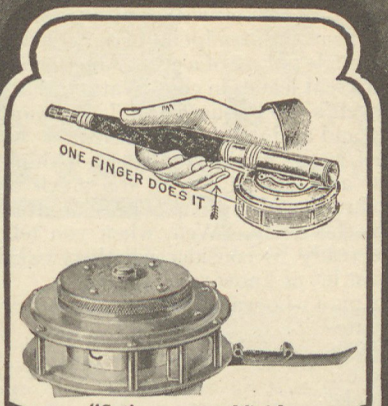

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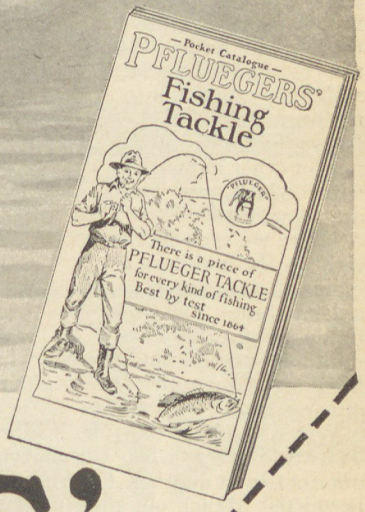
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of those three industries. It is perfectly impossible, gentlemen, to make any reply to such a question.

Now, how are we going to handle this? From what standpoint shall we proceed? I think we are all agreed as Waltonians that it must be from the standpoint of our creed, which can be summed up in a single phrase of a great American, one of the first, if not the first great leader in conservation, that comment of Theodore Roosevelt's, "the square deal." We want a square deal for everybody and all interests concerned.

What is the chief wrong in the situation? I think it is unquestionably delay and lack of action, too much talk. You begin to discuss pollution with a group of persons interested and you frequently get this reply, "Well, when you tell us what to do we shall be ready to consider whether we will do it. First of all you must let us know what to do."

Now the average man who wants to be fair is somewhat nonplussed by such a statement. He says, "Of course, I ought to know what to do." It looks like a good excuse, but, gentlemen, I want to make very forcibly, as the first big point of this talk, the fact that that position is entirely unreasonable. It is unreasonable in the first place because the organization, be it city or industry, and this is chiefly urged by representatives of industry, is responsible for that condition.

We sometimes fail to think entirely through the problem. We talk about the product of the paper mill as being strawboard or paper, but that is only one of its products. That is the most important from the credit side of the ledger, but it is only one of the products. It is just as shortsighted to limit the mill product to that material which they ship off into the trade as it would be to overlook the products of other industries with which we are are acquainted.

Now, we are here right in the middle of a region that is famous as a dairy region. The two products of a dairy are milk and manure, and the dairy is held legally responsible for handling its manure and seeing that it does not harm the health of the people.

Why should the dairy be held responsible for taking care of its two products when the bigger industries (and one is not different from another, I merely use it as an easy example) are permitted to pick out their most valuable product and throw the rest of the stuff away or load it onto the public?

The processes of manufacturing which have grown in recent years to be conspicuously chemical yield a variety of products. The industry is just as much responsible for one product as for any other, and there must be just as clear recognition of that fact and just as definite an effort to take care of one as there is of another.

Let us consider now another aspect of the case. The plea that you tell the industry what to do is one that it is impossible for the people to meet.

Where are the chemists of the oil industry? Where are the chemists that understand the chemistry of oil? They are in the employ of the oil company, whether it be Standard or Independent. The only place that a man trained in oil chemistry could hope to make a living is in relation to some oil industry. Where are the chemists of the paper company, the steel companies, and the various technical manufacturing organizations? They are in the employ of those organizations. Where are the records with regard to the character of wastes, the way in which those things are produced, their formulae, their amounts? Those records are all in the possession of the companies, of the industries. They are at the command of the general organizations that include the various corporations making products of this type.

So I say to you it would be impossible for the public to study, to determine the character and method of handling all these wastes. The variety is too great, and if we once permit the responsibility for this study to be loaded on the public there is no possibility, absolutely no possibility, of correcting pollution, for we never could keep up at public expense with the variety and complexity of the chemical studies necessary to do that in public laboratories. The industries themselves are responsible.

And, then, there is one more thing in some cases. Please note that this charge which I am about to make is not general. It is perfectly definite with reference to cases that I know of and that others know of, but it is not a general complaint against industry as a whole. In some cases the effort to load the responsibility off on to the public is merely a trick, the throwing of dust into the air, the delay that will profit industry by postponing the day which they think inevitably is to come.

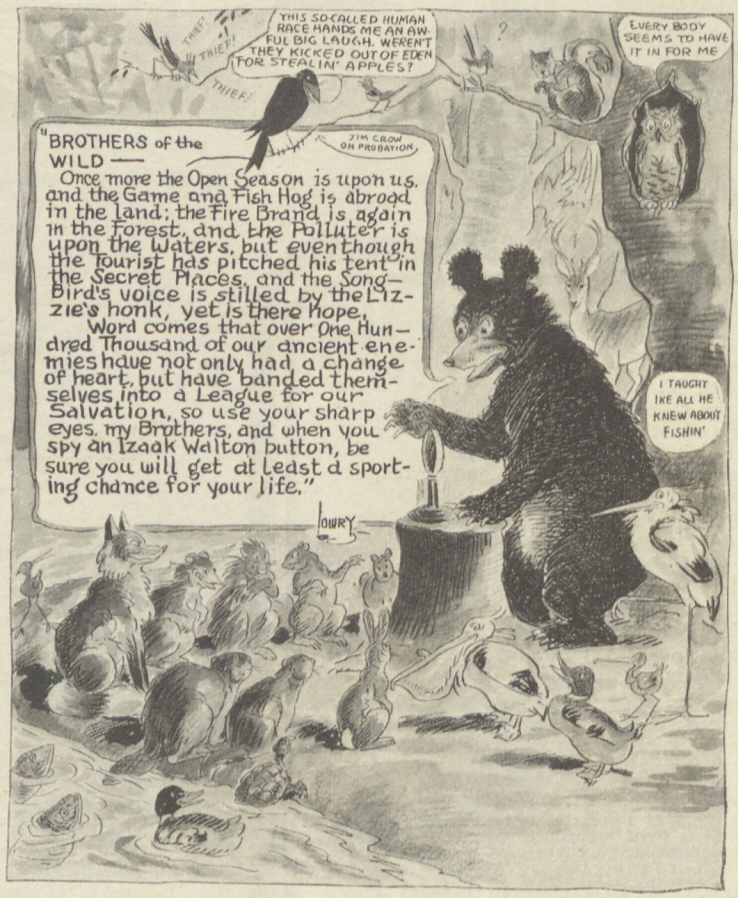
I don't know whether you are familiar with the fact that in the last Congress there was passed a bill correcting the pollution of the waters by oil waste. Now, it happens that the oil men have drawn fire from the public and it is a little easier to put over legislation regarding oil wastes than it is in connection with some other kinds of wastes. That is purely a psychological condition, but you must recognize it as a fact.

That measure which was comprehensive was delayed in committees and amended so that when it passed ultimately it covered only coastal waters and did not cover any of the waters of the interior, and those of us who live in the states of the interior can have our streams polluted, our fish destroyed, our boating made impossible, and all other recreation on that water thoroughly eliminated without any redress at present. The people who live on the eastern coast and come in contact with coastal waters have a possibility of correcting the situation if they can get the law enforced.

It is some gain to have the evils corrected at one point but not the gain we ought to get. There is one representative of the oil industry who has been a member of Congress from a central state who, for three sessions, has prevented a measure of this kind getting out of the committee, and he served well the industry with which he is professionally connected.

What shall we say of his service to the people? That is such a well known fact in Washington and talked of so much, and even published in connection with the discussion of our committee on pollution, that I do not hesitate to refer to the matter.

Give them a sporting chance


THIEF!
THIEF!
THIEF!
THIS SO-CALLED HUMAN RACE HANDS ME AN AWFUL BIG LAUGH. WEREN'T THEY KICKED OUT OF EDEN FOR STEALIN' APPLES?
EVERY BODY SEEMS TO HAVE IT IN FOR ME
"BROTHERS of the WILD —
JIM CROW ON PROBATION
Once more the Open Season is upon us, and the Game and Fish Hog is abroad in the land; the Fire Brand is again in the Forest, and the Polluter is upon the Waters, but even though the Tourist has pitched his tent in the Secret Places, and the Song-Bird's voice is stilled by the Lizzie's honk, yet is there Hope.
Word comes that over One Hundred Thousand of our ancient enemies have not only had a change of heart, but have banded themselves into a League for our Salvation, so use your sharp eyes, my Brothers, and when you spy an Izaak Walton button, be sure you will get at least a sporting chance for your life."
I TAUGHT IKE ALL HE KNEW ABOUT FISHIN'
LOWRY

They certainly have it coming

The League expects to organize a chapter in every county in the United States during 1925.

KA-BAR

THE TOUGHEST STEEL BLADE EVER KNOWN

KA-BAR blades will shave like a razor

Never before such a knife as this.

Designed by a well known big game hunter, the **KA-BAR** "Trading Post" is the "last word" in knives for all outdoor men.

Here is a knife made to give exceptional service; years of use will still find it like new.

The finest of all blades for skinning and slicing and at the same time it can be used for sticking.

Sweeping curve from butt to tip.

Handle is full and long.

Sheath is the latest improved design. The thumb comes naturally in position to snap open the strap and instantly grasp the handle of the knife. Three ply heavy leather on side that takes the edge.

Price in Fibrelite Handle $3.75 (No. 474)

In Leather Handle $3.50 (No. 574)

Designed for the Boy Scout; has extra heavy forged steel blade perfectly tempered and ground to a very keen edge. Always ready to chop limbs, cut rope, slice bread and bacon, open tin cans, etc. Corrugated back. Handle is genuine buck horn.

No. 272—4½" blade with sheath.....**$3.00**

A dependable knife that combines quality and utility. Every detail—grind, finish and fitting of joints—reflects precision and perfection. Handle of Fibrelite rings; heavy steel runs through handle, securely held up by brass countersunk nut and aluminum butt.

No. 471—5" blade with sheath.....**$3.00**

Great strength for rough work in the sabre blade; razor grind precision and beauty of expert workmanship in the skinning blade. A practical, easy-in-the-pocket big knife. For the finest work as well as heaviest work. Natural stag horn handle. Length closed 5¼". Brass lining.

No. 22107.....**$2.90**

Combination knife and fork, quickly slipped apart. Finest knife of its kind. Nickel silver bolsters, brass lined. Natural stag handle.

No. 2291.....**$2.50**

KA-BAR blades are ground to a thin edge that bites when you touch it. Their super-strength means wider range of service and longer lasting edges. They stand tests far beyond the capacity of ordinary knives.

There are nearly 100 different shapes and sizes of **KA-BAR** *knives. They have been designed by experienced hunters, guides, trappers and campers.*

Stainless Steel. We make 12 styles of knives in finest Stainless Steel. While these knives require more frequent sharpening, their rust-proof quality makes them very practicable for the non-expert camper and hunter.

"The Story of Stainless Steel" and pictures with descriptions of three HE MAN sheaths for HE MAN KA-BAR knives will be sent with Ka-Bar folder.

Write for Folder

UNION CUTLERY COMPANY, INC.

Dept. 29 **Olean, N. Y.**

When you want a better shave, get a

KA-BAR RAZOR.

This family of fine razors holds the world's record for number of shaves to one honing. It has given to America the leadership in sales to barbers—for the first time in all history of the industry. Barbers call them the "coolest and smoothest shaving razors."

Razor folder sent on request.

To me, that seems to be very shortsighted on the part of the industry, because it provokes a sort of retributive justice that may be unjust in the penalty inflicted upon that type of industry. I think there is real danger of that, but certainly such action does not conform to the fundamental principle of the square deal which I have just enunciated, and I have seen what is a more refined method of doing the same thing.

If a measure comes up, be it in the state or national legislative hall, it is very easy to say, "This is an important question, a grave question. The first thing to do is to find out the facts in the case. Therefore, let us refer it to a commission which shall sit for an indefinite time and study the problem." Now, there is a good deal we know already about pollution. We don't know everything. There is a value in commissions; there is a value in study, but it would not be necessary to have a very large commission sitting for a long time to study the pollution of the Illinois River, or the Hudson River, or the Potomac River, or a good many other rivers that I might mention. The mass of known facts is sufficient to guide us at many points, and the appointment of commissions, the reference to those commissions of the fact-finding investigation, is a first-class way to postpone action. That method has been followed in a great many places, not only that but in every pollution case there is something known which can be applied immediately to the improvement of the situation.

I think that brings me naturally to another point. We shall get nowhere by postponing indefinitely the start. It may be true that we in Illinois can't clean up the Illinois River in a month or a year; it may be equally true that we can't clean up the Hudson or the Potomac in such a limited time, but I say to you in all seriousness, unless we make a start right now to clean up some of these things we shall never get anywhere.

Up to the present time we are cursed with consideration and debate and so-called study instead of real action.

Now, I am afraid I am going to talk too long on this thing. I could talk a good deal longer than the time which even a very considerate chairman would let me have, so I must pass to something else. We find another excuse which has a measure of justice in it so that it appeals to the individual.

When the representatives of the organization that causes the pollution say, "Think of the expense you are loading on us, think of the terrible cost of correcting this thing," we will agree that there is some truth in that. But there is also a good deal of bunk.

In the first place, we know that some kinds of pollution can be corrected with a profit, and that this argument is largely an argument from inertia, that commercial attitude which is always to be found in a successful business: let well enough alone. Don't disturb the thing because possibly we may get into trouble.

I remember a little instance in New York which illustrates this thing beautifully.

There was a plant in the Standard Oil Company which was discharging waste into a stream and polluting it most outrageously. A young county attorney or district attorney was trying to find a way to political fame, and somehow the idea occurred to him, "If you will attack the Standard Oil Company you will get a lot of free advertising and a lot of political support." So he brought suit against the company and pressed it for successive violations of the pollution law. Instead of fining them once every six months or a year, he brought them up before the court every month, then every week, then every day, and it got to be too serious a thing. They had to do something and proceeded to install a plant for taking care of the waste. I would not dare before this audience to tell the source of my information, but I think it is a reliable source, and I have been informed that that particular company, out of that particular plant, has been getting a dividend for a long time that ran forty per cent a year on the cost of the venture.

Now, that does not always take place. Remember that all these wastes can not be handled profitably. There usually is in each case some profit from the handling of the waste and some expense, but that is a part of the overhead of conducting business and should not be turned loose on the community. The industry is entitled to have a profit, but it is not entitled to a profit at the expense of the public.

What shall we say of the fact that in certain locations stockyards have turned loose their wastes into public streams and destroyed what was public privilege and what was public property? In other places they have been compelled to take care of those wastes and have done it.

Certainly there is no element of fairness in a business that is evidently profitable, loading onto a population the partial expense of doing that business by turning loose, as it has done in one case at least, a waste equal to the sewage of a million people and expecting the public to take care of that waste.

But I have one general point on the other side of the question that I want to bring out equally clearly if I can. There is a chance for us to make a mistake, and a chance that must be clearly held in mind and guarded against. The situation has persisted so long, has reached such extreme conditions that an exasperated public is likely to go in for rash action and violent action that will do grave damage to the real interests of the public and put them in an indefensible position. It requires time to make changes.

The wrong which has grown up by the sufferance of twenty or fifty or one hundred years can not be rectified in a few months. If we press legislation unduly we shall really postpone the ultimate solution of the question. We have got to find a road that lies between the two extremes of violence and inaction, and I think that we all, whatever state we live in, have to profit by the calm but definite action of the Secretary of War in the recent case that he has been considering. No permit was issued for one year, much less for five years. It was issued in such a way as to make the continuance of the policy depend upon positive and definite action on the part of the other side to the controversy. Let us support the Secretary vigorously.

If we can be sure that something is being done, that our talk is not postponing action but that steps are being taken to introduce actually those methods which will remedy the situation, if we can be sure that we are going ahead and not standing still, then we can hope to find within a reasonable time a solution of the pollution problem. We must have good faith on both sides; we must have real study and a genuine effort to carry out the results of that study.

Now, this involves something so elemental that I hardly need to mention it. We need education. The members of the Izaak Walton League, as well as the public, have got to be led to think into the question far enough to see what are legitimate reasons for delay and also what are mere excuses. We must have watchfulness on the part of the public, and I think I might well emphasize here something which has come to my attention in several instances lately, the value of getting watchfulness from the most active and most watchful part of our population.

You fellows are all busy. It is a wonder that some of you took two or three days off to come down here, you have so much to do. But what about that bunch in the high school back home that has not anything to do except run around and enjoy themselves, although they think they have a lot to do? There is plenty of leisure time in the hands of our boys. I have asked the good Waltonians in half a dozen cities lately, "What does your high school know about the Izaak Walton League, or, better still, about its principles? What do they know about pollution in your vicinity? Are they interested?"

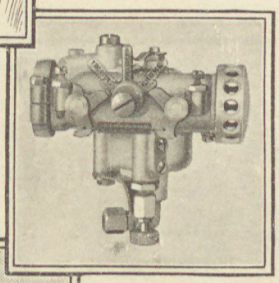
There is really no subject that would get the boys and girls in the high school audience right up on their toes with both ears pointed forward quicker than a discussion of pollution. You can go out and talk pollution to men not to this audience, as this audience is doing me the honor of listening very closely, but you can talk to many audiences and you will see some of them leaning on their hands saying, "Well, the time is going on. He will stop before long." They are not interested; they have been bred away, but that is not the case with the boys and girls. And yet, I will venture to say that out of one hundred chapters ninety-five of them never thought to talk any of these subjects over with the boys and girls of that community.

You have in them a source of interest, of publicity, of watchfulness, of action, that can hardly be overestimated in its power, and so I say to you: Get hold of them and tell them about these things and get them to talking and you will have a powerful influence in our community for the correction of these evils. We have got to get this education; we have got to get this publicity, and we have to get it at home.

I am sure that the pollution in New York State can be solved by any amount of education in Iowa. I think the problem of pollution in the community has got to be solved in a way by us and we have got to talk it at home and talk it always and talk it to everybody until we get them all excited and all working.

The community will get what it demands. What do you demand?

Trolling speed—slow enough to sink your bait where you want it. A gait to fit any lure or any day.



Carburetor

Note the three simple settings of valve lever—choking position for instant starting, special trolling position and speeding position.

Racing speed—just the low hum of Evinrude Equa-Power and the miles slip by. What sport!

Slow Trolling to Speeding

—*that's Real Motor Control!*

EVEN the man who leaves the wheel of a Cadillac for the tiller of an Evinrude, gets a real thrill at the amazing flexibility achieved in the new "1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin." Just name your wanted pleasure! Goin' fishing?....picnicking with your best pal?....or is it a jaunt 'cross the lake for eats for the week? Flip-of-the-finger control gives you unexcelled choice of speed from trolling to racing—all made possible by the following combination of features found *only* in the genuine Evinrude:

1. *Carburetor*—needle valve for perfect adjustment to any weather or climatic condition. Special speeding mixture, special trolling mixture.
2. *Super-Power Magneto*—current powerful enough to jump eight times the standard spark plug gap. Columbia Hot Shot battery-ignition if you wish—and at a lower price.
3. *Equa-Power Motor Construction*—careful, exact balancing of all reciprocating parts in one cylinder against companion parts in the other, produce smooth, vibrationless action.
4. *Power-Focus Drive*—in a water-and-sand-tight housing is sealed the only ball-bearing transmission used in any outboard motor. (See panel at right for further details).

There can only be one genuine "latest model Evinrude", and this is it. More genuine Evinrudes in use than all other makes combined.

Write for the new 1925 "Evinrude Year Book". Mention if interested in our popular plan by which any dealer can arrange easy monthly payments for you on any Evinrude — outboard or inboard.

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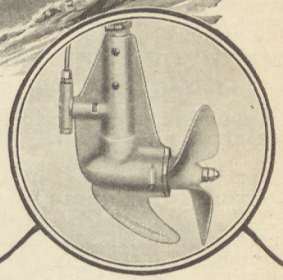

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EVINRUDE

Power-Focus Drive

JUST one of ten "1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin" features. Note that gear housing is of the rudder-type, giving steering surface without excessive weight. Cast of manganese aluminum which is both extremely tough and light.

This encases the only ball bearing transmission used in any outboard motor. Ball bearings reduce friction tremendously, which means that the motor's eager power is applied with maximum efficiency at the propeller blades—*where power really counts!*

The New 1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin

Are you doing your share in helping?

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Established 1822

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Fishing Tackle Specialists

(OVER 100 YEARS)

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H. L. LEONARD RODS

The Rod You Will Eventually Buy

Our CATALOG contains not only descriptions and prices of goods but also COLOR PLATES of FLIES; FISHING MAPS of MAINE and NEW YORK (nearby); ANGLER'S KNOTS; FLY COLORATION DESCRIPTIONS and a "NOVEL INDEX" describing outfits for angling for various Game Fishes. COPY MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 10c IN STAMPS

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RODS FOR WET OR DRY FLY

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	Size D	E	F	
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IMPERIAL (Wet Fly)...	$ 6.00	$5.40	$4.80	ea.
INTRINSIC (Dry Fly)...	10.75	9.25	8.75	"

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For Dry Fly—2 weights—7½ feet.....$0.60
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ENGLISH DRY OR FLOATING FLIES

Sizes 15, 12 and 10 regular.....$2.00 doz.
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BEST "WET" TROUT FLIES

Either regular or Light Tied.....$1.50 doz.

"ALBION" WADERS

(The Only Perfect Waders)

LEGGINS, Stocking Feet.....$13.50
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FLY BOOKS AND BOXES

BOXES with compartments.....$0.60 to $15.00
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Bait Casting Tackle

RODS FOR BAIT CASTING

Split Bamboo 2-piece, 5¼ ft. long.
ALL HAVE EXTRA TIPS

PARAGON.....$ 6.50
PEERLESS (Im. Agate 1st & Tip)..... 9.50
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MILLS' STANDARD (also 6 ft.)..... 27.00

REELS FOR BAIT CASTING

(Quadruple Multiplying)

JERSEY No. 2315, Nickel Plated.....$2.50
MANHATTAN Nickel Plated Special Finish. 4.00
MANCO No. J314 Jeweled Nickel Plated.... 6.75
CROWN SPECIAL Jeweled Nickel Silver... 8.75
WE CAN FURNISH ALL MAKES OF BAIT CASTING REELS—AT MAKER'S PRICES

LINES—BRAIDED SILK 50-YD. LENGTHS

"MILLS' RECORD," Extra Hard, 3 Sizes
Drab or Black.....$2.75

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H. L. LEONARD Tarpon.....$42.50
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MILLS' STANDARD Light Tackle..... 28.00
H. L. LEONARD Surf (with spring butt).. 48.25
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MILLS' STANDARD Weakfish..... 28.00
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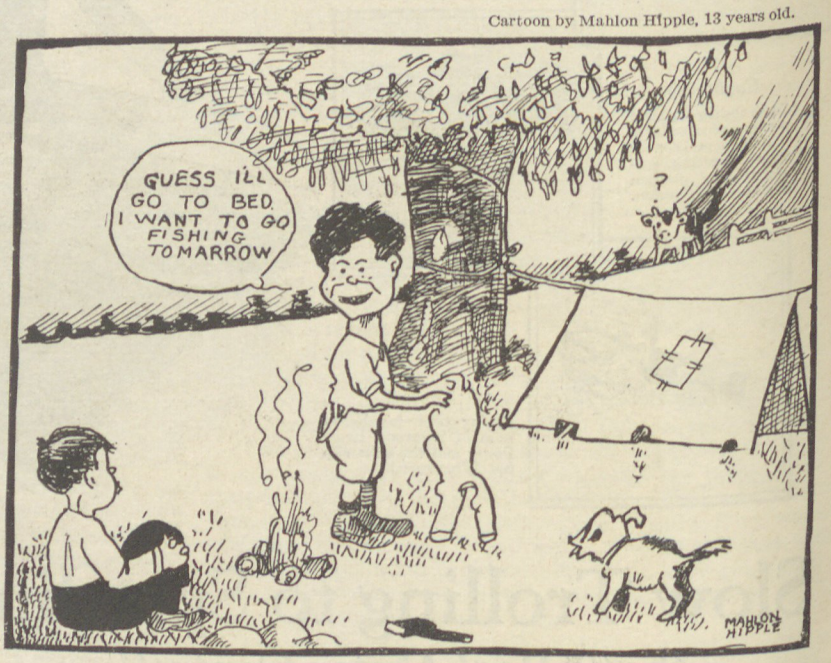
MILLS' SPECIAL Bonefish..... 30.00
J. VOM HOFE Surf..... 35.00
MILLS' SURF..... 35.00
MONARCH Surf..... 14.25

Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

Cartoon by Mahlon Hipple, 13 years old.



Vacation Time.

Vacation time! Hurrah! June, the turning point of the year! The month when everything is drenched with dew in the mornings, and the days are sunny and warm, but never too hot. I believe it is a good plan to stop for just a minute at the beginning of each month and think of all the fine things that that month brings us. That keeps us contented the year around. You may have noticed that I often begin this campfire talk of ours that very way. Here's flowers and birds and butterflies and bees, and fish biting, and the water warming up in the old swimming hole, and the ground getting warm under our bare feet, and bull frogs and lightning bugs at night—Oh, June is a good time of year, isn't it, boys?

Now, I want all of you to sit down here on the grass in front of the shack, and look up at the blue sky, through the leaves of that old oak, while I talk to you a minute about sportsmanship. I have a letter from a boy down in Arkansas that I can't use in our department because he writes about shooting meadow larks. We are sorry about it, but we are glad he came in to our fire, anyway, and we hope he will listen to this talk.

Up here in Michigan it is illegal to shoot any songbird. Evidently that is not the law down in Arkansas, but anyway it doesn't seem to us that a boy who belongs to the League, or has this shack for headquarters, will want to shoot them after he thinks it over. They are not big enough to eat. In other words they are useless after you kill them. On the other hand, I know of no finer thing than a meadow lark's song on a clear summer morning. What do you say, fellows, do you think it's right to use them for a target just because they can fly? I don't and I'm pretty sure all of you, and that includes our Arkansas friend too, are going to agree with me after you think about it. We hope he'll write and tell us that he does. Be hunters and fishers if you like, but don't kill just for the sport of killing. That isn't sportsmanship.

* * * *

Dear Fellers:

I will tell you about my first skunk. When I was eight years old I trapped on "East Tark." I went to my traps one Thanksgiving morning, and found I had a big skunk. I killed him with a small hand ax I always carried, then hurried home.

Mother had a lot of company. We had wild goose 'n everything. About noon I came walking in, holding Mr. Skunk by the tail. I went all through the house, showing everyone my prize. But I sure spoiled that dinner! We just could not air out the house! Believe me, I never brought any more inside the door. But I was just as proud of my first skunk as Dad was of his first goose.

I am twelve years old now, and have had a lot of hunting and fishing trips. I will write about some of them later.

I think a good hunting knife would be a good prize. Every boy likes a good knife.

Yours for Outdoors,

RALPH CRADIT.

Tarkio, Missouri.

Never mind, Ralph, you got the skunk, anyway. Thanks for the hint about the prize. Have you seen the list in last month's department?

(Continued on page 50)

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

© A. R. CO., 1925

Twin comforts of the home

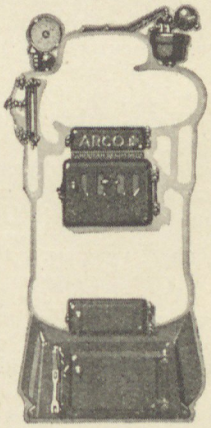
For your children's sake — Radiator Warmth

ASK your doctor. He will tell you that the even temperature of the radiator-warmed home helps to keep growing children healthy.

Why?

Because every room has the same comfortable temperature; no chilly drafts; no cold floors; a home where children can romp and play *anywhere* in perfect safety.

Radiator warmth is health insurance for the whole family; now is the time to plan for it. Ask your Heating Contractor for an estimate. Let him tell you of the dependable warmth of an IDEAL Boiler and American Radiators. You will be agreeably surprised at the low cost. . . .



IDEAL ARCO ROUND BOILER— the standard boiler in the heating industry for a generation, it is in more radiator-warmed homes than any other boiler. Send for the new illustrated book describing it.

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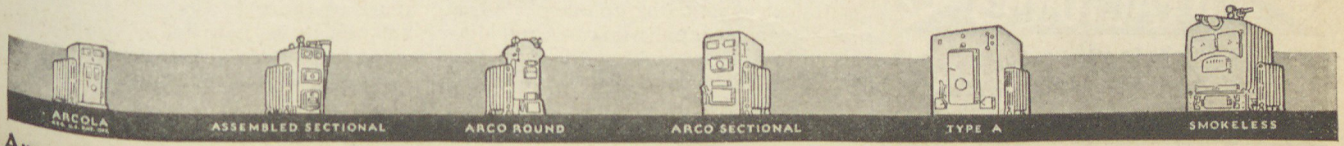
IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED



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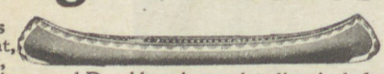
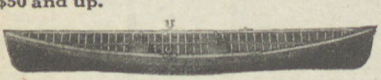


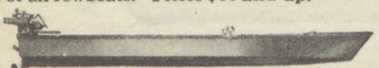
Flat Bottom Boats—For row or outboard motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Easily cleaned and practical for all purposes. Prices $29 and up.

Square Stern Row-boats—Made both smooth sides and lap strake construction. Steady, seaworthy and easy to row. Prices $50 and up.

Double Ender Row-boats—Commonly called St. Lawrence River Skiffs. Fastest of all rowboats. Prices $44 and up.

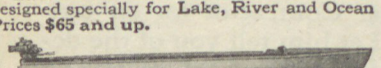


Special Fish Boats—For oars or outboard motors. Sturdy, stable, wont roll when you stand to cast. Light draft for the shallows. Easy to row. Prices $48 and up.

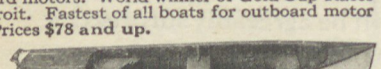


Out-board Motor Boats—Lake Model—River Model and Sea Model. Each designed specially for Lake, River and Ocean use. Prices $65 and up.

Speed Model—For outboard motors. World winner of Gold Cup Races at Detroit. Fastest of all boats for outboard motor use. Prices $78 and up.



Beach Model—With inboard motor installed. For lakes, rivers, shallow water and weeds. Propeller does not project below keel. May be run over logs or rocks without injury Prices $200 and up.



V-Bottom Motor Boats—Greyhound of the water. Roomy, steady and seaworthy. Very fast. Prices $390 and up.

Catalog Free—Save Money —Order by Mail

State kind of boat in which you are interested.

(10)

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
TWO FACTORIES
(Write to either one)
407 Ellis Ave., PESHTIGO, WIS.
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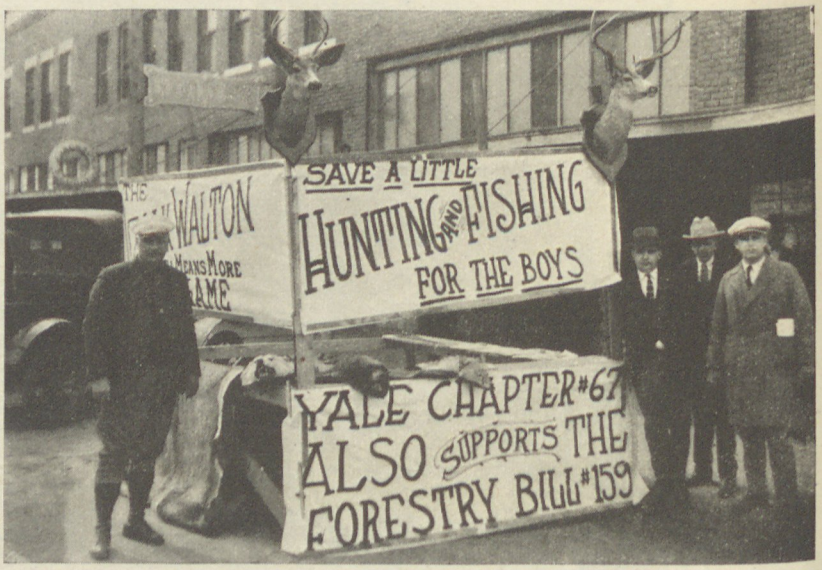
The Waltonial Nook

News of Our Chapters



The picture tells its own story. O. W. Hopper, secretary and treasurer of the Yale, Oklahoma, chapter sent it in. A fish and game bill, a Forestry bill and a membership campaign, were well advertised by this.

Carl E. Simon, former vice-president and secretary of the Ohio State Division of the League, has been appointed national executive secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of L. C. Murdock.

The League is to be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. Simon who has resigned his position as an executive of the Mansfield Sheet and Tin Plate Company to accept this office.

Mr. Simon is widely known throughout the League, having been interested in this movement since its beginning.

He and several others in Mansfield organized the Richland County Chapter of the Ohio Division, then the third chapter in the state.

Here is what the sportsmen of his home town think of him. It is an editorial clipped from the Mansfield Daily News:

"MOVING IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

"To make a good outdoorsman it takes one adept in rifle shooting, bait casting, all diversions of fishing and one who knows what the 'call of the great outdoors' really stands for in the public eye. It has been repeated that a man cannot become too interested in spending his time with nature and that he is repaid ten times over for showing active interest in the problems that have awakened others to the multitudinous proportions this particular call holds for this type of red-blooded mankind.

"Mansfield is giving up one of its best sportsmen. He is one who cares and loves everything in the great outdoors. This man is not going out of our midst as a local worker, but has simply been called to other fields where the work remains the same, but only assumes a more important aspect and one with national importance. The appointment of Carl E. Simon, as national executive secretary of the Izaak Walton League of America, is one that was merited because this particular sportsman paved his own way to success, mainly through those various channels of working out everything for the good of the conservation cause. He is state secretary of the League and also secretary of the local chapter. Beginning Monday his work will be carried out in this same steady form, only in Chicago, the headquarters of the I. W. L. of America.

"Simon takes with him a simon-pure handshake from sportsmen of this vicinity. They are losing a whole-hearted friend of the outdoors and are wishing him well in his new line of work, which is dozens of steps ahead of what goes on for the good of the cause, directly in Mansfield."

Carl E. Simon

(Continued on page 70)

A Journey of Enjoyment For You!

FORGET your worries. Turn away from your business cares. Lay aside your responsibilities. *Enjoy yourself!*

All this awaits you! Stories of all the world—of life, achievement—of men who do things. Clean, well written stories by men who have seen and experienced—who know whereof they write.

Stories of the sea and jungle, the mountain and plain, of foreign places, odd customs, strange people—of men and Adventure in the four corners of the earth.

These are the stories you'll find in Adventure. Stories like "The Sea Hawk" and "Captain Blood" (those two famous novels by Rafael Sabastini, were *first* published in serial form, in Adventure).

Talbot Mundy, Arthur O. Friel, Gordon Young, Bill Adams, Captain Dingle, Arthur D. Hawden Smith, W. C. Tuttle, Robert Simpson, T. S. Stribling, Leonard H. Nason, Hugh Pendextor—these are just a few of the many noted writers who contribute their best stories to Adventure.

Get acquainted with Adventure. Find out why it is a favorite with busy men—railroad, bank and corporation presidents; professors, doctors, lawyers—with men in all walks and stations of life. See what it offers *you.*

We want you to know Adventure—for if you like it you will read it forever. We want you to sit in at "The Camp Fire," to read the "Ask Adventure Department," and so we invite you—today—on a journey of enjoyment.

The coupon below awaits your acceptance. Sign and mail it now. We will send you, free, a sample copy of Adventure. See for yourself what it is—why it is so deservedly popular. There is no obligation. But please mail the coupon today—at once.

Adventure,
The Ridgway Company,
Spring & McDougal Streets, Dept. L,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send, free, a sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

They're Waiting for You up in NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Bargain Vacation Fares

Fish that fight—speckled trout, bass, pike and the mighty "muskie"—eager to snap at your bait. Get out the tackle and the old kit bag and take a fishing holiday up in the pine and balsam of Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes.

For illustrated map folder, detailed information and fares, ask

C. A. CAIRNS, Pass'r Traf. Mgr.
Chicago & North Western Railway
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

Has Your Chapter a Printed Convention Report?

Every Chapter in the Izaak Walton League should have a printed report of the Third National Convention for reference purposes during the year. **National Headquarters has these books now.**

THE PRICE IS $1.50 EACH

Mail your check or money order to

Izaak Walton League of America
536 Lake Shore Drive **Chicago, Illinois**

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 46)

Dear Fellows:

As my father is a sportsman he takes the OUTDOOR AMERICA, and, as I like to read stories of hunting and fishing, I always read this magazine.

Last night I came across the article about boys.

As all cabins need material with which to make them, and as Dick has sent in his contribution, I decided to send in mine.

Most of the boys in the country have a chum, a dog and a cabin. My chum's name is Claude. We have a cabin in which we hang all of the rabbit skins. Here we spend most of our spare time. We named the cabin "The Hunter's Lodge." We each have a dog and like to hunt.

As there are many deer around our home, and we each have rifles, we planned a hunt for deer season. The morning for the hunt finally arrived. We ate a hearty breakfast and started out. After we got about three miles from home we saw two deer, one of which must have weighed at least two hundred pounds. We stationed ourselves on a high hill, and had just eaten our dinner when Claude yelled, "There's one!" We both jumped up and started to shoot. After my first shot he disappeared, but as Claude was still shooting, I knew I had not killed him.

I yelled to Claude to go and see if we had hit him, while I circled to cut him off. When I came back to him he was looking at the deer's tracks and wishing he had hit him.

As we saw no blood we went home.

Well, here's hoping somebody else will send in some letters.

Yours truly,
NED COLBURN.

P. S.—I will send some pictures later on.

We'd like to visit that "Hunter's Lodge," wouldn't we, fellows? It must be quite a lot like this shack we've planned for ours. Ned is lucky to be able to go deer hunting so near home. Better luck next fall, Ned. Write again.

* * * *

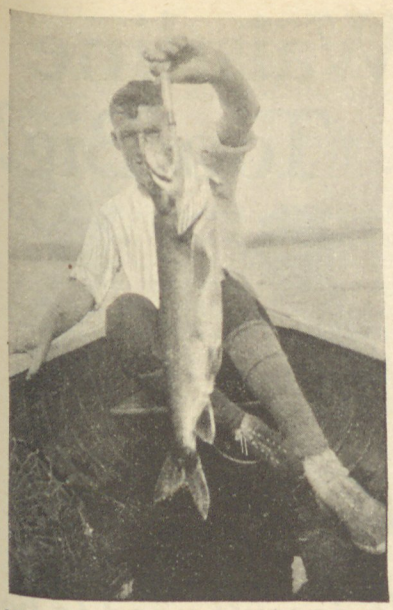
Here's a letter from one of the Roberta's we spoke about, 'way back in the beginning. Draw up to the fire, boys. She tells a good fishing story, as good as any of ours.

Flat River, Missouri.

Dear Members of the Fireside:

I am a girl fourteen years old. My father subscribed for OUTDOOR AMERICA after becoming a member of the League, but I was never very interested in it until I saw the last December number. I have been reading the articles, and have decided that I could contribute an adventure.

I was recently asked to go on a fishing trip by a family of our town, and upon getting my blanket, pillow, bathing suit and wading shoes—I am a fairly good swimmer—we started for the river. The clouds were rather heavy, but we kept on undaunted. We arrived about six o'clock and pitched camp in a nice grove of trees, handy to a spring. Another family was there, too, and they had a regular army tent with a floor.



Mortimer Norton with his six pound trout.

The boy and man and myself started to seine for minnows, although it was about seven thirty, and the water was good and cold. By the time we had a bucket full the thunder and lightning were playing hide and seek, and it was rather late. I was beginning to really enter into the spirit of camping by that time.

We turned in for the night, and in about half an hour, or so it seemed, the rain was falling in torrents, and my feet were in a pool of water. It stormed worse and worse, until we were obliged to desert our tent and go over with the other people.

About two o'clock it stopped and we went out and started a good fire. The men called us and we saw that the river had risen about ten yards on the bank. One of the men rescued a floating shoe of mine. The next day the women were rather disheartened, but the men had some dogs and they went off to see what they could find. They found nothing, but we had a good dinner, and that afternoon practiced shooting at a target.

The next morning we started on our big fishing trip. The women and one man went one way, and the other man took us. We walked five miles, enjoying the beautiful scenery and the waterfalls. On the way back we fished. I tried in nearly all the places, but only succeeded in getting my bait eaten off. After sitting about two hours in the hot sun, though, I got my chance. It proved to be an eight ounce bass, but to me it looked like a three pounder. I was very proud of my fish and showed it all around. The next morning I had it for breakfast, and then we came home. Hoping to hear some other experiences, I am,

Sincerely,

ROSEMARY GOTTLAB.

Rosemary adds a postscript to me, in which she says that she never cared much for outdoor magazines until she read our department in OUTDOOR AMERICA, but she is certainly a supporter of ours now. Good for you, Rosemary. Come again.

* * * *

April 6, 1925.

Dear Fellows:

I am employed at the Western Electric Company. During the noon hour I go to

Take it with you!

How GOOD *Pillsbury's pancakes taste out-o'-doors!*

You can go into the wildest timber country—a thousand miles from home and home cooking facilities—and you can still have the same unmatched Pillsbury's pancakes you enjoy at your own breakfast table.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is simply "made to order" for outdoor use. Packed in sturdy, durable containers—with all needed ingredients blended in the flour itself—it's compact enough to win a merited place in even the "tightest" camp kit.

And is it easy to use! Man alive! Simply add water or milk—and bake in any frying pan. Just six minutes from package to hungry mouths!

If you like pancakes at home, you'll *love* 'em in the great outdoors! Pillsbury's pancakes with savory strips of bacon. Light, fluffy, golden-brown cakes—tender, delicious, satisfying to the last bite.

Whatever you do, don't forget Pillsbury's Pancake Flour on your next trip. And be sure you have *plenty*. Buy it by the package or the case from grocers who know what men like.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

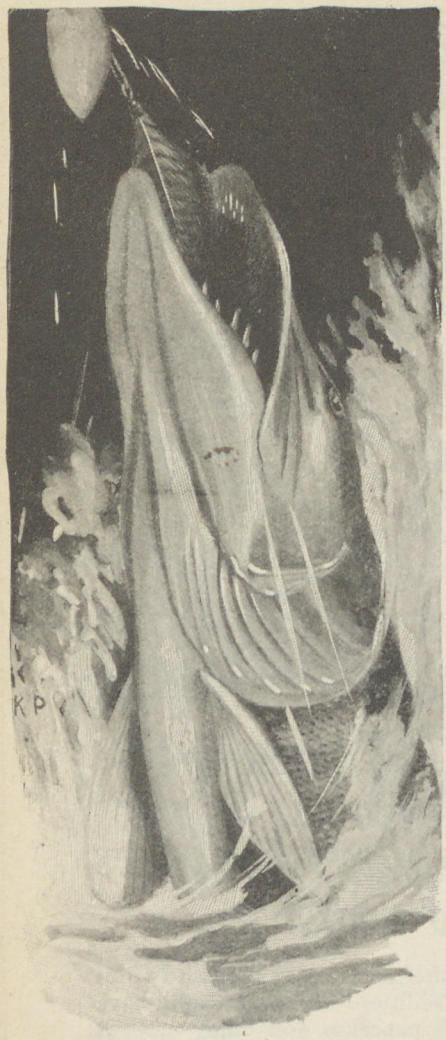
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour · Health Bran · Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.



Go get 'em

The world's wickedest water tigers are in Canada. Also the hardest hitting bass. They're waiting for you in countless lakes—countless ideal casting shores—innumerable quiet bays and rocky coves among picturesque spruce and birch clad hills.

Muskies in Canada

Stubborn, arrogant, devil-may-care muskies . . . small and large mouth bass, with fighting hearts that test your nerve and tackle.

For special information about the best fishing waters of Canada, write A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, 1934 Windsor Station, Montreal. To get there is

easy—by Canadian Pacific

Hugh and Clifton Voorhies on a fishing trip with their Dad.

the boys' recreation room to read. I like to read magazines on camping and fishing because these are my favorite outdoor sports. In reading one of these magazines I saw the picture of our Pow-wow and the letter. Say! that sure was a surprise to see our picture in OUTDOOR AMERICA. I had such a good time at the Pow-wow that I thought I would take the editor's suggestion and write to you about it.

That Pow-wow was sure a treat to us boys. We had the grandest time imaginable on that night. It was a typical autumn evening just about Hallowe'en time and just sitting and watching the Indians do their "stuff" around the big camp fire at night way out in the woods was a real thrill. Before gathering in a circle around the bonfire we roasted "weenies," ate apples and doughnuts and drank some cider. Oh, Boy! that sure did taste good. After yelling until our throats were sore, we finally settled down to watch the Indians.

When the Indians were through giving their dances, the time came for us to show what we could do. We danced around the fire shouting and trying to imitate the Indian dances. We had a lot of fun doing this but we could not dance the way the Indians did. Our act was the concluding one on the program and when we were through dancing, we started for home. It sure was a jolly bunch that went through the woods, whistling, yelling and trying to sing those Indian war songs. That is a night that won't be very soon forgotten by the boys here at the Western Electric Company at Hawthorne.

Yours truly,

CHARLES HESSLER.

Western Electric Co.
Hawthorne Station
Chicago, Illinois.

We are surely glad to hear from one of the boys in that big campfire circle, Charles. Now tell some of your chums to write, too.

* * * *

Dear Friends:

I am very glad of the opportunity to be able to sit around the campfire with you and spin a yarn or two.

Waistline Too Big?

It doesn't need to be!

No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction *permanent*. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Melts Excess Fat Away

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away.* With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Waistline is inches thinner with Director

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic—*all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

Write Today for FREE PROOF

Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

Landon & Warner, Dept. 96, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

LANDON & WARNER
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. 96
Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is ..... my height is .....
my waist measure is.....
☐ $6.50 enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

MERCHANT TAILORS Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit. No obligation in getting the facts. Write today.

Last summer at Piseco Lake, which is situated in the very picturesque and beautiful Adirondack mountains, I took a little fishing trip that you might be interested to know about.

One fairly dark and rainy day in August a friend and I started trolling for a few lake trout.

We trolled towards the head of the lake, just drifting along at the right speed, for about an hour without any action.

Suddenly there came two or three jerks on the line my friend held. He gave a little pull and immediately began drawing in the line. Finally, after

NoburN

PREVENTS SUNBURN
—but not the Tan

Don't Let Sunburn Spoil Your Vacation

APPLY *Noburn* before each exposure and you are sunburn proof. No matter how long you remain in the sun, no matter how sensitive your skin may be, it positively will not blister, burn or peel. A liquid quickly applied, easily washed off, harmless and unnoticeable.

American Surety Company
of New York

Columbus, Ohio
J. S. MOSSGROVE, Manager
Messrs. Strong, Cobb & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Aug. 7, 1924

Gentlemen:—

I have been spending my Summer vacations at fishing resorts for 25 years or more and this is the first time in all these years that I have been able to go through the Summer heat and wind without the difficulties of sunburn and windburn, due to the fact that I used your preparation every day. Perhaps you will be interested to learn that after being out all day in the sun and wind I was able to dance when I performed in the evening, without the slightest sense of discomfort or interest.

Very truly yours,
(SIGNED) J. S. MOSSGROVE.

STRONG, COBB & COMPANY
In business 90 years

314 Central Viaduct
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Enclosed find $1.00 for a bottle of *Noburn*. You are to refund the dollar if it fails to prevent sunburn and windburn.

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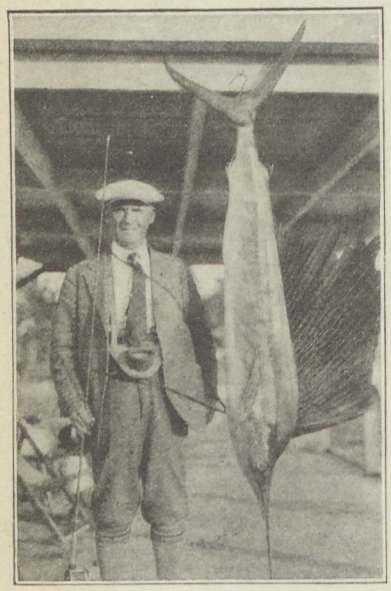
THE LATEST IN METAL BOATS

PIONEER Copper-bearing Metal Boats—Most Serviceable Boat on the Market
The PIONEER Combines SAFETY—BEAUTY—SERVICE
Your catalogue is waiting for you. Write today.
PIONEER MANUFACTURING COMPANY Dept. F MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA

JAMISON BARBLESS

The Hook with the Hump

Humane—Sportsmanlike—Effective



Yes, they hold the Big Ones

J. A. McGUIRE, owner and editor of Outdoor Life, has the honor of taking the first Sail Fish or other large sea fish on a barbless hook. At least so far as we are able to find out. His letter follows:

Miami, Fla., April 14, 1925.

Dear Mr. Jamison:

I enclose photo of myself and first Sail Fish I took on the Barbless Hook. I have since taken one other. Had only two on but got both. The largest being 7 feet and 2 inches long. This fish gave me the greatest fight I ever had. It leaped clear of the water 17 times.

On same day I also landed a small tuna of 12 pounds, a grouper and a bonita of 14 pounds. I had only four strikes but landed them all, giving me a wonderful day, for 100% days are unusual.

These fish were all hooked fairly in the mouth. So it made a splendid test for the barbless.

I have also taken dolphin, barracuda and a 35-lb. amberjack, which put up a great battle for 50 minutes.

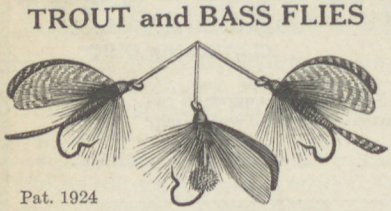
My experiments with your barbless have been purely and solely from conservation motives, and I am so well satisfied with the results that I freely give you permission to make such use of my letter or the photograph as you may see fit.

Sincerely yours, J. A. McGUIRE.

The hook used by Mr. McGuire was our No. 10/0 Barbless Tarpon Hook, which sells at 25 cents each, plain.

Hooks for Any Kind of Fishing

TROUT and BASS FLIES



Pat. 1924

CHARTER MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Catalog of Barbless Flies, and Hooks, Shannon Twin Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting Lines, etc. Testimonials

THE

W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W

739 S. California Ave.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Rose Lake.

Real Trout Pasture

By W. J. WHITCOMB

The sun was sinking into a maze of spruce and cedars, standing like mighty gold and amber fringed spires, on the ridge to the west. A partridge walked calmly out of the track and let us pass. All nature was quiet, and just this introduction to this marvelous Superior National Forest was restful, in that the mind had new things to work on.

We had pounded the trusty, rubber-shod steed along at a good pace so that our time would not be used up before we really got an eyefull of the real wild country in northeastern Minnesota. We were on the Gun Flint trail and after many ups and downs we finally reached Gateway Lodge, on Hungry Jack lake. The road from Grand Morais, which is on Lake Superior, back to Hungry Jack is where the woodpeckers learned to fly. It's a good trail, anyway, and the road from Duluth to Grand Morais is a dream, with its waterfalls right by the track and its views out over old Superior from the high places.

The first thing was to catch a fish, and my wife and I procured a flat bottomed Venetian taxi and proceeded to wabble the wabblers with the result that we soon had a couple of nice pickerel. That is, we supposed they were nice, and really a six pound pickerel is nice in our country, but when we drifted in for supper the shock of our lives awaited us. Fish—why those things were not fish, they were just pickerel and no one takes pickerel in this country. Anyway, we had one for breakfast and it was good in spite of the fact that the taboo was on it.

But that is not all. The next day a guide took us in charge, and after several portages where the mud could be easily stepped in, we finally descended, yes, went down a couple of hundred feet just about straight to place the canoe in Rose lake. Along the south side great rocks rose right out of the black depths, and towered way up like the Wrigley building. On the north, which by the way is the Canadian shore, the rise was gradual with a thick forest of spruce and cedar.

But the fish. Harry said to tie on all the sinkers available and then a spoon hook behind. We also used a double spinner with feathers and all kinds of contraptions fastened to it. What a perfectly smart fish can see in such a scarecrow is a puzzle to me, but after dragging those things around a short time there was a thrill. A fish struck and was hooked. When pumped up to the surface, Mr. Fish lamped the boat and went back to where Mr. McGinty used to go, and rushed around looking for something to tie the line around, I guess. In due time, with all the thrills and splashes and amber foam, a nice seven pound salmon trout came into the canoe. The natives up there will condescend to eat a trout, and the way Harry fixed that one for dinner that day, there on the rocky shore with no civilization within sight or hearing, was a revelation. We ate fish like fools, for it would have been a shame to waste any of it. What a day that was, and how we gloated over the nice string of trout we had to show that night.

The next day was given over to just canoeing, and I was the motive power. That part was all right, but portaging

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

almost ruined me. If you think you are pretty smart, just try to put a good big canoe on your back, or, rather, your head, and have the fool yoke stay in place. I had that canoe all over me, and was all over it, before I finally grasped (literally) the situation and the canoe properly. I was not only afraid of wrecking the canoe there on shore, but was afraid my wife would go into convulsions. Well, it was funny, but I would be there yet if I had not hoisted that ship up some way or other and got it back to proper place.

End of another day and time up. We started home the next day with a lot to think about and already speculating as to how it would be possible to drop in at Hungry Jack again.

A Memory

By B. F. PERKINS

'Tis said that "All fishermen are liars." That may be true, and again it may be that some of them only "take the word" of some fellow from whom they have bought a second-hand motorcycle. At any rate "Bur" called me up to say that he had found out that Black Pond and Difficult Run were in good shape to promise fair bass fishing; that he had bought a motorcycle, with side car, and if I would be ready at 4:00 a. m. the next morning, he would whisk me up to those waters in time for us to offer the bass those proverbial "early worms." He remarked that he had gotten a bargain in this motorcycle and that everything was lovely.

Well, next a. m. at 3:45 my Big Ben imitated a persistent bill collector thumbing the door bell; a kick in the back from wifey and positive directions to "shut off that darned thing" landed me, sleepy-eyed, on the floor. As soon as I had choked Big Ben I found that a light patter of rain was falling. This did not seem possible since the Weather Bureau had promised clear and fair. Rather dumbfounded about this, but finally had to admit to myself that it really was raining. Then I began to wonder if "Bur" would show up, so I sat around until near 5, but no word from him. Then back to bed and just as I had again become wrapped in the arms of Morpheus (that's not the wife's name) I was again up to answer the 'phone. A short, snappy, possibly profane conversation over that resulted in an agreement to be ready to start by 6 o'clock. Now, from 16th and S. Sts. to the smelliest part of the Georgetown Canal road is not a long ways. However, we were skipping along in fine shape and had reached the canal. Just then that "fine bargain" was struck with a case of indigestion and with an agonizing gasp she stopped. Then began the most cruel autopsy I have ever witnessed. "Bur" went after that cycle with several surgical instruments, examining its joints and articulations, twisting its nuts, viciously kicking its starter—just as vainly as viciously. Finally becoming exhausted, he recovered his breath during the en-

42 Bass in 2 Hours on the Little Egypt Wiggler!

"You will find enclosed photo of freshwater bass caught in 2 hours with your Little Egypt Pork Rind Minnows.

"We were trying the bass with all kinds of bait, but with very poor success. Then one day I bought one of your Pork Rind Minnows—the Little Egypt.

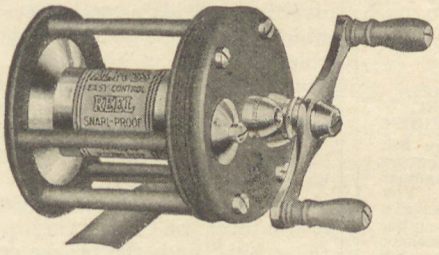
"The very first day out I got 16 in 2 hours! Second trip, 22 in 3 hours. Third trip, 42 in 2 hours, as shown in the photo. It was June 15th when I first used your pork rind lure and I have gone from one to four times each week since, and have never failed to 'bring home the bacon!'

"Other fishermen go—and say the 'conditions were not right.' They are *always* right when I go with your pork rind. I want to thank you for making a bait at a very low price that is the best bait on the market today regardless of cost."

Very truly yours,
W. B. KYZER,
Mims, Fla.

Don't jeopardize the success of your trip this year by going without a supply of Al Foss Pork Rind Lures. As Mr. Kyzer tells you, these lures will bring home the bacon when everything else fails. And get the genuine Foss pork strips to use with them! Sent direct if dealer cannot supply.

SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00



JAZZ WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., 50c

"Never a back-lash—every cast perfect—simply uncanny!"

So says an angler who used one of these reels on a two-weeks' fishing trip.

This *snarl-proof casting reel* is to all appearances, and in actual fact, equal in design, materials and workmanship to any other high-grade reel made. The only difference is a simple centrifugal device revolving within the reel arbor—a little policeman who raises his hand at the proper moment and stops a snarl from stepping in.

Make this test at your dealer's:—Have him rig up this reel with line and if there is not room for you to actually cast, just hold the reel in one hand with thumb off of line, and with the other give the end of line a hard jerk. You will see that while the line will unwind and *apparently* snarl, it can be readily stripped off, rewound and ready for another demonstration. Then try this with *any other reel* and *see what happens.*

Like all other reels, the Al Foss Easy Control Bait-Casting Reel will "back-lash" under careless handling. But the line *will not become snarled*, it will readily strip from the spool for rewinding and continued casting.

Specifications:—The No. 3-25 is nickel silver, satin finish, with jeweled end thrust bearings. Capacity 50 yds.—14 lb. test line. Double balanced handle; pyralin grips. Quadruple multiplier with click. Screw off oil caps. Spiral gears. Pivot bearings of high grade non-wearing bronze. All steel parts of best tool steel drill rod. Spool shaft of hardened tool steel. Has metal arbor ⅞" diameter, making it unnecessary to build up the spool with a lot of dead line. End plate diameter 2". Length of spool 1⅝". Weight 8 oz. Leather case.

If dealer will not supply you, send $25.00, and try reel 30 days. Then, if you want to worry along with your other reels, send it back, and money will be returned.

ORIENTAL WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00. All Red, All White, or Red and White

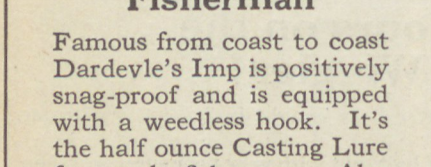
45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

AL FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow.

1730 Columbus Road Cleveland, Ohio

"Waltonians" Everywhere Use Dardevle's "Imp"



The Mark of a Real Fisherman

Famous from coast to coast Dardevle's Imp is positively snag-proof and is equipped with a weedless hook. It's the half ounce Casting Lure for real fishermen. Also manufactured in a lighter weight for Fly Rod use.

Try a Dardevle's "Imp" just once and enjoy the kind of fishing that comes when you know your hook won't tangle. You'll always use "Imps" thereafter.

Equipped with weedless hook.....75c each

With hook not weedless.....65c each

Osprey

Without fly, 3/8 oz., 50c

With fly, 75c

With weighted fly, 3/4 oz., 85c

NOTANGLE CASTING SPINNER

A sure-fire fish getter and guaranteed against grouches. You see Notangle never tangles. Castitanywhere you like—it brings back nothing but fish. Allows for instant changing of hook or fly.

MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Canadian Distributors
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 W. Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger

"Outfitters of Sportsmen"

Dept. W., 310-312 E. Congress Street,
Detroit, Michigan

"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

White water.

forced rest and, with an assumed confidence, said—"Old-timer, I'll get her started in a minute." "Yes," I replied, "but what minute have you selected?" Then some more of that autopsy stuff, during which a wrench slipped, "dam" was ejaculated and "Bur" began to eat his breakfast through sucking his skinned knuckles. Between sucks he advised me that he regretted the delay I was experiencing, to which, with the best assumed pleasantness I could affect, I replied, "Take your time, old sox, for I am not in a hurry." "You will notice that the river is as muddy as it can ever get, from which I am sure no fish would ever be able to find our hooks, but, with all charity, I want to tell you that if that water looked like one single fish could be caught today, I would now be handing you a line of advice and comment that would be hot enough for you to solder that broken wire in that commutator, or whatever you call that kezirus." Upon this "Bur" finds the broken connection; he also finds he has nothing with which to repair the break. In the meantime, so that I could use my mouth in some manner that would hold back what I wanted to say to him, I was vigorously clamping down on some "Beeman's." So with a wad of that we managed to gumstick the broken connection, and then we were off to a flying start. However, electric sparks are hot and chewing gum will melt, so at about one hundred yards, that cycle possibly thinking it was a "hundred yard dash man," again gave up the ghost.

Again the purchaser of this "bargain" went after her with his tools, nicely polished affairs that contrasted quite sharply with the remarks he addressed to the cycle. I was having a swell time. Minute after minute, until it became more sensible to count the fleeting moments by hours, the performance kept up, interspersed every now and then by the angry and insistent honking of some auto horn for "Bur" to get the nether portion of his anatomy out of the way. To add to the blissful time I was having we were stalled just in front of a sign board back of which garbage dumpers had found a convenient space, and from the nearest house, via the scratchiest phonograph in all the suffering world, came the strains, the "strainiest" strains you can imagine, of "Somebody stole my gal." Old Sol was doing all he could to make our stay pleasant; the kids of the neighborhood were in full and constant attendance, making life the more pleasant by entertaining us with the innumerable questions kids can ask. Finally, long suffering flesh succumbed, "Bur" then calling by phone for a friend of his to bring out his Tin Lizzie and whosesoever clothes-line he could swipe. The wrecking crew finally arrived at 1:30 p. m. and then began a towing-in, punctuated nine times by breaking the tow line, which, naturally, always occurred just as we were on a street car track or in the way of other traffic. But "all things have an end" so about 2 p. m. we finally had that "bargain" of a motorcycle tied and fettered in a repair garage.

"Bur" then, with a somewhat crestfallen air, asked what I thought. He did not have long to wait for an answer, since I had had from 4 a. m. until 2 p. m. to make up my mind, and he was pointedly advised that I was of the opinion that no darned trip in the world had ever begun with such an inauspicious start; that I was firmly convinced that if God gave me strength to stick to the finish I should experience "The End of a Perfect Day"; that I was no quitter and was going fishing if I had to walk; that "all things come to him who waits" and I certainly had done that little thing. Seeing that I was speaking to him from the depths of an outraged soul and maybe meant lots more than I said to him, we retraced the way to Georgetown, took the Great Falls Line to the first station whose name gave us inspiration. "Prospect Hill," sure, that's the stuff, we needed prospects. "I know how to get to Black Pond from here," quoth this fellow who originated this trip. So, off we started—and don't forget that a two-mile hike, under loads of duffle and a good hot sun, following a wrong path that landed us in just the roughest spot on the face of God's green earth, and that quite someways from Black Pond, did not serve to favorably enhance my opinion of this chauffeur-guide of mine. Finally, all tired, skinned and bruised, we reached Black Pond. A wonderful sight! One to *(Cont. on p. 58)*

Results mean more advertising. Help our Advertisers get results.

The Salmon Broke the Hoodoo

(Continued from page 23)

Mike said, "If we play him carefully now, I think you can bust that hoodoo."

When the old salmon felt the hook, he came out of water, shook himself and made for the other side of the pool. As long as he did not run far up stream I did not care. Up the pool a way were a lot of old snags and logs. He made for these once, but a well heaved rock of Mike's thrown above him headed him back down stream. I did not put on much strain for fear of breaking the leader. Just enough to keep him irritated and running in order to tire him out. He ran back and forth across the pool several times and jumped once. He started down stream as fast as he could go, with Mike and I after him.

About one hundred and fifty yards from the island the river takes a right angle turn to the left. At this turn the freshets have thrown up a sand bar and on this have collected a lot of old stumps with their roots sticking out every way. Above this bar the water is deep and the bottom is scoured sand.

Mike ran ahead of me, reached the turn of the river, made a flying leap from the bank, and landed in three feet of water and waded out to the sand bar. He began to beat on the water with his gaff. This frightened the salmon and headed him back into the deep water above the bar, where he began to swim around and around in a circle. He did not swim very fast, but kept moving all of the time. Whenever Mike would leave the bar, the salmon would make for it. Then Mike would wade back through three or four feet of water to scare him off. Mike had on rubber boots, miserable things for salmon fishing. They are slippery and almost always full of water. Mike's description of those boots when he jumped off the bank the first time is a classic.

By keeping a little strain on the line I finally worked the fish nearly to the top of the water. Mike waded out way above his waist and when the salmon came in reach he made a stab at him with his gaff, but his feet went out from under him and he disappeared under the water. Mike cannot swim and I was undecided whether to save him or the fish. He came up blowing and cussing those boots and mad all over. I wasn't laughing at him. I was only shaking with excitement, but he said, "If you will play that damned fish somewhere near me and stop laughing like a fool, I will gaff him." "Well, there he is," I said, as the salmon came swimming around toward him again. "If you lose him this time I will let you drown." Mike made a grand stab, hooked that salmon through the small of the back, waded majestically ashore, threw him, gaff and all, ten feet from the bank and said, "There, now, that hoodoo can go to blazes."

We arrived home just as the folks were getting up for breakfast. Mike's mother brought out the old steelyard. He weighed seventeen pounds and a half. Not very big, but big enough to change my luck.

ASHAWAY

"Sailor Laid and Tailor Made" Fishing Lines Since 1824

When Muscle Wields the Rod Lines Must Stand Up

SWASTIKA BRAND TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ON any one of those famous Minnesota or Wisconsin black bass lakes, ask the huskiest boat team you meet about their tackle. The chances are you'll find them both using Ashaway Swastika Brand Lines. They require the best.

No genteel dawdling for that workman-like pair. Likely as not they haven't started till supper-time. But how they do burn the air and water while feeding-time for the bass lasts! And how they do snake Mr. Bass out of the rice stalks when he hits the frog!

Hard men on lines. But that's the kind Ashaway Swastika Brand Lines have always been made for—and Guaranteed for.

Gold Medal Winners

Ashaway Lines hold the world's gold medal for excellence of manufacture. They are the choice of hammer-and-tongs fishermen everywhere—because they're right and stand up. The popular one for bait-casting is the Ashaway Extra Strength Waterproof Braided Silk Line.

World's Record Lines

Ashaway Lines are chosen by the world's greatest experts for the hardest fishing tests. They hold the world's records for the largest game fish caught with rod and reel—including H. J. Mallen's 528-pound swordfish and Zane Grey's 758-pound tuna.

Always Buy An Ashaway

Should your dealer fail to supply you, write to us. Ask for free Line Chart.

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Ashaway, Rhode Island.

Makers of Guaranteed Braided and Twisted Silk, Linen, Cotton and Metal Fishing Lines.

Swastika Brand

WEBS FETHERLITE FLOATING FLY SPINNER

A High Grade, Fish Getting Lure

IF WEB MAKES IT— A FISH TAKES IT

Trout Sizes—8, 6, 4. Each 35c.

Bass Sizes—2, 1, 1-0. Each 50c.

This lure has celluloid spinner on piano wire shaft. Wire wrapped and soldered to hollow point, turned down eye hook. A most substantially built light fly casting lure. An assortment of twelve tested lures containing popular Feather-Hair and Bucktail Patterns.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO.
STEVENS POINT, WIS.

Bass and Pike Bite

like hungry Bears on the new WASP PLUG (pat. pdg.) comes in Fly Rod Size or Regular Casting Size. New design of this bait gives it the best motion at slow speed—has proved a great killer for Bass Finishes—Red head—white body, Frog, Hornet, Perch, etc. From your dealer or direct postpaid 75c. State size and color wanted in ordering.

DELAWARE MFG CO.
117 LEROY St. Binghamton N Y

"BEST BY TEST" ZIMMERMAN'S "4-Z" Oil

For Gun and REEL. Every drop a lubricant. Four 3½ oz. cans postpaid, $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

F. M. Zimmerman, O. 4403 Milgate St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Have You Done Your Part for the Elk?

warm the cockles of even an old man's heart! No, not Black Pond, although that's good looking to a fisherman's eye, but I can only think of the bathers—ONE OF THEM, a fair Diana in the briefest of suits. Who cared if Black Pond did not contain a bass, a catfish nor a carp. Only a carping critic but would have been enraptured with this wonderful Mermaid. (That's a fish, ain't it?) 'Course (so our wives will see this), being tired from our efforts to get to Black Pond—AND FOR THAT REASON ONLY—we stuck around quite some time. Didn't get rested until Beauty in the Brief Suit got tired and left the water.

Then another of those "trips that try men's souls" and we pulled up at Difficult Run. No fish yet. Struck up a talk with a fellow who had been fishing at Difficult Run ever since morning. "Fishing no good," he opined and proved it by showing one little catfish, that being the result of his day's efforts.

Then "Bur" takes a few shots with his casting outfit, finally becoming convinced that fishing was no good. Now, if the foregoing tale of woe is not enough to have made me feel that the whole world had become contaminated with the conditions fomented by the Republican party I would like to know what else were necessary. However, being a Democrat, therefore never knowing when I am licked, I jointed up a rod and

---

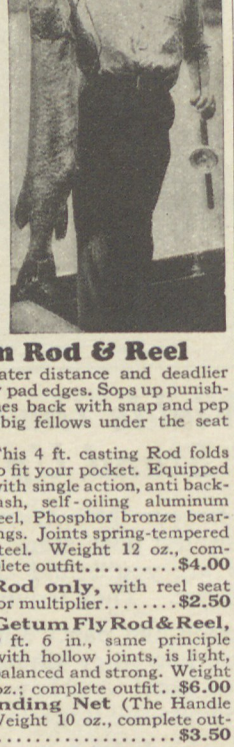
Have I got to swear to what follows?

Well, dammit (that's the swear) here goes——— in less than a half hour I yanked from Difficult Run five sizeable "cats" and one nice bass, during which "slaughter of the innocents" "Bur" partially retrieved his day's performance by adding a bass to our collection. Was the same rough and long road back to the car line rough and long? Not on your sweet life. It had been a really fine day; life was worth living; everything was lovely. All of which goes to show that if one "sticks to it," like we had hoped that "Beeman's" would have stuck to that broken electrical connection, the parting screech of the before mentioned phonograph on Canal Road will become realized. The last selection rendered by that Victor was "THE END OF A PERFECT DAY."

Gun Flint trail.

Gets the Big Ones

How's this? Muskie weighing 24 lbs. landed with a Getum Rod & Reel and a Feather Getum Lure, at Echo Bay, Sault Ste. Marie. Gene Atkins was the angler who picked this winning combination.



Joints of Rod Fit in Handle

Getum Rod & Reel

Gives you greater distance and deadlier aim for the lily pad edges. Sops up punishment and comes back with snap and pep that puts the big fellows under the seat of the boat.

This 4 ft. casting Rod folds to fit your pocket. Equipped with single action, anti backlash, self-oiling aluminum reel, Phosphor bronze bearings. Joints spring-tempered steel. Weight 12 oz., complete outfit.....$4.00

Rod only, with reel seat for multiplier.....$2.50

Getum Fly Rod & Reel, 9 ft. 6 in., same principle with hollow joints, is light, flexible, well-balanced and strong. Weight complete, 15 oz.; complete outfit..$6.00

Getum Landing Net (The Handle is the case) Weight 10 oz., complete outfit.....$3.50

SEND COUPON FOR CATALOG

OUTING MFG. CO.

Also Manufacturers of Dewey's Getum Lures, Folding Metal Decoys and other Sporting Specialties.

558 E. Jackson Blvd.
ELKHART, INDIANA

OUTING MFG. CO.
558 E. Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: Please send me complete illustrated catalog with description and prices of Dewey's Getum Rod and Reel and other Sporting Specialties.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

At Last—A Place to Fasten the Hook On Your Cane Pole

Just Slip a **"Little Friend"** over the end, the cork holds the hook and keeps the line tight.

Sold by most all sporting goods stores. If yours can't supply you send 25c for two.

J. R. BAKER & SONS
KENDALLVILLE, IND.

GRANGER RODS For Fly and Bait FISHING
$20 to $45
Most power per ounce, beautifully finished, with wonderful action and balance. Your dealer or our catalog will tell the story.
GOODWIN GRANGER & CO.
1257 EAST NINTH AVENUE DENVER, COLO.

Sporty Fishin'

You'll never know all the real thrill in fishin' until you use a Martin Automatic Reel with light rod and line.

There's joy in living when your fingers feel every rise, strike or sudden dart of the speckled beauty at the other end of your line.

To get a strong "kick"—play the fish on your finger tips—let the other hand hold your rod and

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REEL

The slightest touch and the Automatic will take up all the slack line and you'll have no snarls to untangle.

The Martin is the oldest, lightest, strongest, most compact automatic fishing reel made. America's leading anglers use it.

Send for illustrated booklet describing all models and sizes.

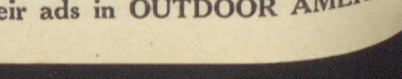
Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc.
Mohawk, New York

The GRAY GRUB

A bucktail type trout fly that will take trout in cold weather, an east wind, or anything. Try them at our risk as we guarantee satisfaction or your money back. 20c each, $2.25 per dozen. Barbless if desired.

L. M. Thurston & Co., Owosso, Michigan

JOHNSON'S SILVER MINNOW



Does not spin and gather the weeds, but wiggles itself through. Sterling Silver plated, highly polished. Bass size 65 cents. Muskie size 90 cents. Your dealer, or direct from

LOUIS JOHNSON
519 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ills.

OLD FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR
1925 Used by Thousands 1923
8 for $1.00
Price, 25c
Money Back if Dissatisfied
O. F. CALENDAR
Box, 1577 Highland Station
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Don't be afraid to tell our Advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Pennsylvania Reforestation

(Continued from page 13)

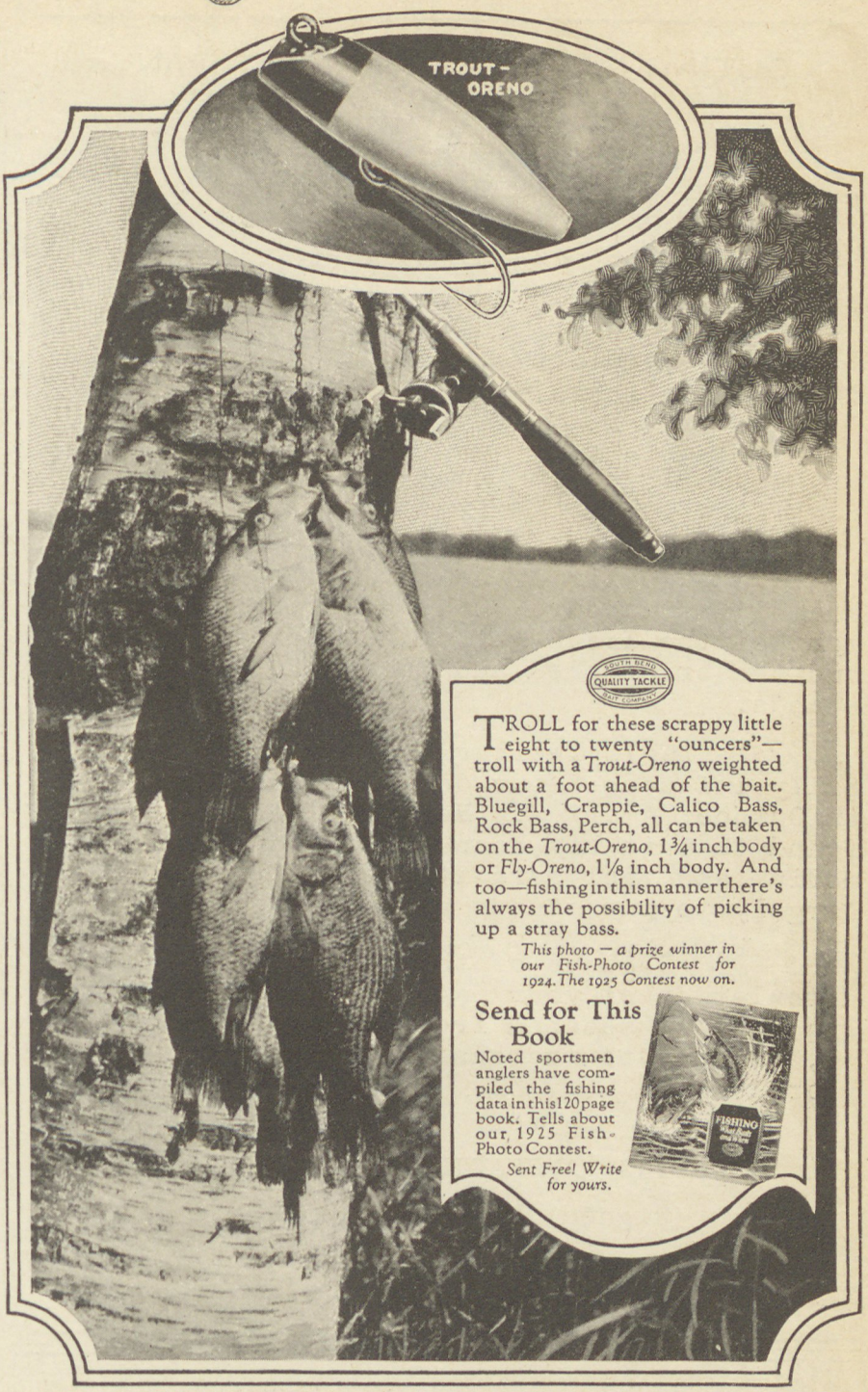
shall approve before the people vote the funds, there was plenty of opportunity to kill the proposition, had the whole state not been in deadly earnest. At both the 1923 and 1925 sessions, the support for the loan was almost unanimous. Idealism did it, just as idealism is causing Pennsylvania to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on good roads, just as idealism has made Pennsylvania one of the finest hunting countries in the Union, and brought about better observance of game laws than any other state, barring none.

Twenty-five million dollars is a great sum of money to spend upon the forests, in some respects exceeding the national government's outlay. But Pennsylvania looks upon the whole thing in the light of an investment that will create large returns in the years to come. The main object is to bring back Penn's Woods, those wondrous stretches of white pine and hemlock and spruces and oaks that covered the Allegheny and Blue Ridge ranges. It will take many years, but the state is doing something for coming generations, for all time, and the people know that ultimately the profits taken in the form of sales of lumber will not only repay the loan, but will provide enough revenue to support the public school system. Roads may wear out, but each year adds to the value of a tree.

The motor tourist crossing the Mississippi valley toward the east is tremendously impressed by the diversity of Pennsylvania, from the moment he strikes the line that separates it from Ohio. Practically every natural resource is encountered; gas wells, oil wells, bituminous and anthracite coal, coke ovens, iron mines, clay mines, cement rock deposits. These helped Pennsylvania to attain industrial dominance, brought mills and factories. In turn they call for lumber, and Pennsylvania, once supplying timber to her sister states, now goes to the Pacific northwest for her building material of wood.

There are broad valleys that are rich agriculturally; the farms of Pennsylvania are productive and numerous. Those farms require lumber. The cities and the towns, the railroads, the shops, the shipbuilding plants and the mines demand lumber. Soon the native timber of America will disappear, and the day may not be far distant when the call upon Canada will be so great that an export duty will be levied. Pennsylvania, taking warning from her improvidence in the past, is now seeking to safeguard the future by raising her own timber.

There is no state that is so strategically situated, as regards water transportation or contains so many watersheds and navigable and other streams, and the traveller who enters Pennsylvania senses this quickly. Its port of Philadelphia is on the Atlantic seaboard. Erie



TROLL for these scrappy little eight to twenty "ouncers"—troll with a *Trout-Oreno* weighted about a foot ahead of the bait. Bluegill, Crappie, Calico Bass, Rock Bass, Perch, all can be taken on the *Trout-Oreno*, 1¾ inch body or *Fly-Oreno*, 1⅛ inch body. And too—fishing in this manner there's always the possibility of picking up a stray bass.

This photo — a prize winner in our Fish-Photo Contest for 1924. The 1925 Contest now on.

Send for This Book

Noted sportsmen anglers have compiled the fishing data in this 120 page book. Tells about our 1925 Fish-Photo Contest.

Sent Free! Write for yours.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.

1383 High Street · South Bend, Ind.

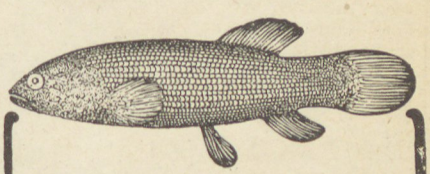
Peck's Barbless Hopper

THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO

Bass and Trout Sizes—50c each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid $1.50.

Write for description of Peck's Barbless and Single Hook, Hook Nature Lures for Fly and Bait Casting.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH CO.
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE



Special service to fishermen and resort owners. Prompt service. Low prices. Guaranteed delivery in A1 condition. Order NOW.

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P. O. Box B71. Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

MUD MINNOWS and LIVE BAIT

OUTING MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT
OFFICE AND FACTORY
ELKHART, INDIANA

April 21st, 1925.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Attention: Mr. M. A. Bergfeld.

Gentlemen:-

We firmly believe in, and are heartily in accord with, the spirit and movement of the Izaak Walton League of America and the principles and ideals for which it stands.

This feeling or sentiment originally influenced our decision to carry space in Outdoor America. However, we have since found that it has been a good advertising medium and feel sure it has contributed largely to the steady growth of our business.

Because of the rapidly increasing circulation of your magazine and the gratifying results secured from our advertising in it, we hope to increase our space for another year.

Very truly,
OUTING MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
(Signed) H. F. Fawcett,
Sec. and Treas.

HFF/ML

Have You Done
Your Part
for
The ELK?

gives it access to the Great Lakes. The Allegheny, Youghiogheny and Ohio carry coal, coke and other products to the Mississippi. The Delaware marks the eastern boundary, and through the center of the state sweeps the broad Susquehanna, flowing into the Chesapeake Bay.

Still looking into the future, Pennsylvanians see the development of water power for electric power as well as water transportation, and they know that stream flows cannot be maintained unless far away on the watersheds there are trees to hold and to control the rainfall. With six millions of acres of mountainside and valley turned back to Nature, with springs and rivulets and headwaters supplied by millions of fountains gushing from mossy glens the vast system of Pennsylvania creeks and rivers cannot fail. Another reason for the $25,000,000 experiment in idealism.

I have spoken of the agricultural possibilities of Pennsylvania. This bond issue is the only loan that the State Grange has officially endorsed in its entire history. The farmers want one-fifth of the land in forests because it is to their interest. In this, Pennsylvania has dared to do something that seems to be in direct opposition to the laws of economics. It has taken a leaf from the book of mistakes made by the federal government, by other states and by other nations. The farmers have inclined to the wisdom of the late Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, who held that it is a vain effort to try to reclaim lands that are not naturally adapted to the growing of crops profitably. They point to the unsuccessful attempts at dry farming in the west. They point to the great acreages of soil in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania where, after experiments conducted by State College soil specialists, it was found that the land was not capable of giving adequate reward to the tiller.

So Pennsylvania prefers to turn this land over the the forester, because the most profitable crop will be in tree growth. It wants no abandoned farms; it wants no impoverished farmers making a hopeless fight against impossible conditions. There is plenty, and enough excellent land in the state without it, and on this good land Pennsylvania can raise more than sufficient crops to feed her population. Her dairy interests are the third largest in the United States, she can raise more than enough wheat for her own use; her corn, oats and potato crops are bountiful. She is forging ahead in the production of fruit, her tobacco crop is the most profitable of any state and the live stock and poultry industry puts her well up in the list.

With large markets close by it would seem that the tendency would be toward converting more wild land into farms but, as I have pointed out, Pennsylvania is striving to find the balance of nature from an agricultural viewpoint, and the people believe that the balance will best be struck by recognizing the demand of nature. With an abundance of water, with an equable climate the good lands will be made better and capable of higher development and in the end the Keystone state will be the richer for working with nature and not against her.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

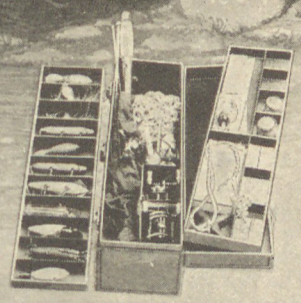
Standing solidly behind the $25,000,000 bond issue are the sportsmen's associations, whose members are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. What this state has done in the conservation of wild life is known over the length and breadth of the republic. It is the leader in the system of game refuges, that simple and yet effective method of increasing furred and feathered life by establishing reservations in all parts of the commonwealth. It is seemingly a paradox this idea of securing better hunting by reducing the hunting territory, and yet it is sound, for, under the Pennsylvania system, game increases in the protected areas and overflows into the surrounding country, thus assuring a permanent source of supply. No species ever can become extinct in Pennsylvania, and with the increase in the number of refuges the greater will be the overflow, the better hunting there will be.

The sportsmen of Pennsylvania believe that with the tendency toward posting of lands against trespassing and the establishing of private clubs the hunter of the future must look to the public forests, so they are organized to aid the bond issue. With deer herds in more than forty counties, with the best bear shooting of any state in the union, with wild turkeys, grouse, quail and other small game multiplying rapidly and with a fine spirit of co-operation between the sportsmen and the state game commission the picture of tomorrow's hunting grounds, when one-fifth of the area is turned over to the state forests is alluring.

Finally, there is the recreational side, holding possibilities for health and enjoyment almost beyond comprehension. For the fundamental principle of the state forests of Pennsylvania is that they are for the benefit of the men and women and children of Pennsylvania. There are few rules and almost no restrictions; the forests are free and every inducement is offered to have the people take advantage of them. On a nominal rental basis choice sites are offered where summer homes and hunting and fishing lodges may be built. Game abounds on every side, the streams are being stocked with fish, roads and trails are being laid out and the forestry officials are helpful. Pennsylvania is encouraging her sons and daughters to go into the open; get close to nature and cultivate a love for the trees and the flowers and the streams and the mountains and wild life. She wants to spread health and happiness.

Hence, her great experiment in idealism; hence, her readiness to spend $5,000,000 to bring back Penn's Woods.

A Special Article on Community Forests By Harold Titus, Forestry Editor, will appear in the July issue of Outdoor America



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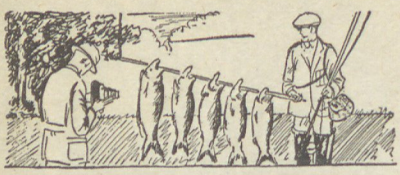

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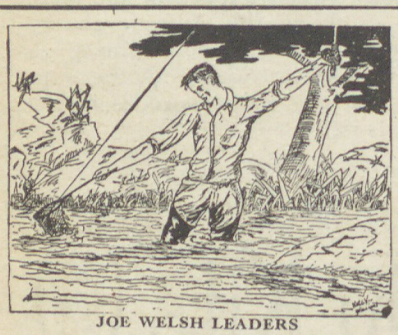

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If your dealer will not supply you we will send direct. Send for booklet.

LEBERMAN & JACOBS **Meadville, Pa.**

Science vs. Sentiment

(*Continued from page 35*)

"At least five pounds!" chorused my assistant and I.

One of the scientists gave us what might be termed a nasty look through his thick glasses and murmured to his companion ominously. Not heeding the obvious signs of danger, we laid the fish on the grass and started for the washroom to clean up for dinner.

As we turned away one of the learned gentlemen extracted a small scale, having a range of ten pounds, from his pocket and proceeded to weigh our prize trophy.

We paused for a moment to watch and were much embarrassed when the face of the scales registered exactly two and one-half pounds. Then with another sinister look in our direction he resumed his seat upon the grass amid the roars from the fellows on the porch.

A wholesome desire to see poppies—mature poppies growing above those professional faces, shook our very souls and anger surged rampant. Speechless, we hurried to the washroom and occupied a separate table at dinner. If our mutual expressions could have killed, neither the scientists would have lived to enjoy another half-hour nor would this story have been written.

The following morning broke clear and calm. The surface of the water was like glass. Every movement we made warned the fish. They were no doubt swimming lazily around down below laughing at our efforts to lure them. We finally gave up fly casting and held a long consultation on the proper manner in which to annihilate a scientist—whether he should be slowly burned in oil, hanged, poisoned or electrocuted. We were unable to decide.

The fishing bug persisted. I tied two fly lines together, added a nine-foot gut leader and attached a beautiful shell spoon about four inches long that had been given to me by Judge Sperry of Los Angeles.

I let out a hundred feet of line as my friend rowed slowly back and forth past the mouth of Pelican Creek, allowing the spoon to mingle with some particularly attractive lily pads. It seemed of no avail, so I lay back in the stern of the boat and my friend rested on his oars. We were still mentally picturing a fitting end for the two professors as we drifted slowly.

Suddenly all slack in my line vanished with a jerk, nearly causing my heart to leap from its position beneath my shirt.

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed my companion as I struggled to an upright position in the boat. "Hold him—it must be a whale!"

I was hardly braced when the fish broke water like a porpoise—opening the fight with a fighting air flop that would have done credit to a barracuda.

The preliminaries over, that fish began to perform with a series of rushes, lightning-like darts, and broke water several times.

He was a beauty, and each time his silvery body shot to the surface my heart

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Our improved process of treating wings keeps them from wilting, whipping out or absorbing water. Last much longer than other flies. Now on market three years.

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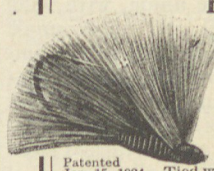

Patented Jan. 15, 1924

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throbs would almost paralyze me. He started to run. Conscious of my frail leader I feared trying to check him.

My friend, an expert boatman, maneuvered our craft and yelled advice. Mr. Trout had decided to return to his home in the lily pads and we were equally determined he would return to camp with us.

We battled for thirty soul-racking minutes before finally he was brought alongside the boat, exhausted. Two feet from the side he rallied and made another run.

Cautiously we brought him back, and this time my friend gaffed him and threw him aboard.

He was indeed a beautiful fish. A bright silver with little iridescent lights playing all over his body. Clasping hands my friend and I sat silently congratulating ourselves, admiring the fish and offering up mute praise to Lady Luck.

All desire to continue fishing was overcome by the all-consuming passion to take him back to camp.

We beached the boat and carried the fish, his tail dragging on the walk, right up to the front porch.

The scientists were just where we had met them the day before. Without a moment's hesitation I walked up to them, and throwing the fish on the ground before them exclaimed with all the caustic I could muster:

"There, damn you, weigh that one!"

The one who had been so obliging the previous day, threw up his hands horrified.

"My word," he gasped, "what an impossible fish!"

The porch crowd roared. With us, this time.

"Well, break out your little trick scales and try them on this fellow," urged my friend.

The professors were speechless.

"Well, then, come on around to where there are some man-sized scales and give your eyes a treat," I continued.

The fish weighed exactly twenty-two and one-half pounds. Local authorities pronounced him a "Silverside Trout." He was probably a Rainbow, as this species grow large in the Klamath region.

An hour later we were rewarded by seeing the scientists leaving the camp, bag and baggage, with not so much as a nod of recognition for us.

It is in conclusion that I make a fervent plea to bar exact weight scales from fishing camps, as they not only ruin the disposition of the members but take much of the joy and romance from angling.

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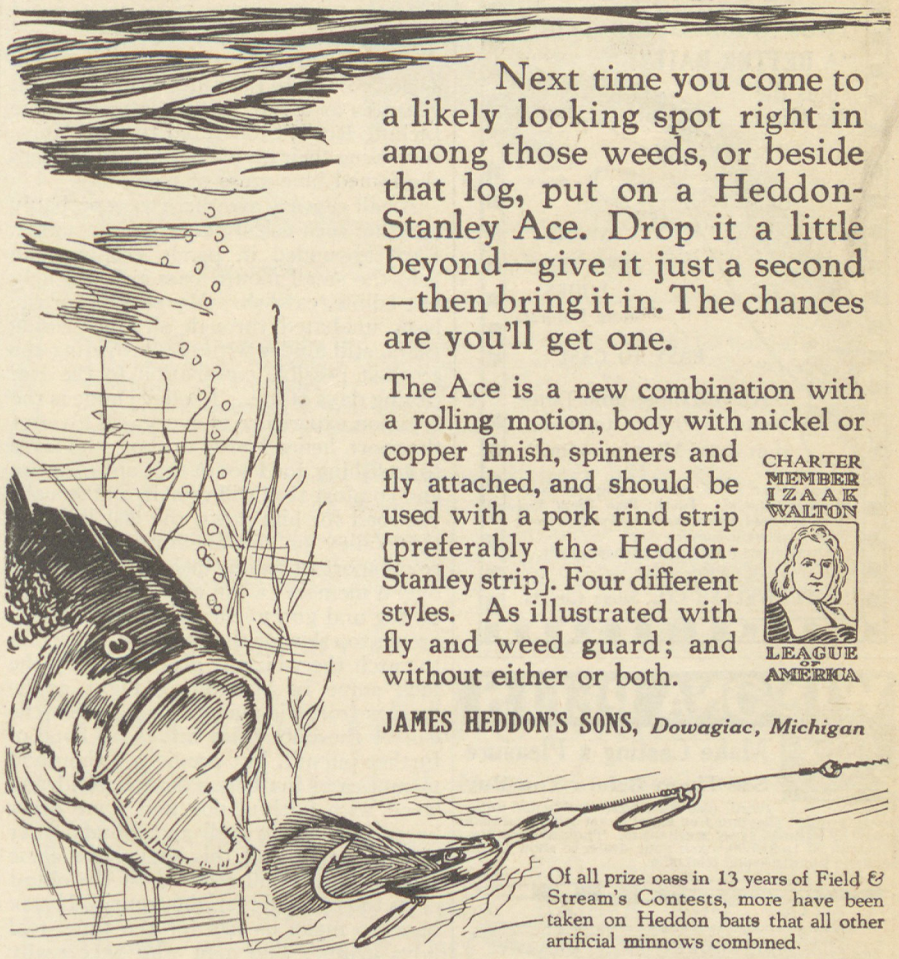
If not, write National Headquarters.

I. W. L. A.

For That— Likely Looking Spot



Next time you come to a likely looking spot right in among those weeds, or beside that log, put on a Heddon-Stanley Ace. Drop it a little beyond—give it just a second—then bring it in. The chances are you'll get one.

The Ace is a new combination with a rolling motion, body with nickel or copper finish, spinners and fly attached, and should be used with a pork rind strip [preferably the Heddon-Stanley strip]. Four different styles. As illustrated with fly and weed guard; and without either or both.

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Heddon Made — *Well* Made

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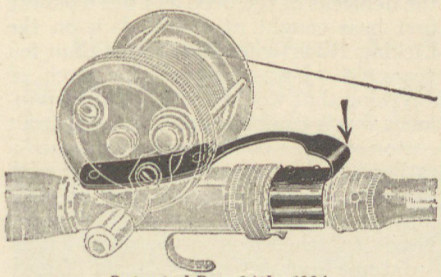

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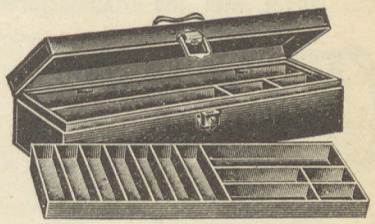

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"A BETTER BAIT"
Fools the
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Weight: About ½ ounce

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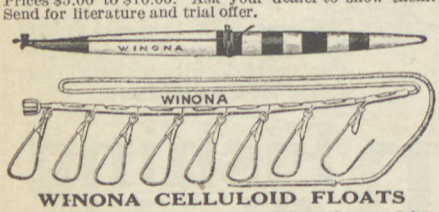

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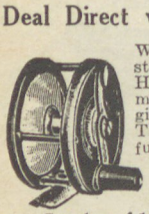

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Two of a Kind

By Henry Creel

I HAVE been following the bass waters for now more than fifty years, my first ventures as a boy being confined to the Licking River, Stoner and the Elk Horn, traversing their matchless valleys through the famed blue grass of Kentucky.

A half century ago there were probably no other such fish streams in our country. Each abounded in perch, croppie, sun fish, the small mouth bass and, the ugly but edible, cat fish. My passion for the bass, unabated through all the passing years, still abides with me, providing the greatest possible consolation to the fast closing days of life. I believe mine is the common experience of every real lover of the sport, hence I envy the boy who loves to go fishing, for I see in that one pleasure and comfort that will remain and smooth the road for him down the last hill into the Valley of the Shadow. When the royal sport of riding to hounds becomes only a memory; when age forbids the use of dog and gun afield; when the eye has grown too slow or the hand too uncertain to catch the whizzing grouse or stop the jack snipe in his zig-zag flight as he springs from his marshy table; when the call of the bob white brings no hope of further pursuit, but provides a thousand memories of matchless days in field and wood with faithful dog and some other bosom friend to aid and share your pleasure; when all this shall have come to pass, there still remains to the oldest of us the rod and reel, the trout and black bass, to make us feel for the time, real boys again. The man who once really loved the sport and can, when age assails him but health remains, feel no thrill at the mighty rush at his well placed lure, had just as well be dead, for there is no real life left in him. I wish to be taken home and buried when it happens to me.

I have caught the tuna and tarpon and great sea bass on rod and reel, but I care little for sea fishing, for, in my opinion, more labor than art or skill is involved in it, and I get no such thrill from any of the denizens of the deep as I did from my first bass caught at a mill dam on the Licking River when I was less than ten years old. I was "fishin'" for perch, or anything that would "bite." My equipment was a common cane pole, a stout cotton string, a bottle stopper cork, and a rather small common hook, baited with earth worms. I did not see the cork move—it just disappeared, and the rod was nearly snatched from my careless hands. I did not know what I had hold of until he leaped from the water. I would not have lost him for a farm. He had swallowed the hook and could not escape. By main force I landed him, and he weighed, at the mill near by, a bit over two and one-half pounds.

There was not on the earth that day, nor has there been since, a boy or man as proud as I was when I showed my fish to the home folks.

That started me bass fishing, and I,

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have been at it every opportunity since. My wandering in the search has led me along many waters, in many of the states. It would be vain to guess at how many I have caught in these many years. But I do know that I never caught but two small mouth bass that weighed as much as five pounds each, and the remarkable thing about that catch was that these two fish were caught above Shephardstown on the Potomac River, within thirty minutes of each other, on a very hot afternoon in July. I was using a six-ounce nine-foot fly rod, and a small spoon revolving around a buck tailed hook. My boat was some forty feet from the bank against which I was casting. I was not using the spoon as in fly casting, but would on recovery, let it fall in the waters of the river from which it was lifted in making the cast. Beneath the shade of a tree a great rock protruded itself into the edge of the stream. I cast the lure on the bank about six inches from the water and lightly jerked it into the stream, and, while it was not over twelve inches from the shore, it was struck with great force and carried like a flash under the boat. The line was soon cleared and a beautiful fight ensued in the deep waters, free from obstructions. On landing him I knew he was the largest I had ever caught, and was of perfect form, a feature somewhat rare in a large fish of this species.

My boatman pulled slowly down the river, and I, being satisfied with my catch, let out a long line trolling the spoon, and sat down for a comfortable smoke. When in deep water near a jutting cape extending some thirty feet into the river, and at a spot where for days and weeks—as I was told—men were seen fishing for a large bass whose leaping from the stream was observed every evening through the season. He would heed no sort of lure or bait.

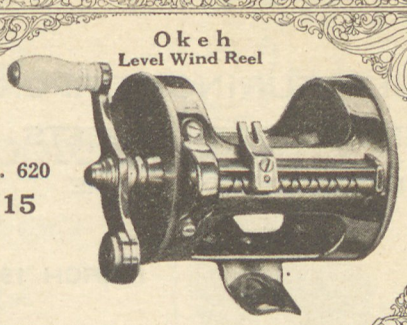
Forgetting my troll, I asked the boatman to take me across the river to Mint Spring. He turned about at a right angle, and, of course, the spoon went to the bottom. When the straightening line raised it toward the surface, and while the lure was coming up, it was struck with such force that my carelessly guarded reel was jerked from its place and fell at my feet. I quickly caught the line, raised the point of the rod and felt the fish and knew he was a large and very active one.

The reel has little to do in landing a fish on fly-casting tackle. Proceeding with no regard for the displaced reel, the fish was exhausted by the time we reached mid-stream, and netted with no difficulty. I was amazed at the perfect equality in size and form and coloring of the two.

Refreshing ourselves at the cool spring we went at once to Shepardstown, and walking up the street with these two fish on the string, we were followed by half the men and all the idle boys in town to the grocery store in the hotel, where, removing the string I placed both fish in the scoop on the counter scales and they weighed not a full ounce over ten pounds. Taking one out, the other pressed the scale at exactly five pounds. No human eye could have observed the slightest difference in them.

I have caught the large-mouth bass

(Continued on page 71)



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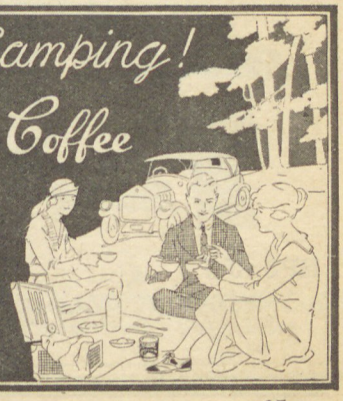
76 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK



BOND MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
MONROE & FIFTH STREETS
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

MARCH 19, 1925

Izaak Walton League of America,
530 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:-

It gives us great pleasure to enclose, herewith, our check for five dollars ($5.00) to cover membership fee in the Izaak Walton League of America. We have noted with considerable interest the work that you have been doing and are extremely happy that we may be able to cooperate in this small way.

There seems to be no question to our mind that a campaign to make the American people realize that fish and game are a part of their natural resources is extremely desirable, for it removes the whole project from the status of so-called class legislation to a fundamental economic basis. We believe it highly important that this work not only be continued, but that it shall be even more positive, for not only will benefit accrue to the various industries which are concerned with this subject, but what is far more valuable, an exact return will be given to the country as a whole.

If there is anything that we can do to further this subject in this vicinity, please do not hesitate to call upon us.

Very truly yours,

BOND MANUFACTURING CORPORATION,

(Signed) H. P. Scott, Jr.,

President.

HPS:JS

Brothers of the Angle

An editorial from the Washington Evening Star

Fishermen here and everywhere will rejoice to learn that President Coolidge was misquoted as to a conviction that fishing is a pastime appropriate only to childhood and as to a lack of comprehension as to why grown men spend their vacations on fishing expeditions. It seems that what Mr. Coolidge really meant to convey was that he himself, with his own youthful and adult preferences in mind, had always thought of fishing as a sport connected with childhood, which is quite a different matter. There are thousands of people who will understand and sympathize with the President's clarified and corrected comments. On the other hand, there are many thousands who are totally unable to appreciate the fact that "once a fisherman" does not mean "always a fisherman."

Fishermen are born, not made, and if one is so born, a fisherman he remains to the end. Nearly every one has fished at some time or other; that does not mean the person is a fisherman. The Chief Executive himself dropped his carefully spat-upon barnyard tackle in the brooks and ponds of Plymouth when he was a lad, but it evidently did not "take." Some men who never landed a fish until they had reached middle-age have discovered, none the less, that they were born fishermen.

A true angler's love of his art—for art it is—cannot be explained to a non-angler; one can never get the viewpoint of the other. Fishing is a sport of childhood, but not of childhood only. A boy can do it, but a man can do it better. That there is in essence nothing childish about it—that it is a real man's game—is evidenced by its pursuit at the hands of such men as Grover Cleveland, Zane Grey, Christopher North, Emerson Hough, Henry Van Dyke, Joseph Jefferson, Dr. Henshall, Will H. Dilg, Earl Grey of Fallodon and dozens of others who will come readily to mind. Some of these men caught fish ranging in size all the way from 6-inch speckled trout in New England meadow or woods brooks up to broadbill swordfish which in battles of many hours' duration, severely taxed the physical stamina of their captors, and it would be hard to say which end of the gamut they enjoyed the most.

Some one once said that the thrill of hooking and playing a game fish persists with mankind longer and in the face of more physical disabilities than any other pleasure. Diminution of a man's strength, eyesight or hearing may bring him to the point at which no field sport except fishing is possible. But as long as he is able to sit in a boat or on a bank and hold a rod, nature holds in store for him pleasurable hours, provided always, of course, that he himself be that work of nature, a born fisherman.

Results mean more advertising. Help our Advertisers get results.

Lefever

NITRO-SPECIAL
ONLY $29.00
(IN U. S.)

O.K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun — first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

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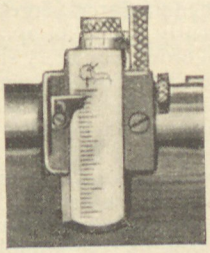
No. 48-W
Micrometer Receiver Sight
for the new
WINCHESTER
Model 54 .270



Enables you to take full advantage of this new gun's long range accuracy and speed. This sight is supplied as extra equipment with rifle if specified; or can be ordered separately through your dealer or C. O. D. Very easily mounted.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation
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They Better Your Aim

Hoppe's

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No 9

MAKES gun-cleaning a joy. Gets every speck of primer salt—all powder soot and stain. Dissolves metal fouling and leading. Prevents rust, keeps up resale value. Send 10c stamp for sample.
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Ask your Dealer. Write us for Free Guide.

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NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes old guns like new
Easily applied with a brush. No heating is necessary. Restore the finish on 5 guns in ten minutes for..... **$1.00**
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Dept. L-6 BRADFORD, PA

With the Trap Shooters

Edited by Jack Smith

Sec. W. A. T. A.

Jack Franklin, of Denver

The trapshooting season is now under full swing, some of the state tournaments have been held and a great many others are scheduled for the month of June. More tournaments have been registered this season than for several years, and the average attendance at these shoots has risen above all previous records. This dispels the fear, expressed in some quarters, that the advent of a second governing body would prove harmful to the game.

GREAT WESTERN HANDICAP

Plans had been made to stage this big event in Grant Park, Chicago, Ill., the week of June first. The objection of a great many shooters to shooting over water was responsible for the selection of the Hawthorne Race Track as a new location. This change necessitated moving the dates up one week to May 25-26-27-28-29-30. As a shooting grounds Hawthorne is without a peer, there is every accommodation for contestant and spectator, and it is believed the use of this beautiful racing plant as a shooting grounds will attract a record breaking entry. The guaranteed purse of $1,000 to the Great Western Handicap winner is the largest cash purse ever offered at a trapshooting contest. The numerous diamond trophies, fashioned from the corporate seal of the Western Association will be highly prized by the lucky winners.

REISING .22 *Automatic*

ON THAT VACATION TRIP
take a
REISING
America's Premier Sporting Pistol

Packed with Extra Magazine and Cleaner

Contains features to be had in no other .22 Automatic

Simplicity of Construction—
Cleans at the Breech—
Has a visible Hammer—
Fool-proof when magazine is removed—
Shoots more shots without reloading than any other Automatic Pistol—
Can be used as a single shot—
Reising .22 Automatic Pistols are beautiful specimens of the best mechanical workmanship, perfectly balanced, of unequalled shooting quality—
Fully Guaranteed—
Unsurpassed as a sidearm for Trappers and Hunters—
Absolutely positive for target shooting.

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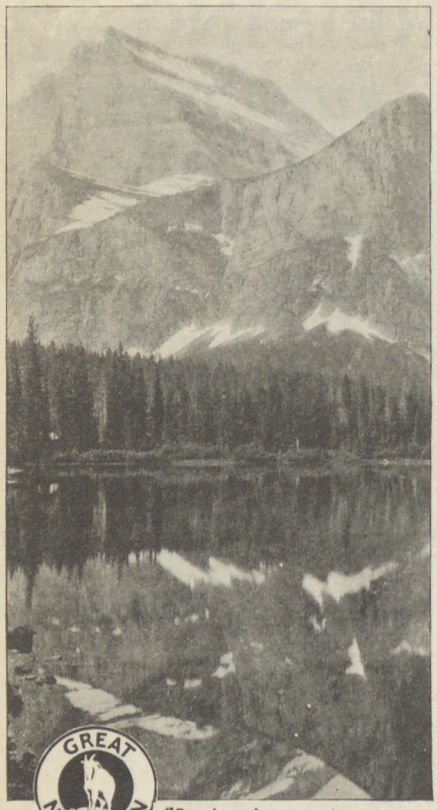

Glacier
NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15 to September 15

MAGIC moonlight nights. Days of thrilling sport and gorgeous scenery. Luxurious, restful loafing. Enjoy them to the full this summer in this magnificent Rocky Mountain million acres. Bring the family. Excellent food and comfortable accommodations in the fine hotels or rustic chalets. Or you may camp out, close to the Blackfeet Indians.

The Northwest
Via the New Oriental Limited

Eastbound from the Pacific Northwest, or westbound from Chicago, you can travel direct to the gates of Glacier National Park on the superbly equipped New Oriental Limited or other fine Great Northern trains. Arrange for Glacier Park tour—all-expense-paid—of 1 to 7 days or longer, or a Glacier-Yellowstone circuit tour.

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Great Northern has the longest cinderless mileage of any railroad in the Northwest—1,100 miles behind giant, oil-burning locomotives—crosses the Rockies by the lowest and easiest pass. Open top observation cars in both directions through the Rockies and Cascades this summer.

For free books and information, apply any ticket or tourist agent, any Great Northern Railway office, or A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Mgr., St. Paul, Minnesota.

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Route of the New Oriental Limited
Finest Train to Pacific Northwest—No Extra Fare

THIS CLEAR, STEADY, ACCURATE, POWERFUL **6-Power Vest-Pocket Telescope**

A wonderful little 'scope for beach, woods, motor boats, hunting, athletic games and general use.

$2 Postpaid with soft leather case!

Length closed, 3¼ in.; max. diam., 1 3-16 in

EVERY ONE BRAND NEW
and GUARANTEED by both this company and the maker

Made by Wollensak, one of the world's finest makers of lenses and optical goods. Tried and tested and found O.K. by *over* ten thousand sportsmen last year. No bigger'n a jackknife, easily carried in vest pocket, yet a powerful, precise monocular that brings distant objects close, in full detail, without the "vibration" present when higher power telescopes are used. Adjustable twice as quickly as binoculars. Nothing cheap in appearance or construction. Mighty neat, black, baked-in-enamel, with non-slip grip. Fine soft leather case with glove snap free with every 'scope. $2 prepaid. Money back if not thoroughly satisfied in every respect.

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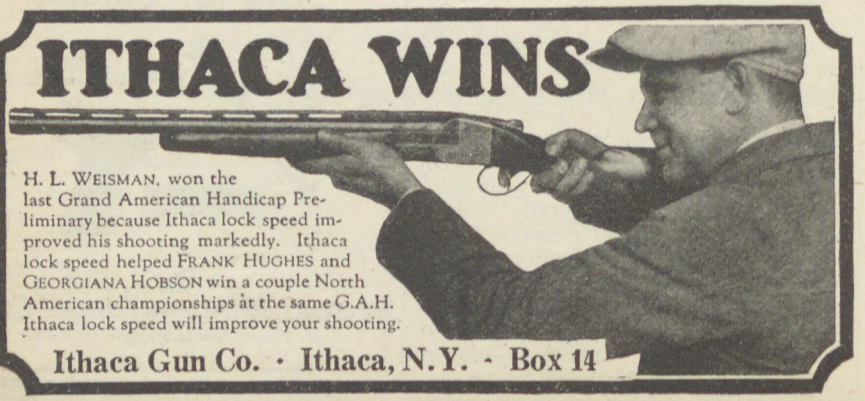
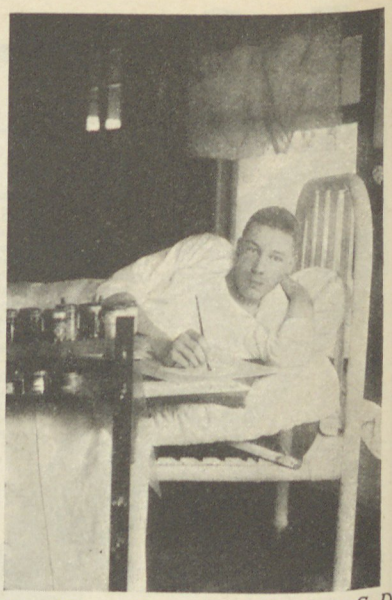


H. L. WEISMAN, won the last Grand American Handicap Preliminary because Ithaca lock speed improved his shooting markedly. Ithaca lock speed helped FRANK HUGHES and GEORGIANA HOBSON win a couple North American championships at the same G.A.H. Ithaca lock speed will improve your shooting.

Ithaca Gun Co. · Ithaca, N.Y. · Box 14



Walter Harvey, Sportsman, Aberdeen, S. D.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

In view of the fact that the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association is operating on a strictly amateur basis, without financial assistance from the manufacturers, president Franklin recently issued an appeal for life members in order that every shooter who sympathizes with the movement to maintain an organization of this kind may have an opportunity to share in the support. The appeal has met with a prompt and generous response from shooters in all parts of the country, and the Association is now assured of finances to carry on its plans for the stimulation of greater interest in trapshooting activities. A Straight Life Membership is within reach of all at $10.00, there is a Contributing Life Membership at $100.00.

12 YEAR OLD SHOOTING STAR

Little Jack Franklin, of Denver, who has not yet reached his thirteenth birthday, is, without doubt, the greatest shot of his age this country of great shots has ever produced. Although he weighs less than 70 pounds, he shoots a regulation 12 gauge trap gun. Fifty straight is a brilliant performance for a seasoned performer, but it is a common occurrence for this little fellow. Recently, on a windy day at the Lakewood Country Club traps, his Father promised him a life membership in the Western Association if he could break 95 of the 100 targets on the program, he turned in a score of 97 for high gun and the life membership. A year ago he won an A. T. A. life membership by breaking 50 straight under difficult conditions. In his recent performance he broke the last 75 straight. During the recent Uncle Dud tournament, conducted by the News-Times, he made the High five team in eight of the twelve contests, and three times was high gun. On several occasions he has turned in high score over the great Rush Raze. Certainly an enviable accomplishment for anyone. His wonderful shooting is not confined to his work at the traps, he shoots a rifle or six shooter equally well. In a recent performance, for the benefit of Capt. A. H. Hardy,

Don't be afraid to tell our Advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"The Finest Gun in the World"

Made for those who know and appreciate the best. Correct models for every kind of shooting, in 12-, 16- and 20-gauge—including the SUPER-FOX, the original long-range wildfowl gun. Write for illustrated catalogue.

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4659 N. 18th Street, Philadelphia

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SOLVOL
Solvent-lubricant
cleans, preserves

Pistols, rifles, fishing tackle and all fine mechanisms. Removes powder residue and rust. Prevents rust. Lubricates.

All sportsmen and all households need SOLVOL. Keep a bottle handy. You'll like it.

Ask your dealer. Three-oz. size, 25c. By mail add 10c for postage.

The Solvol Company, Culver, Ind.

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ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Sioux Bead Work and Baskets, wholesale and retail. Priced catalog.

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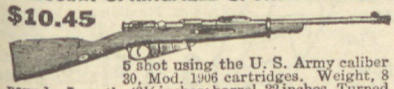
RUSSIAN SPRINGFIELD SPORTING RIFLE
$10.45



5 shot using the U. S. Army caliber 30, Mod. 1906 cartridges. Weight, 8 pounds. Length, 42½ inches; barrel, 22 inches. Turned down bolt handle. Special price, $10.45. Ball cartridges, hard nose, $3.50 per 100. Web cart. Belt, 40 cents. **Tents, cots, Mosspans,** canteens, **Knapsacks,** haversacks, **Outing Suits,** hats, helmets, **Saddles,** bridles, **Bugles,** lariats, **Medals,** etc. **15 Acres Army Goods. New Catalog 1925, 60th Anniversary** issue, 372 pgs., fully illustrated, contains pictures and historical information of all American Military guns and pistols (incl. Colts) since 1775, with all World War rifles Mailed 50c. Est. 1865. **Spec. New Circular** for 2c stamp.
Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York City

Genuine COLT $11.50

F. O. B. Phila.

Calibre .45 Frontier Model. Single Action. Slightly used. Fine condition. Cartridges box of 50, $2.

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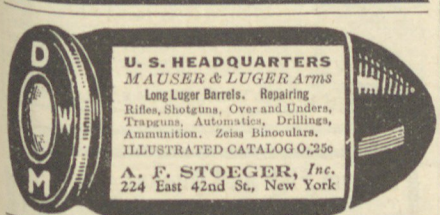
1627-CM, No. 10th St., Phila., Pa.



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THE WORLD'S BEST!

Sporting goods, binoculars, telescopes, body armor, ultra modern arms, etc. Catalog AB free.
Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

he made 13 consecutive bulls-eyes on a regulation target in 20 seconds shooting offhand at 20 yards with a small bore rifle. He puts three holes in an apple tossed in the air, and can put two holes in an apple thrown. Jack is not a freak, just a healthy normal boy who has practiced shooting since he was four years old. He likes to play marbles with the other kids, but, he promises to be one of the world's greatest shooting stars.

The Western Amateur Trapshooting Association was formed thru a desire, on the part of Western trapshooters, to create a revival of interest in the sport. Trapshooting in recent years has suffered a severe decline in interest. In nineteen twenty-one about 15,000 affiliated shooters shot registered targets. In nineteen twenty-four the membership dwindled to about one-half that number, in spite of the fact a permanent trapshooting home was opened at Dayton, Ohio. While this was happening to trapshooting, golf and other amateur sports were enjoying a steady increase in patronage. That is conclusive evidence that financial conditions did not affect the trapshooting situation. As this article is merely a description of conditions, we will not theorize as to the cause. At this early date the year 1925 promises to be a banner one in trapshooting history. Reports from both associations reveal the fact that many new Gun Clubs are being organized, particularly in connection with Izaak Walton League chapters. The number of tournaments, registered up to date, shows a large increase over previous years. In some quarters a fear was expressed that the formation of a second association would hurt the game, and a few shooters believed the Western Association would adopt a policy of antagonism to the A. T. A. To dispel that belief, and in the hope of working out a plan whereby both associations would work in perfect harmony, the Western Association was instrumental in bringing about a meeting of all concerned. The meeting was held in New York, April 28th; the Western Association offered to join with the A. T. A. in forming a National Amateur Trapshooting Association, both associations to retain their identity, and both to be equally represented on the National Board of Control. The A. T. A. representatives insisted on the disintegration of the Western Association. That unreasonable demand ended the meeting that had held such promise of being a complete success.

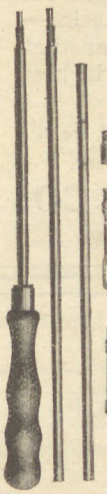
The Trap Editor is delighted with the number of Izaak Walton League chapters that have organized Gun Clubs as a means of bringing the members together for a little recreation and pleasure. It has been a pleasure to have helped with this work. Don't hesitate to write for information at any time.

This department is trying to boost trapshooting and will gladly publish news items from either association.

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

MARBLE'S
Cleaning Implements

Every good sportsman knows that a dirty gun will not shoot true; he also knows that seven out of ten guns rust out before they wear out. Marble's Gun Cleaning Implements, therefore, are his best assurance against disappointment.



Jointed Rifle Rod
The best general purpose rod made. Packs in small space, yet when screwed together is as firm as a one-piece rod. Can't wobble, bend or break. Three brass sections, with two steel joints and steel swivel at its end. Brass or steel, 26, 30 and 36 inches long, $1.25. State caliber and length desired.

Rifle Cleaner
Thoroughly cleans without injuring the finest rifle. Removes all lead, rust, or powder residue. Made of brass gauze washers on a spirally-bent spring-tempered steel wire. Fits any standard rod, 50 cents. State caliber wanted.

Field Cleaner
Same as rifle cleaner, with cords attached to each end so it may be pulled through the bore of the rifle. Designed for field use. 75 cts. State caliber wanted.

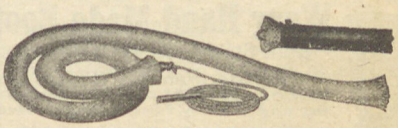
Anti-Rust Ropes
When saturated with oil, prevent rusting or pitting—perfect protection for any gun. One oiling lasts a year. For shot guns or rifles, 60 cents; revolvers, 30 cents. State gauge or caliber wanted.

Nitro Solvent Oil
This wonderful oil keeps your outing equipment free from rust. Quickly dissolves residue of all powders. A perfect lubricant. 2-oz. bottle, 30 cents; 6-ounce can, 60 cents; mail 10 cents extra. Sample free.

The full Marble's line includes also Axes, Knives, Waterproof Matchboxes, Compasses, Gun Sights, etc. If your dealer can't supply you, write for catalog and prices.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
5731 Delta Avenue, Gladstone, Michigan

Rifle Cleaner



Anti-Rust Rope

816

When!—

When the weather begins to get good—when the trees begin to blossom, when the fish begin to bite.

Then is the time when you think about getting out of doors—when you think of getting along that babbling brook or rushing freshet.

When you go—go right. Wear Bass Rangeley Moccasins—the kind of footwear that makes a good time—the best time.

Send for Catalog "O" and see the many styles we have to offer. One of them is illustrated.

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Wilton, Maine

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waterproof clothing

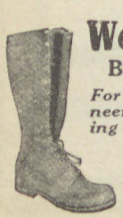
Here's the famous Alligator coat for all-'round sport and business wear. Made of balloon cloth, absolutely waterproof, can be carried in small roll without injury to coat, weighs only 24 ounces.

Perfect protection from dust and wind as well as rain

The name Alligator is your guide to a wide selection of styles and models for sport and everyday wear for men, women and children.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere

Alligator Clothing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.



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Built Strictly to Your Measure

For Fishing, Hunting, Hiking, Engineering. Also light, cool boots for camping and touring for men and women.

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OUTING FOOTWEAR CO.
714 W. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Waltonian Nook

(Continued from page 48)

That tells the story. Carl Simon, in short, is the kind of a man you would like to go hunting or fishing with—a six foot square shooter who will make a splendid national executive secretary.

What Michigan has done recently for conservation, is briefly told in the following paragraphs.

The Pearson timber tax bill to encourage commercial reforestation by providing a nominal tax of 5 or 10 cents an acre while growing and a 25 per cent stumpage tax when the timber matures.

The Penney act to allow searching of hunting equipment.

The Truettner bill to fix the deer season from Nov. 15 to Nov. 30.

The Ming bill to shorten to five days the open season on partridge and to limit the bags on various game.

The Ming bill to allow the conservation commissioner to open and close seasons in cases of emergency.

The Harris bill increasing hunting license fees from $1 to $1.25.

The McKenzie bill fixing a closed season for black bear.

The Richardson bill providing that guns may not be carried in the woods without a permit.

The Ming bill to authorize the conservation department to exchange state lands adaptable to farming for property adaptable only to recreation, thereby adding to the tax collections of counties in which state farming lands are located.

Bryant, S. D. April 28, 1925.—The mouse which challenged the sovereignty of the lion, in the age-old fable, had no more courage than has the Bryant, South Dakota, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America which has recently challenged the world to equal its record in "Waltonizing" the Bryant community. The Bryant Chapter, which incidentally was one of the first to organize in the Sunshine State boasts "the largest Izaak Walton League Chapter in the World" and it bases its contention on the fact that it has 125 active members, which gives the town the percentage of "21% Waltonian" since the total population is approximately six hundred.

Nor is size the only claim which the Bryant, South Dakota, Chapter makes for a place on the honor role of Waltondom. A committee of organizers from the Bryant Chapter visited DeSmet, a town eighteen miles to the South, early this spring and installed a chapter of the

Has Your Chapter A Convention Report?

Thousands of
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MEMBERS
were constant users of
ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE
in the World War

Do you remember the long hikes, the tiresome drills of your army days when **Allen's Foot-Ease** gave relief to your sore tired feet? Over 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our army and navy during the war. To-day this antiseptic, healing powder will give the same soothing, healing relief to tired, swollen, aching, sweating feet, painful corns and bunions. Shake **Allen's Foot-Ease** into your shoes in the morning, and walk all day in comfort. **Allen's Foot-Ease** is a most necessary part of every sportsman's equipment. *Get a box to-day at any Drug or Department Store.* Trial package **FREE.** Address, **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.**

MATTERN'S IMPROVED APPROVED **Sinker**

To adjust your line FOR DEPTH in Ocean, Gulf, River or Where the Tide Ebbs and Floods.

Fits every fishing trip. May be VARIED INSTANTLY from 2 to 8 oz. No sliding or backlashing when casting. Circular mailed on request. From your dealer or

Catch More Fish
Lose Less Bait

3 for $1.00 DIRECT BY MAIL

MATTERN MFG. CO.
GERMANTOWN, Phila., Pa.

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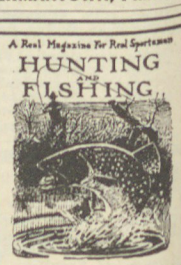
is a monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine, **only $1.00** for THREE WHOLE YEARS, or send 25c in stamps or coin for six months trial.

Hunting & Fishing Magazine
274 Newbury St. Boston, Mass.



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French's Cigarette is mild, mellow and of superb quality. We supply quality cigarettes and smoking tobacco direct from factory to smoker. Send $1.40 for carton, 120 cigarettes, and we'll send **FREE** a 75c Ejector holder. Limited introductory offer.

French Tobacco Co., Dept. M, Statesville, N.C.

Attract Fish and Ducks!

To your favorite haunts by planting Terrell's Wild Celery, Sago Pond Plant, Water Lilies, Wild Millet, Duck's Meat, Duck Potato now. Immediate delivery. Free planting advice.

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
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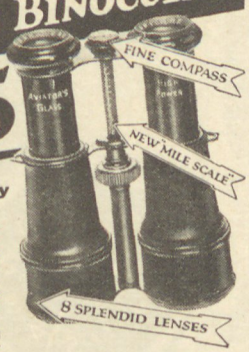
Act NOW!
Only 500 French AVIATOR'S BINOCULARS



$7.95 at While they last!

These are all we have left of a lot of genuine imported Champiere field glasses bought when the French rate of exchange was lowest. "Champiere" always guarantees optical and mechanical perfection.

See distant objects as though they were near you. Wonderful at prize fights, ball games, boat races, horse races, aboard ship, on hikes and auto trips. An ideal gift. This splendid glass has 8 lenses, of finest optical glass, over 1⅝ inches in diameter. Wonderful light gathering power and sharp definition. Middle bar graduated from 1 to 12 for quick reference.

Only Galilean Glass with 8 Lenses Selling Under $30.00

Only 4¾ inches high closed, 6½ inches extended. Great range. A good compass is attached to top bar. Tubes engraved, "High Power Aviator's Glass," or "Army Long Range." Each instrument equipped with neck-strap loops and supplied with handsome case and straps. A wonderful bargain. Only 500 more at $7.95. Order direct from this ad. Money back if not satisfied.

FREE Catalog of Over 200 Glasses

The world's finest binoculars, 3 to 24 power. Telescopes for sport, observation, target shooting, etc.

Write to America's Leading Binocular House

DU MAURIER CO., Dept. 106, Elmira, New York

See 8 Miles with these L.D. BINOCULARS

TEN DAY TRIAL

Now Only **$29.75** *Postpaid*

Genuine Leather Case and Straps

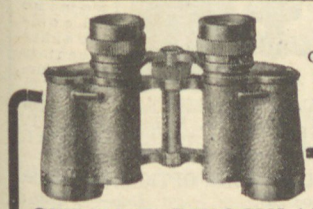
Your Money Back If Not Satisfied

Enjoy farther, wider, clearer vision than you ever expected, even with binoculars much higher in price. Europe's foremost manufacturer now provides 32 millimeter objective lenses—1 5/16″ diameter. This big, powerful lens gives you unsurpassed illumination and range of vision. You buy binoculars once—*buy a good pair*. This glass is the greatest value ever offered in our 42 years of experience. We *know* binoculars! Order Today. We guarantee satisfaction. Enclose Check, Money Order, or order C.O.D. Ask for L. D. (Long Distance) Binoculars. Just 271 at this special price. Act now!

Write for Catalog **Binoculars $5 and Up Optical Goods, Cameras**

Order from Chicago's Leading Optical House Since 1883

WATRY & HEIDKAMP Dept. 4F, 17 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



CARL ZEISS Wide-Angle Binoculars Magnifying Eight times

GET YOUR BINOCULARS NOW

Carl Zeiss Prism Binoculars should be in every sportsman's outfit. No better glasses made anywhere. Last a lifetime. Many enjoyable uses in both summer and winter. Order your Binoculars from us—the largest distributors in the West. Lowest prices. 22 models to select from. *Write today for Catalog and price list.*

HAANSTAD'S CAMERA SHOP
402 Sixteenth St. Denver, Colorado

SECRETARIES

Send for our samples attractive "Ike" Walton Chapter Stationery, Application Cards, Membership Record Cards, etc. Designed by active Secretary. The Storey-Bellack Co., "Ike Walton Printers." Wausau, Wisconsin.

League in that town. More recently, a "fish feed" was enjoyed by the members of the local chapter and the event proved to be the biggest community get-together held in Bryant for several years. Local sportsmen who are members of the League have also been instrumental in bringing to arrest several violators of the game law who have attempted to shoot game during the spring migration. Bryant has long been known in Northwestern hunting circles as a mecca for duck hunters and the vigilance of the Waltonians has resulted in decreasing game-law violation to its lowest point in the history of the community. As a result, ducks, geese, and pheasants are more plentiful around Bryant than ever before.

At the present time the local chapter is planning to organize several more chapters in near-by towns and it is expected by the time the State Waltonian Convention meets in May the Bryant sportsmen will have established a record which will be hard to beat. Chapters of the Izaak Walton League, anywhere, which believe they can equal or surpass the record of the Byrant Chapter are invited to accept this challenge through the columns of the OUTDOOR AMERICA magazine.

Two of a Kind

(*Continued from page 65*)

over ten pounds in weight, and any number of them in southern waters much over five pounds. It seems very remarkable to me that in fifty years fishing for the pleasure of it, whenever opportunity offered, and in all sizes of streams, lakes and rivers, in all sorts of climates, that the only small-mouth black bass weighing as much as five pounds ever taken by me was, as above stated, when these two were taken by me on the same afternoon within a half hour of each other, from the much over-fished waters of the Potomac, in a thickly settled part of the country, and where the laws for the protection of fish are inadequate and not rigorously enforced.

Everett E. Lowry

(*Continued from page 29*)

original of this cartoon is framed and hangs in Colonel Roosevelt's library at Sagamore Hill, together with two other cartoons of which he was particularly proud. Yours is the only American cartoon which he had on exhibition at his home.

"It would be very appropriate for us to have this famous cartoon in our collection, but as Mrs. Roosevelt is very fond of it, she has not cared to turn it over to us as she has so many of her other things. Of course, we should have this original drawing in Roosevelt House, but I can see no hope of securing it. Would you be willing to draw us a replica of the cartoon if we would give it a permanent place in our exhibition? It would indeed be a real tribute to the memory of Colonel Roose-

Russell's "Bogie"

RUSSELL "Bogies" of genuine moccasin type, have style, comfort and flexibility. Made in Edimoor calfskin or waterproofed veals, leather lined, fitted with RUSSELL'S patented toe seam. Solid layer of sole leather serves as a base for crepe soles. Calked or smooth leather sole if desired.

"Apache"

A general purpose moccasin for outdoor wear, light weight and durable. Pleasing color combination of tan maple pac, or chocolate and cream grey elk. Soles, maple pac, duflex or crepe rubber. Spring heels. Genuine moccasin construction. Will outwear any shoe.

Write for Catalog

Ask any dealer who sells sportsmen's boots and shoes to show you RUSSELL Moccasin Footwear. If he can not, write for our catalog and insist that he order them for you.

THE W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Wisconsin St. Berlin, Wis.

THE OUTER

A Hat Made Especially for the Outdoorsman

In the past the hat has been the neglected part of man's attire when afield.
The manufacturers of THE OUTER have made every effort to give you a hat that you will recognize as a feature. Every angle of outdoor service has been carefully considered in the designing of this hat—it combines the best quality of furs to make it practically waterproof and serviceable—it has the proper degree of brim-firmness to hold its shape under all conditions—it does not droop when wet or flap in the wind and has enough width to act as a sunshade.

Ideal for the Camper, Hunter, Hiker, Surf Caster, Lake Fisherman or Fly Caster.

When hunting in woodcock cover thickets THE OUTER does not continually get caught and pulled off the head and the firmness of the brim protects the eyes from the annoying switch of boughs.
Made in the color (Nutria) that blends with all the natural surroundings.

The Rummell Hat (Est. 1873) Newark, N. J.
6½, 6⅝, 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½, 7⅝
Circle Size

If you weigh under 160 lbs. order 4¼ x 2½
If you weigh over 160 lbs. order 4½ x 2¾

Enclose money order or bank draft for $7.00 or Hat shipped C. O. D. if desired.

Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State.....
Money refunded if not satisfied

"Dad, don't forget My Pal"~

Little Jack, like his experienced dad, makes sure that the equipment includes "Gold Medal" cots, chairs and a table.

Why? because "Gold Medal" construction insures the utmost in comfort, dependability and convenience. Every piece is strong, durable and light. It folds quickly, easily and compactly; and above all, it is comfortable.

For your protection, every piece of genuine "Gold Medal" carries the trade marked, brand name "Gold Medal." Sold by reliable dealers everywhere. Insist upon the genuine. Write for a copy of our

FREE 40 PAGE BOOK

"Comfort for Home and Camp" which describes Home and Camp uses of "Gold Medal."

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1753 Packard Avenue Racine, Wis.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG.
Folding~ Furniture

FOR CAMP — FOR 33 YEARS THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD — FOR HOME

velt, and would remain a permanent memorial to your success as a cartoonist."

The President himself in his autobiography had the following to say of the cartoon:

"There was one cartoon made while I was president that was always a great favorite of mine. It pictured an old fellow with chin whiskers, a farmer in his shirt sleeves, with his boots off, sitting before the fire reading the President's message. On his feet were stockings of the kind I have seen hung up by the dozen in Joe Ferriss' store at Medora in the days when I used to come to town and sleep in one of the rooms over the store. The title of the picture was 'His Favorite Author.' This was the old fellow whom I always used to keep in mind. He had probably been in the Civil War in his youth; he had worked hard ever since he left the army; he had been a good husband and father; he had brought up his boys and girls to work; he did not want to do injustice to any one else, but he wanted justice done to himself and others like him; and I was bound to secure that justice for him if it lay in my power to do so."

This is a mere incident in the interesting life of Everett E. Lowry, and we apologize for its inadequacy as a biographical sketch. We who know him personally, love him, not only for his many artistic achievements or his unflagging support of our national program to purify the waters of America, but for himself—he is a gentleman and a sportsman of the first degree.

A School in the Open

(Continued from page 25)

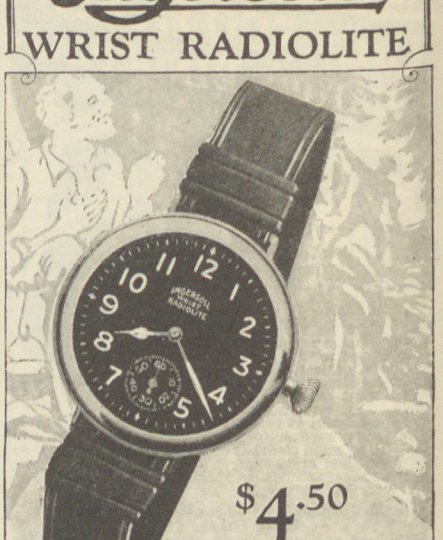
"Do you know what a weed is? Dr. Pammel says it is merely a plant out of place, or one that is injurious to agriture, and then proceeded in an hour's time within a mile of the tent to pick out, name and describe sixty-one different species of weeds.

"Last evening we were treated to an illustrated lecture on stars by President Morehouse, of Drake University. After it was over he took a class out to look at the stars through his telescope.

"The studies on the American Indian have been highly interesting. We have learned a great deal about the mounds and their contents, and also about the manner of life of the Indian, what he raised, and what he ate, the way he used the products of the forest to make him implements, his clothing and his house. Dr. Gilmore supervised a corn roast of the school one evening, and on another evening he was master of ceremonies at an "All-American" dinner, served at the Inn, the menu being:

Green milkweed soup
Fried catfish
Plain boiled potatoes
Green beans
Watercress salad
Corn bread, corn syrup, peanut butter
Wild plums, black walnuts and hickory nuts
Hot chocolate

Ingersoll
WRIST RADIOLITE



$4.50
Dependable

A serviceable wrist watch that stands the bumps of outdoor use better than higher priced, delicate watches Tells time in the dark.

BIASCOPE $5
Pocket Binocular

For short trips or long tours in every outdoor activity the efficient Biascope means added pleasure.

Biascope A, illustrated, $5; Biascope B, pupillary adjustment, $7. At your dealer's or direct postpaid. Money-back guarantee.

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL COMPANY
97-99 Clinton Ave., N Rochester, N. Y.

WEISS ALPINE BINOCULARS

The Telephone of Sight
Write for booklet telling how you can examine and compare these binoculars before purchasing.

Also free catalogues on ZEISS BINOCULARS, POCKET TELESCOPES, PRISM, TARGET, OBSERVATION and ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPES.

Manufacturer PAUL WEISS, OPTICIAN Importer
1620 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

Geneva Binoculars

"Brings the view close to you."

Take along a Geneva binocular—for motoring, yachting, tramping, bird study, and wherever there are things to see. Enjoy the thousands of views you would never have seen.

The finest glasses that money will buy. In the Geneva list of 17 styles you will find just the glass for your needs—at a price that absolutely can't be duplicated.

4 to 20 power $12 to $60

Send for the Geneva circular and price list. Then order the glass you want on ten days' trial. Every glass unconditionally guaranteed. Write today.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 30 Linden Street, GENEVA, N. Y.

"No sugar, nor coffee, nor butter, nor honey were served, as these products are of European origin. It was a unique feed, but everyone was a good sport and tackled everything presented.

"Another high light was our trip to Prairie du Chien, across the Mississippi from here. We were taken to the ruins of Fort Crawford, built in 1816, and the cemetery where many of the young officers and their youthful brides were buried. We saw the old stone buildings where the fur traders held forth over one hundred years ago. We visited the graves of Joseph Rolette and Hercules Dousman, the early agents of the Astor Fur Company, and were permitted to inspect the mansion of the Dousman's, a great structure filled with solid walnut furniture, French vases, and the walls hung with tapestry. The grand piano is said to have been the first in Wisconsin territory and was brought on horseback from Green Bay over ninety years ago.

"One day was Campfire and Boy Scouts' Day, with a grand council fire in the evening."

There were other things our enthusiastic friend told us, among them that in the student body were business men, school teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, stenographers, sportsmen, farmers, nurses, club women, college students, and many whole families.

But the thing that truly amazed us was his statement that the school had been holding annual sessions since 1918.

"Yes," said he, "can you believe it? A wonderful thing like this and so few people comparatively knowing about it. Because it is located right at our doors in Iowa, we have overlooked it and its fame is only slowly spreading over surrounding states. But when it receives a true appreciation from the public, these delightful and beautifully wooded Heights, towering above the 'Pocket City,' will be unable to hold it."

An annual event of the school, we learned, was a whole day's trip on one of the big Mississippi excursion steamers up-river through the famous Winneshiek Bottoms. The State Izaak Walton League was to convene in McGregor in a couple of days to take the trip with the Wild Life School.

We stayed over in McGregor for the boat trip, but more of that in another chapter.

This is May, 1925, and months of fall and winter's work since those August days of last summer had dimmed somewhat the memories of our wonderful visit to the 1924 Wild Life School, when a circular of the 1925 School was laid on our desk. There were pictures of "listening in" on the birds, motor boating, climbing Pike's Hill, motor camping, visiting the pearl hunters' camps, corn roasting, boating among the lotus lilies, and, best of all, of the wise, beauty-loving, gentle scientists of the faculty with their world of information to impart, and their joy in leading others to love and understand Nature as they do.

Presto! We were back on McGregor Heights with the stir of the wind in the oaks, the ravishing view of the great Father of Waters, the song of the Indigo Bunting, and the happy, Nature-loving people of the school in the woods.

EZY to put up
EZY to take down
EZY to pack and carry

Tent and BURCH AUTO BED roll easily into compact bundles for carrying on running board as illustrated below.

FROM ROAD TO CAMP IN 5 MINUTES

For a Comfortable, Snug Camp---the Burch Nifty Umbrella Tent

You can stand anywhere inside this tent—and it's large enough to hold two double beds with roomy comfort.

Made of genuine "Burch Bark" Balloon Cloth, the lightest, strongest water proof and mildew proof cloth made, the Nifty Umbrella Tent is safe, sound and secure in any wind or rain.

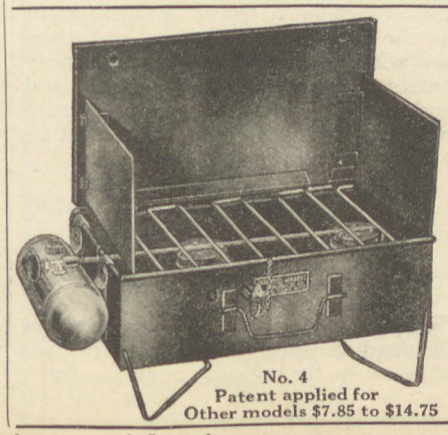
We are prepared to ship immediately on receipt of order—price is the lowest to be had on a tent of this first class quality.

Get our Catalogue

—illustrating tents for any size party, camp furniture and all equipment useful on tour.

It's Mailed Free

The F. J. BURCH
Manufacturing Company
243 Burch Building Pueblo, Colo.



No. 4
Patent applied for
Other models $7.85 to $14.75

The Prentiss-Wabers Feature Stove $5.85

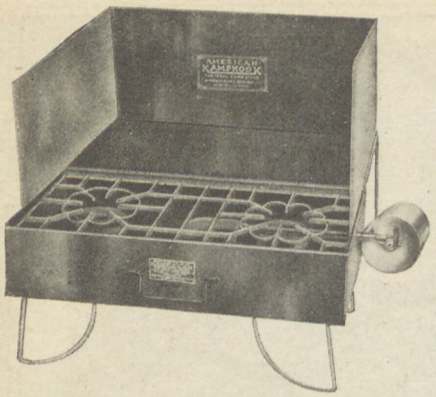
Most Amazing Value Ever Offered in Camp Stove

No loose parts. Simple to operate. 17 inch cooking space. Tank packs inside when not in use. Closed, it measures 17x9x5. Folds like a suitcase. Safe anywhere. The Campers' best friend.

To receive the most for your money, insist on Prentiss-Wabers' at your sporting goods dealer.

KAMP KOOK KIT

Prentiss-Wabers Products Co.
WISCONSIN RAPIDS WISCONSIN



Kampkook No. 4 is America's finest camp stove. Has 10½x19½ inch cooking surface, 10x19 inch warming shelf, folding adjustable wind-shield. Finished in baked olive drab enamel. Price in U. S. $10.50.

—Kampkook YOUR SUPPER!

Instead of a stifling, sweltering kitchen, substitute a picnic-site in the open—cooled by soothing, refreshing breezes. The drudgery of meal preparation is transformed into an appetizing pleasure—with *Kampkook*.

Here's Why Kampkook Leads:

1. Convenient as a gas range and faster.
2. Going full blast in two minutes in any weather.
3. Makes a hot, clean, spreading blue flame from motor gas—no smoke, soot or odor.
4. Nothing to break, nothing loose— simple to operate.
5. Instantly detachable tank with built-in funnel, easily filled. Always cool. No chance for leaks—absolutely safe.
6. Burners will not burn out or clog.
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11. Safe any place.
12. Good heater in damp, cool weather.
13. Folds like a suit case—ALL inside.
14. The original—the result of 29 years' manufacturing experience.

Send for your copy of ***Kampkookery*** *—a wonderbook of camping hints for the motor camper—free.*

In-built efficiency, dependability and sturdiness are a result of 29 years' manufacturing experience, and are largely responsible for *Kampkook's* popularity.

Four models, $7.00, to $14.30, at your sporting goods dealer.

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
838 Clark St.,
Albert Lea, Minn.

The dates of the 1925 School are August 8 to 20, inclusive, the bulletin announces. Readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA may consider themselves to be especially welcome to attend, firstly, because they are outdoor people, and secondly, because the Izaak Walton League of America is this year backing the Wild Life School with a gift of money and its sincerest interest.

Never mind about any educational requirements, or your age. Tutored and untutored alike are invited, and age limit is given in the bulletin as from one to eighty-five. "A nominal tuition fee of $5.00 is charged for adults and $2.50 for children fourteen and under. Special low rates are made for families." School supplies suggested are field glasses, a lunch box, kodak, and tramp clothes."

A Wisconsin Drainage Crime

(Continued from page 28)

legislator, every adult of these United States, every mother and father.

Read it, think about its naive, simple, almost terrifying truth, in face of reckless American destruction of the "heritage of the children."

"We were interested in articles about the Horicon Marsh because we are near enough to it to be vitally affected by whatever action is taken in the matter of flooding these forty thousand or more acres. We, as children of Wisconsin, are interested because we are the ones who will receive the most important benefits, should the marsh be made into a lake once more.

"The heritage of our grandfathers was the herds of buffalo and the flocks of pigeons. The heritage of our fathers is the flocks of geese and ducks, and the muskrat and mink. The buffalo and passenger pigeon are almost extinct. If the animals of today are not protected and provided for, what shall be left for us?

"We, as representatives of all the children of Wisconsin, ask to have the Horicon Lake restored. Voters of Wisconsin, you owe it to us, the children of tomorrow!"

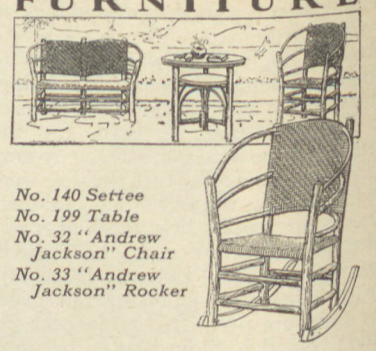
(Signed) The Kolsta School,
Brandon, Wis.

If the grade children of Wisconsin realize the possibilities for an out-door future in the restoration of these lonely acres, what can grown man do to make this realization a truth? Fight! Fight for the old heritage, the sight our fathers saw when, with rifle in hand and sturdy hearts, they gazed over the waste land and saw in their mind's eye a lake with waters blue, and wild fowl nesting at its weedy brink.

"Does not the voice of reason cry
Claim the first right which nature gives,
From the red scourge of desolation fly,
And claim our heritage for we who live."

There is no more to say. We fight not for the dollar, not for a name in the halls of fame, nor for the glory of man or state, but for the millions to come, the tomorrow of our boys and girls.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE



No. 140 Settee
No. 199 Table
No. 32 "Andrew Jackson" Chair
No. 33 "Andrew Jackson" Rocker

Old Hickory Invites You

OLD HICKORY brings to your porch or garden the spirit of the great outdoors. In the restful arms of an Old Hickory chair you can dream in comfort of the green canopy of the forest—listen to the song of the deep woods.

Old Hickory is part of nature itself. Sturdily built of strong, young hickory saplings, it is not only distinctive in appearance and unusually comfortable, but impervious to rain and weather conditions.

Coupling its appearance, comfort and added years of wear with its modest price, it offers the greatest values you can find in outdoor furniture. Your dealer can show you many designs or write for our catalog "G" showing many attractive patterns.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE CO.
AT MARTINSVILLE
MORGAN COUNTY INDIANA
"We furnish the great outdoors"

WHY PAY MORE?

Guaranteed Umbrella Tent DIRECT FROM FACTORY $24.75

WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

Full size 7½x7½. Entire tent made of a durable, guaranteed waterproof khaki duck. Complete with screened door and window, with rolled curtain over each, detachable canvas floor, awning extension, collapsible steel frame, jointed pole, steel stakes. Folds compactly—Easy to carry.

Order Now—SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address and pay expressman. Guaranteed as described and illustrated above or money back.

WEATHERPROOF CANVAS PRODUCTS CO.
1932 W. Canfield Detroit, Michigan

Running Down the Longitude

(Continued from page 21)

the longitude of the Little River and a year away from the girl who cried from a sense of devastating loneliness against the shoulder of Captain Summers' mother while her dry-eyed twin sister smiled and gripped tightly the hand of her own mother, the woman who had borne twin girls—the woman who could smile and keep her own council because she knew that the daughter who cried and the daughter who, dry-eyed, gripped her hand until the bones ached, were one and the same personality—and both would meet the same test in just the same way if it ever came.

Almost immediately the hurrying drag of the racing current at the head of the upper rapids took hold of the boats and they slid down the smooth pitch into white water to plunge through a roaring baptism of foam tipped breakers, threatened with momentary wreck sixty times a minute from the first breaking comber to the snarl of twisting currents in the foam flecked pool, half a mile down stream, where they slipped out of the smother of it all into placid deeps.

Captain David Summers, Pilot, stood up in his water splashed craft and waved his hat upstream—and four women waved back until his boat drifted behind the willow screen of the bend—David was gone.

In the leading boat, with its small flag staff bearing the University colors below the Red, White and Blue, David settled into the job behind his bow facing oars. He was to carry the flag to the gulf, to the Sawgrass Delta of a mighty river far down over the curve of the world from the Little River that glittered so blue and clean in the early fall sun. Just now it bore on its surface new fleets of sailing brown and red and yellow leaves, launched with prodigal hand by every puff of the lingering warm breeze which still held the last heat of the fading summer and smelled of dry, dead things whose life cycle had been rounded out to the finishment of ripening seed.

David in the wilderness was David in his own castle, where he knew and governed all as he would, for his was the power that comes from knowledge.

Without hesitation he led the way down the Little River through pool and shallows, along sun-flecked, leafstrewn reaches of still, deep water, where the catfish hibernated; the wind tossed down its leaf boats, and sunning muskrats combed their new fall fur as they sat on feeding log over a heap of submerged clamshells, spoils of their hungry raids among the bivalves which lived in the river-bottom sands.

As the boats slipped silently by, a red squirrel, feasting amid the ripe clusters of a yellow leaved wild grape, chattered his surprise and skurried up among the reaching limbs of a wide spreading oak, now turning brown and beginning to whisper raspingly in the last of the summer winds.

An inquisitive Blue Jay made it a point to cross the stream at tree top level, inspecting the flotilla as he passed; safe

Red Top Tents

After the Day's Ride—Rest and Comfort

No long miles to the next hotel but independence and your "home for the night," ready in a jiffy—when and where you care to stop.

A Red Top Tent affords the protection and convenience that make camping a genuine pleasure—adds freedom and healthful enjoyment to the automobile tour.

Absolutely rainproof because of its double waterproof treatment. Double stitching and reinforcements give great durability without added weight. Red Top Tents stand the roughest weather. A light, tough screen and specially constructed door keep out flies and insects. Waterproof canvas floor. Convenient window in back. Set up and taken down in a few minutes. In two sizes for large and small families. Rolls up on the running board. Costs no more than an ordinary tent. Send for Catalog of Red Top Tents and other needed equipment.

WM. H. VANDERHERCHEN
Dept. A-3
414 Callowhill Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cut Out This Coupon and MAIL TODAY

Gentlemen:
Please send a Red Top Tent Catalog.

Name .....
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A-3

I Will Loan You a **Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR**

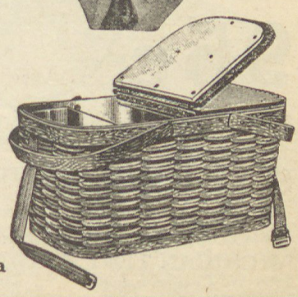
Without a cent of cost to you, I want to loan you a Hawkeye Basket Refrigerator.

It's a neat, light, portable, basket refrigerator that will keep your lunch on your outings and auto trips deliciously cool, fresh and appetizing.

Write me now for pamphlet illustrating these basket Refrigerators and select the style you want.

E. A. Florang
President

Member Izaak Walton League



Burlington Basket Co.
410 Hawkeye Bldg. Burlington, Iowa

Now for Good "Eats"

FOR speedy cooking any place and any time, always take a Coleman Camp Stove on your touring and camping trips.

Illustrated below is the Coleman No. 2, acknowledged by out-door experts as the finest camp stove made. Fries, broils, roasts; bakes, boils, toasts; heats your tent in chilly weather. Everything built-in—folds up like a suit case. U.S. Price only $12.50. Folding Stand $2.50 extra.

See this Coleman Camp Stove at your dealer's. If he is not yet supplied, write us for Descriptive Literature. Address Camping Dept. OM36

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Wichita, Kansas
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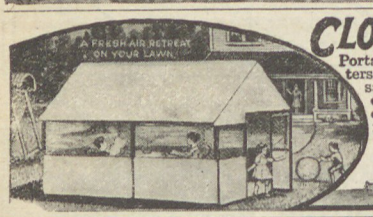

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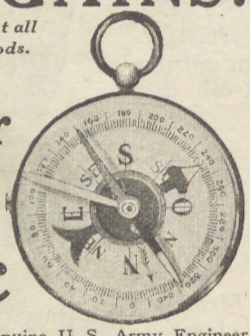

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MICHIGAN TENT & AWNING CO.
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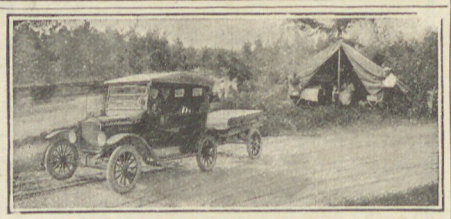

A SUMMER HOME ON WHEELS

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. waterproof tent. Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for tourists.

Write today for catalog and prices.

CLARE MFG. CO. Clare, Mich.
Camping and Commercial Trailers.

in the foliage of the far shore he yelled at the top of his voice, telling all the little people of the wilds to look to their safety as danger was abroad—and then he vanished.

Small frogs sat blinking in the warm spots along the mud bars of the river edge; crows called here and there; a pair of turtle doves hurtled by, high up, going like small gray torpedoes across the sky.

From the downstream end of the small bayou below the swimming hole a little band of green-winged teal ducks exploded into sudden activity, flashed up among the willow tops and were gone.

David read the signs in passing and knew that summer was already done and fall would accompany the boats southward day by day.

The roar of the island rapids drooned up from Walnut Bend, following the unobstructed river channel with a steady volume of sound, growing momentarily louder until the moving column of boats slipped into the smooth pitch of current opposite the little canyon, where the river cottonwood had so nearly crushed David after the storm.

Into the churning suds of the white toothed rapid David took his craft, following deftly, and surely, the low-water channel, with a bare six inches safe keel clearance over the shallowest points—but enough to carry him through into the snarl of twisting eddy currents below; the column in his wake came after with no worse than a bit of paint lost by the last boat in steering a trifle wide around a channel curve.

Steadily downstream, under the Railroad bridge, over the shallows of the old South Ford of stage-road days and past the South bridge, swung high on limestone piers to save fording as the country had settled and traffic needs forced action.

Around the bend beyond, through a little pitch of swift water, through reaches of lazy deeps, into a stretch of bars and shoals and then a plunge through the Bear Creek Rapids and round another bend, to early camp on the flat, low bottom of Cedar Creek, where the view gave west and south to Iron Mountain, curving up in blue bulk against the low hung sun, surely the fulfilment of withheld desire.

So the first half day's slow run logged its fifteen pleasant miles and settled into the routine of the leagues to come.

Professor McGregor burred his satisfaction at his choice of a Pilot, for he, man of the wilderness, knew ability and outdoor knowledge when he saw it and needed no telling to convince him that Captain Summers would run the twisting channels of the Little River's shallows with the certainty of one who knew its every aspect and whim, from which to judge the route that gave safety neath the floating keels—or would stop outside the grip of rapids too shoal for safe going, to portage or lighter through, as the water might demand.

Camping was routine work for seasoned hands that knew the habits of the sun and no job was made of that; the red and gold flare of sundown found the outfit at ease with boats drawn to safety and moored against the river's edge.

McGregor, intent on results to come, talked with David in the fragrant, mellow

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campfire light concerning the technical side of his work, wherein David found much of interest by which he mapped his own future course of watchful help to come as the flotilla journeyed leisurely down the world, gleaning, as it went, such specimens from the wilderness as would add to the fame of the collection in the University which sent the Scotch professor into the field instead of holding him to the dry task of routine teachment of turbulent youth less intent on amassing knowledge than running up a football score.

* * * * * *

The dying flare of sunset has winter color at its edges; it lingers into the night. The Nighthawk and the Bat are missing and a whistling whirr of swiftly passing wings comes from the deeply shadowed river under the last of the summer clothed treetops, banked across the west.

Overhead the gabbling gossip of the first flock of geese comes down out of the north and passes into the distance, a fleeting blot 'gainst the southern stars.

A strong odor of musk drifts up stream with the wandering night air and a Screech Owl broadcasts his presence from the top of a dead snag.

The east is, by-and-by, made luminous with a pale light like the reflection from a field of white, cold ice, and presently the moon wheels up, pen-lined across with the black-marks of limbs as it clears the shadows and gleams like polished tin behind the low tree curtain, reaching zenithward near to the lowest stars.

Two or three weeks ago the nights held lingering heat, but now a raw chill soon follows the vanishing sun and early blankets give more comfort than sitting with hot face to a blazing fire that pulls cold air against one's shoulders and invites sneezes 'less one turns his coat collar high across the back of his neck. Besides, a day at bow facing oars makes a flat bed a restful thing against the bend of a tired back.

The camp goes still; the fire flickers and gradually withdraws into a hot pile of glowing, sleepy embers, and the Little River mingles its soft murmur with the diminishing song chorus of the night insects.

David, tucked into his blankets on a soft bough-bed, misses nothing nor sleeps while the Dipper wheels round the Fixed Star, low in the northern sky.

His mind sees a slim, sweet girl, and he feels her vibrant presence; and somehow she seems to project herself as a double image upon his mental screen—to be a strangely, sweetly double, dual personality that the confused mind refuses to ordinate into separate units—and so he drifts into unconsciousness, accompanied by the loving Presence of the twins.

Swordfish a la Carte

(*Continued from page 19*)

for it was seldom that we were able to arouse gustatory interest in any member of the party, no matter how hard either we or Barbara worked.

The waters surrounding Alligator Light are beautiful, and on a calm afternoon one

Hundreds of Fishermen Endorse and Use This Tent—

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

It has NO center pole, therefore it is more comfortable, allowing more room for furniture arrangement. Just the tent for a real rest after an arduous fishing trip!

America's "Ike Waltons" have put their stamp of approval on the Dickeybird-Kamper—and scores of letters from them indicate their complete satisfaction with the tent's performance. In two sizes, 7x7 ft., 9½x9½ ft., waterproofed canvas. Erects to drum-tight rigidity, won't blow down in storms. Write TODAY for illustrated catalog and prices.

If there is a dealer in your city, we will advise you where you can see this tent erected.

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WANT to know what to take along on your camping trip? The "Auto-Campers' Guide" will tell you. Will be a big help to you in making your plans for this summer. Also tells all about RED HEAD BRAND Outing Equipment. You should have a copy.

Write your name and address on a post card and mail to us for your copy.

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Make Your Game Preserves *Self Supporting*

Scientific Forest Management will do it. Write us fully regarding your game preserve or estate.

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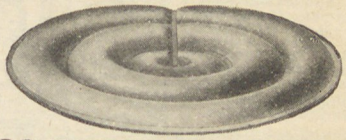
BRINGS COMFORT TO ACHING BONES



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Describes Air Mattresses, Pillows, Cushions, swimming devices, hospital rings, etc.

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Aladdin Thermalware Jar

Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold

Enough for all— for all day

Add an Aladdin to Your Vacation Outfit

Just what you need for auto, camping, boating, fishing and hunting trips this summer and fall! To keep a gallon of liquid, or eight pounds of food, hot or cold.

Be sure it's an "Aladdin" — the original, largest selling and acknowledged best thermal jar. Imitated in looks — but remember: *genuine* Aladdins are rustproof, wearproof, leakproof, *permanently* sanitary and *permanently* efficient in keeping food or liquids hot or cold for *more* hours. Stoppers of silvered glass—*sanitary!* Patented neck-seal forever prevents insanitary seepage into insulation.

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Green enameled, steel jacketed Aladdin, gallon size, $5. Aladdin "De Luxe" Jars (polished aluminum, lined with heavy, heat-resisting, ovenware glass): Gallon size now $8.50, 2-qt. $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west.

Insist on the *Genuine* Aladdin with its 12 Exclusive Features.

Kimball's

FLY OIL

An "honest-to-goodness" fly dope that will discourage the attack of the most vicious and determined black fly, gnat, midge or mosquito! Used and recommended by leading outdoor authorities—hunters—campers—fishermen. Handy tubes 35c—at drug, sporting and general stores—or mailed direct on receipt of price. Nothing to spill or mess up your dunnage.

Kimball Bros. & Co., Inc.
Enosburg Falls, Vt.

can see the huge multicolored fishes swimming along the rocky shelves beneath. The lighthouse is about fifteen miles from the wharf, and every day we would run out to Tennessee buoy and troll from there to Alligator, eat our luncheon near the lighthouse, and then slowly fish back.

Mrs. Sutton had never caught any deep sea "pan fish," and on our second visit to the light we put on large baits and lead sinkers and trolled over the reefs.

The finny inhabitants were not only at home, but very hungry, and in the course of an hour the lady had secured specimens of six different varieties, barracouta, grouper, bonita, dolphin, mutton fish and jack, none of which weighed less than ten pounds. When first removed from the water their colors are resplendent and very beautiful. Professor Parke is the only taxidermist that I have ever met who could reproduce on a mounted specimen the hues of a freshly caught dolphin, and even he is generally too modest with his brush.

On the light tackle angler's list, the bone fish undoubtedly holds first place. Inch for inch and pound for pound, it is probably the gamiest fish that swims. One of its devotees claims that a bonefish the size of a large tarpon could pull a Florida East Coast freight train right into the Gulf. This is probably an exaggeration, but that these mother-of-pearl colored beauties, with their sucker-like mouths and nut-cracker jaws, can show some authority when abruptly connected with the free end of a six-thread line, there is little doubt. Bonefish enthusiasts, like Henry Fisher, of New York, Nat Rogers, of Brooklyn, and A. F. Meisselbach, the reel man, vouch for it, and, if anybody knows, they should.

Bonefish angling is too much like a patience contest for the majority of us, however, and only an essayist like K. R. G. Brown can really do it justice. "From early morn till dewey eve he remains, mumchance and goggle-eyed, at his post, heedless alike of the march of time, the fall of empires, or the rise in the cost of living. Only when the long suffering boatman shoos him forth does he go unwillingly home to lie about the big one that just got away. . . . The moral consequences of the fishing habit are too often overlooked. There are three chief categories of misstatements: governmental reports, publishers' puffs, and fish tales. And the worst of these are fish tales, which is natural, since the man who spends his leisure sitting on a patch of sand, staring at a patch of water, must, to preserve his reputation for sanity, invent some excuse for it." But I will desist. Some of these days, if I ever catch up with my work, I am going to try for bonefish, myself!

As I look back on the delightful vacation spent at Long Key, my fondest and most fanciful thoughts are of Barbara. Of the whole contingent, she labored most faithfully and uncomplainingly. As one of her sympathetic admirers suggested:

She worked like a slavey, with never a moan,
And spent the cold nights, on the deck, all alone;
Whether the fishes were biting or not,
Barbara earned all the rest she got.

Oh, Mr. Man!

Bacon and Eggs, Fried Potatoes and Coffee all kept hot on a

Basford

Whether you are camping, hunting, fishing or picnicking your greatest pleasure is in eating. The most important feature of your outfit is a good camp stove. One that is easily unpacked and set up, that generates quickly and gives the right amount of heat for quick cooking. The Basford Camp Stove will please you in every respect.

Advantages of Basford Camp Stoves

1. **RIGID PERMANENT ASSEMBLY** of tank, generator, manifold and burners.
2. **NO FITTING REQUIRED.** No connection of parts to be made by user. The permanent connection insures straight injection of gas into manifold at all times. The tank is set in position where it is not liable to be damaged.
3. **BURNERS.** Wide spreading high power type. Burn with steady blue green flames. No cool centers. Quick generating.
4. **COOKING SURFACE.** No. 2 Stove holds two eleven inch cooking utensils. No. 1, two nine and one half inch utensils. Burners on No. 0 Stove spaced to give best results.
5. **EASY CLEANING.** By removing the assembly the case and burners are accessible for cleaning.
6. **TESTING.** All parts tested before and after assembling—including burning tests.
7. **PACKED AND CLOSED.** The unit assembly and parts are placed inside the case where they fit snugly, the legs clamping the lid tightly in place.

Basford Camp Stove, No. 2

(Illustrated above)

The large cooking surface holds two eleven inch utensils which center perfectly over the burners. Burners have wide spreading flames—no cool centers. The windshield equipped with plate rack provides a large warming compartment. All cooked articles can be served piping hot at one time. The over sized tank is provided with a pressure gauge. The rigid assembly consists of tank, manifold, burners, generator, supply pipe and brackets—no fitting of parts required of the user. The complete assembly is removable in one unit for setting up stove, filling tank or cleaning case. When closed the legs function as locks holding the lid firmly in place.

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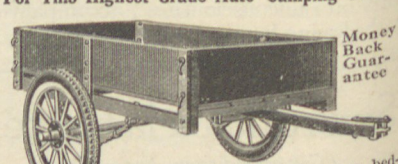
Hugo Manufacturing Co.
Duluth, Minnesota

Only $39.00

For This Highest Grade Auto Camping Trailer



You can load all your baggage, bedding, cots, tents, cooking utensils, etc., in this light weight auto trailer and hitch it to any automobile and never notice any extra pull on the car. Why? Because it is scientifically built, weighing only 275 pounds with a guaranteed carrying capacity at automobile speed of 1,000 pounds. We are ready to prove this, hitch it behind your own car, and you be the judge. If you are planning an outing, don't fail to write us at once for complete details. Act, at once.

THE BOWER MANUFACTURING CO.
Box 18 Fowler, Indiana

Don't be afraid to tell our Advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

I sincerely trust that her demise will be a happy and glorious one. At the very least, she deserves to be swallowed by that iridescent dream creature of Captain Charlie Thompson's, a four-ton hammerhead, or, possibly, by a romantic twelve-foot sailfish.

The Curse of the Cotton Tail

(Continued from page 17)

All semblance to his beard had vanished as mist before the morning sun, and with the beard had vanished his eyebrows, eyelashes and what scant thatch had formerly covered his head.

It was the crowning insult of a day of misfortune, but his wild rage had passed. It was followed by a hard, cruel, deep-seated hatred of that which had made possible his present grief—a rabbit.

He exuded cold oaths and solemnly swore upon the haggis of his forefathers to exterminate every rabbit within miles of his home.

He looked around for his hat. It too had fallen victim to the flames. His head sunk to his chest in utter dejection. Again he looked toward the fire and found that the butt of his gun was now a charred coal. He did not bother to retrieve what was left of it.

He buried his head in his arms.

Thump! Thump—thump!

Uncle Hugh looked wearily across the snow. There, sitting under a cedar, not ten feet away, was a plump buck cottontail. Grabbing a stick Uncle Hugh started in pursuit just as a searching party, occasioned by the breathless return of the hound, came out of the timber and hurried the old man to his home.

The hand of time has replaced, to some extent, the facial foliage, but it has never attained its former noble proportions.

It is now an aggressive sort of a stubble that bobs rakishly up and down to the castinet accompaniment of Uncle Hugh's demountable store teeth as he munches his plug and relates with great gusto lurid tales of his latest depredations on the rabbit family which, as a matter of fact, are largely figments of fancy, as the old boy now does most of his hunting verbally.

Floating Down the River

(Continued from page 15)

reserving every iota of strength for his work, sparing none for words! A younger man with less presence of mind surely would have drowned. And weren't we a happy bunch! We put Uncle Billy to bed and thanked Dad until he was profusely embarrassed. It was one of those little heart-touching incidents of a trip which binds those who were there close for life.

In the night it sprinkled and we moved our cots into the tent. Next morning we

Mile-High Motor Tent

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

TELESCOPE FRAME

Mile-High Motor Tent Goes Up Easy—Just Like Big Umbrella

The Mile-High Motor Tent is the easiest and quickest to set up.

Stake down the corners, insert four eaves rods (interchangeable), extend patented steel telescope center pole, and the Mile-High is up.

There is no heavy, awkward or complex framework to raise and fit together, no complicated mechanism to adjust or get out of order—just an honest, well made tent, easy and quick to erect—with patented telescope steel eaves rods and center pole. No ropes.

"It doesn't require an architect or an engineer to set up a Mile-High."

The Mile-High Motor Tent is made in two sizes—8x8 ft. and 10x10 ft., 8 ft. high at center, 5 ft. square at eaves—lots of head room and lots of floor space—enough for two full-size beds in either tent.

The Mile-High is made of specially woven O. D. material, water-proofed by "Shuredry" process. Top made of two thicknesses; sewed-in floor; heavy bobbinet screens on windows and door, and storm flaps on each—wind-, rain- and bug-proof. Bag for stakes and telescoped poles included. Packs in small space, rolled or folded—39 in. length over all.

Our tents handled by all progressive dealers. We will fill your order from factory at regular price if your dealer does not have in stock.

Write for illustrated Catalog No. 360—FREE

THE DENVER TENT & AWNING CO.

Alfred S. Procter, President. In Business 35 Years

1605 Arapahoe Street Denver, Colorado

The New "Arab"

The "Arab" is made in the same style and shape and of the same high-grade water-proofed material as the Mile-High. It is 9½x9½ ft. in size, 7 ft. 3 in. high at center, jointed pole and metal eaves rods. Economies in certain details enable us to offer the "Arab" at the attractive price of **$35**

The new Stoll Clear Space Perfection Tent

Here is the tent sensation of the year. A genuine, STOLL PERFECTION TENT with the *added* new feature of NO CENTER POLE—no corner poles and no guy ropes. Yet it is lighter, stronger and more rigid than ever before, due to a new, patented principle of arch construction (note illustration).

No Center Pole
No Corner Poles - No Guy Ropes
Set Up By One Person in 5 Minutes

The arch is made of light pressed steel—jointed for folding and quick, rigid connections with an automatic tension take-up on each side which tightens the tent smoothly all around. The best and smoothest looking tent we have ever made.

Biggest Tent Value Ever Offered

Notice extra wide hips of this tent—standing room all around. Thoroly waterproofed and will not rub off on clothes. No odor. Mildew-proof. Sewed in floor and screened windows keep out insects. Extra large windows, door and wind-break awning. Elimination of center pole appears to give one third more room. Rolls into 10" x 42" light bundle. Be sure to see this tent before you buy. Four sizes to accommodate parties of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 people.

Write for Catalog

Big new Stoll catalog gives details and prices, full line Stoll tents—also folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carry-all bags, luggage carriers, etc. Write—

The Stoll Manufacturing Co.
3261 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado

It Fits the Running Board

WHALL'S UTILITY TENT

Storm and Bug Proof

Can be set up by one person in five minutes. Sewed-in floor. Steel Stakes, Mosquito Netting, Jointed Pole and Carrying Cases.

Comfortable Camping

DAY and NIGHT when EQUIPPED with

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Our Guarantee, "Satisfaction or Money Refunded," Your Protection

Metropolitan Camp Goods have stood the test for 33 years for quality, service and durability and are recommended by thousands of satisfied customers as most reliable for every outdoor purpose.

Don't buy elsewhere until you see our illustrated FREE CATALOG of Air Mattresses, Cushions, Pillows, Eiderdown Robes, Whall's Umbrella and Utility Auto Tents.

SLEEP ON AIR in a Comfort Sleeping Pocket

With Inside Air Mattress
Packs 8 x 8 x 25 inches

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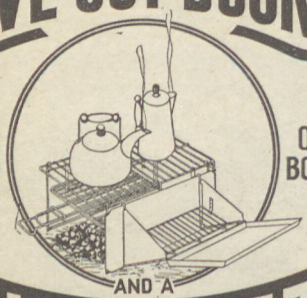
LIVE OUT DOORS

WITH AUTO OR BOAT



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Go On Your Way!

All solid, indestructible electrically welded joints. Outfit complete with Stove, Oven, Oven-Pan, Broiling Grid and Skillet in a Canvas Carrying Bag. Only 12 lbs. to tote when on the move.

Costs $6.00

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United Steel & Wire Co.
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"Can-Va-Sek is the best waterproofing I have seen. It IS waterproof and mildewproof. When the fabric is in the hot sun it does not get greasy and in cold weather it does not crack—like paraffined cloth does."
DR. C. P. FORDYCE.

Can-Va-SEK

Can-Va-SEK for tents and canvas of all kinds. Waterproofs thoroughly,—increases tensile strength. Prevents mildew. Positively doubles life of cotton textiles. Easily applied; does not discolor. SEK-treated canvas has no odor,—is not oily nor greasy. Is permanent. Price per gal. $2.50 postpaid.

Let us tell you how to waterproof your tent, shoes, auto-top, hunting clothes, overcoat, fishing lines, etc. You can do it yourself, quickly, easily, economically. Our literature is interesting and helpful—FREE upon request.

SEK Mfg. Co. 4104 W. Lake St. Chicago, Illinois

DEFENDER Keyless

An Improved Padlock

$2

The simplest strongest lock invented, and the only one combining these remarkable features:

No Keys No Springs No Hinges No Rivets

Nine times stronger than ordinary padlocks. Its supreme simplicity permits it to be Quickly Opened Day or Night. There are 1024 possible combinations and *You can easily change the combination to any one you select.*

Send $2.00 for a defender postpaid, or pay postman $2.10 C.O.D. *Money Back Guarantee.*

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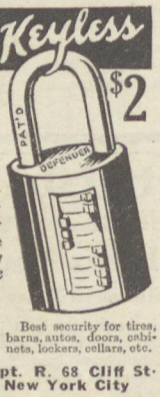

Best security for tires, barns, autos, doors, cabinets, lockers, cellars, etc.

Defender Lock Co., Dept. R. 68 Cliff St. New York City

TENTS Get Our Catalogue

AMERICAN AWNING & TENT CO., 236 State St., Boston, Mass.

lead one cat fish on a stringer taken from the trot line and even Doc was beginning to wonder if the fishing in the White River hadn't been somewhat overrated. But later when we quite grasped the idea that 6752 fishermen, approximately speaking, had whipped those waters near the railroad since Spring, we wondered only where that one cat fish had come from!

I have mentioned sixty-three large green bull frogs which bellowed in a bayou back of camp, I believe. Well, along about 10:30 p. m., that first night the bellowing of those frogs gave Vern and me an inspiration. We took a 22 rifle and an electric torch and went frog hunting.

We cut across the sand bar toward a distorted mass of black which was timber along the bayou, in the general direction of a chorus of deep bass bellows, treble clucks and short dissatisfied grumbles.

As we neared the bayou one particular "ga-r-r-r-OO, ga-r-r-r-OO" seemed to stand out prominently, so we tacked sharply to the left and entered the willows from whence the booming sounds came. "Ga-r-r-r-OO," "Ga-r-r-r-OO." Tax paying time though it is, I would give a wrinkled ten dollar bill to sit down on that sand bar five minutes right now and listen to "his majesty" as Vern and I sat and listened that night.

"Big fellow," decided Vern. "Regular grand dad."

"Ga-r-r-r-OO," "Ga-r-r-r-OO!" Won't some Edison *please* make some records of our game animals some time?

A "ga-r-r-r-OO" of a bull frog, a bugle of a bull elk, a whistle of a Bob White! How many records did you say you would take? And *you!!*

Down at the water's edge beneath a drooping willow we found him. Calmly as a wooden idol, which he resembled, he watched the light with beady, protruding eyes.

"Bang!" A twenty-two did the work. Vern retrieved and we waded on.

The next frog grumbled huskily from a tangle of driftwood which extended out into the water. I fell through this at the critical moment and a fine fat father frog dived off out of danger.

Below the driftwood a big tree had collected a mass of sticks and mud about its base three feet from the water. Peering about the trunk of this tree I located the manufacturer of the rasping revelry which had attracted us to the spot. He sat, two thirds in the water, back toward me, his eyes reflecting the light. A shot in the neck spraddled him and we had two pairs of saddles to our credit.

Down in the bend of the bayou, grass and weeds overgrew a corner. From this vegetation two frogs seemed to send their songs. I waded in, light in hand, and made a careful search. I found no singers there, but while in the act of stepping ashore almost "squashed" a great green granny which reluctantly jumped a foot aside to avoid my foot.

I held the light in his eyes while Vern tried out an experiment which he had been telling me about for ten minutes. He caught the frog with his hands. But the frong declined to be manhandled in that manner. Once Vern's fingers touched him his fascination, his hallucination, or whatever you wish to call the trance

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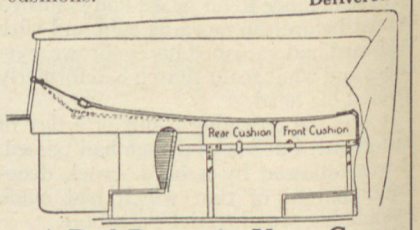

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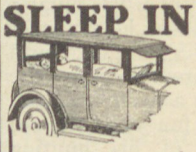

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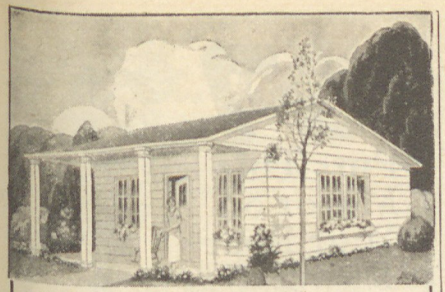

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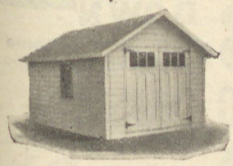

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which had possessed that frog, disappeared and he became the "kickin'est, slimiest," bull frog that ever Vern had seen. I can't say now exactly what did happen at that instant, but I had a hasty glimpse of one webbed foot clawing and shoving, then an ungainly leap in the dark. There followed a smacking splash, a few swift riffles in the water and all was still. Doc thinks that maybe Vern forgot the salt, a suggestion made at breakfast which Vern ridiculed as too aged to even be funny. Vern insists that that frog knocked the wind out of him with one hind foot and clawed all the buttons off his shirt with the other, I believe, or some similar perfectly good alibi. Anyway we lost that frog and then and thereafter we gave up any idea of conserving 22 cartridges.

As the moon slid behind the wooded hills we dropped a nice assortment of frogs on the gravel just outside the bed tent and slipped the grand dad into Jack's bed. Jack discovered the reptile about the time I removed my second and concluding pant's leg and Vern and I sat up most of the remainder of the night. How a fellow can be so blamed cranky about one little green frog is beyond me—and Vern! Jack went back to sleep about two thirty, though, and we did finally manage to get a little rest.

At ten thirty next morning our boat rounded a pretty timbered bend just in time to see Jack catch the first bass. I don't know how he did it. He has some fancy details of the whole proceeding, which he tells, but I have long ago learned to look askance upon all fish stories, and the tale of the first fish of any trip is particularly to be viewed with suspicion, so I will only say that it was the funniest thing that I ever saw. Jack was reeling him in with great gusto, as many authors have said before me, when Vern, who paddled, grounded his boat. Jack arose to his feet, the boat tipped sidewise and Jack just about splashed that corner of the river dry for an instant. But give Jack the credit he deserves. He came up holding that one pound bass high above his head!

Not five minutes after this I cast a red Dowagiac below a slippery rock on a little point and captured the second fish. Why couldn't I have caught him before we came into sight of the other boat? Even if I couldn't have made them believe I caught mine first I could have thrown a cloud upon Jack's claim. But no such luck. Jack's had been taken first and he could prove it. And we didn't get an opportunity to forget it soon! He mentions it even yet on occasion!

Jack's involuntary bath gave our boat the opportunity to go ahead. We fished about a wide bend in the river and passed swiftly down a rough rapid chute where an island narrowed the current. Just where the southern edge of the river dropped off the gravel bar of the island, a small independent current converged from each side and made an upheaval, deep and blue. As we slipped by I placed my plug in the upper end of this upheaval. Something took it. Dad slowed the boat all he could in the heavy fall and I reeled in. I wrestled three minutes with a pound and a half "black" bass, landing him when we were a hundred feet below

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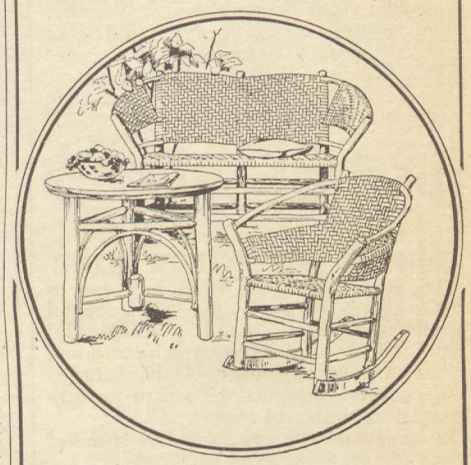

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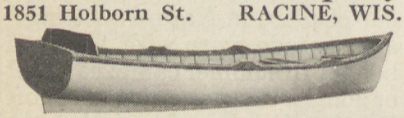

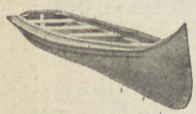

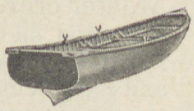

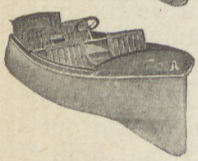

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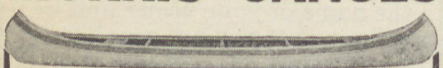

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the good fishing. That is one trying feature of fishing the White River from an ordinary boat. One cast in a good spot and before you can reel in you are past it. A motor boat it seems to me would serve much better. An extra likely fishing place could then be run again and again. A fisherman could pull back as often as is desired by motor, a thing which no oarsman can do with any reasonable exertion.

The end of the chute was also the end of the island. Hugging the island shore Dad told us to be ready for a cast where the currents joined. We slid by the last bit of gravel bar, the other current butted into that we had been riding and the whole river boiled, deep and blue. It is idle to seek other words to describe the good fishing spots on the White River. They are all "deep and blue."

I sat in the bow chair. Uncle Billy occupied the middle of the boat. I made several casts into the boiling water and had a strike but caught nothing. Uncle Billy reeled in a small "line slide" as we floated out into clear water, his first fish.

(To be continued)

The Isle of Mystery

(Continued from page 12)

tree so far away that mentally I noted that the wind must be rising considerably. The cone and the twig both lay at my feet. I looked about me. The stillness in the wood was peculiar. I found myself stepping circumspectly and listening. The rustling of the leaves gave me a sense of expectancy. The entire group of trees that girdled the glade was suddenly black and silent. They did not impress me as unfriendly or in any way sinister, but only as extraordinarily watchful. I became aware of a vast subconscious life. I had read somewhere, in Francis Darwin, I think, that according to the doctrine of continuity there was something psychic in all living things and hence we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.

When I got this far, it was only a step to persuade myself that the forest was trying to tell me something but could not succeed in getting it across. Very well, I thought, if I can't speak the tree language I must get an interpreter. Waboosons was chopping firewood near our camp. I called him. As he came up I remarked:

"Waboosons, this is a fine place for a camp. Why have we never used it?"

He shook his head. "Guess you like other side better. Kawin Indian dere. Indian wigwam here."

Instantly I was alert and as I glanced around I felt that the forest also stood at attention.

"What do you mean by Indian wigwam here, Waboosons? There are no signs." The Indian smiled, kindly, confidently, and, yes—superiorly.

"Long time ago. 'Fore I was born, mebbe. Indian wigwam here." He stooped and picked up a piece of rotting sapling which I had ignorantly disregarded. "Ol' lodge pole, see, bark fastened here," putting his finger on a

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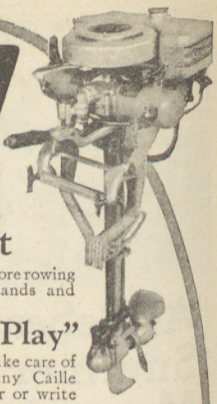

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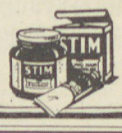

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narrow whitish line. "Here another. Wigwam sat this way," and he made a wide circuit of the ground with his arm. "Fire here," kicking aside the fir cone and small twig, he scraped some fragments of charcoal out of the loosened peat. "Small wigwam. Two people mebbe." With my heightened emotions I saw the stage for Phil's adventure rapidly and comprehensively reconstructed. I could almost hear the thud of the knife and see the swift abduction of the woman, so vividly did the scene return. More evidence was about to appear, however, and most conclusive. Waboosons went down to the water and looked over the lake with a hunter's eye. As he turned back, something on the ground caught his attention. He bent over and pulled a queer gray object out of the soft earth, regarded it a moment and handed it to me with the remark, "One die here, starve mebbe." It was a human jaw bone. Waboosons's analysis of his various discoveries furnished more than enough material to confirm the fire warden's story. I could no longer doubt that Phil had seen the incident with all the details he described. But why had it been rehearsed especially for Phil McCoy, who had never before visited the place? I looked around. The trees were sedate, not indifferent now, but a trifle gloating. The strange eagerness I had felt a few minutes before had all disappeared and I wondered if those strong woody emanations had affected Phil's supersensitive nervous system or was it rather some powerful and uneffaceable impression upon the potential elements of the unblended germ plasms of the parents which under favoring conditions had developed like a photographic negative into a harmonious picture in the child?

While still reflecting on this problem I walked slowly down to the water's edge. Waboosons was curiously poking around the spot where he had found the jaw bone. In a few minutes he unearthed a shoulder bone and then a long bone of the arm. Next, with an exclamation of surprise, he held up a hunting knife, the blade of which was half eaten by rust. My own excitement continued to rise as I wiped off the dirt and examined the object attentively. Inspired by some faint markings on the handle I rinsed it in the lake. It was now easy to make out the partly obliterated carvings. They were letters and they spelled—McCOY.

Wild Portages I Have Met

(Continued from page 7)

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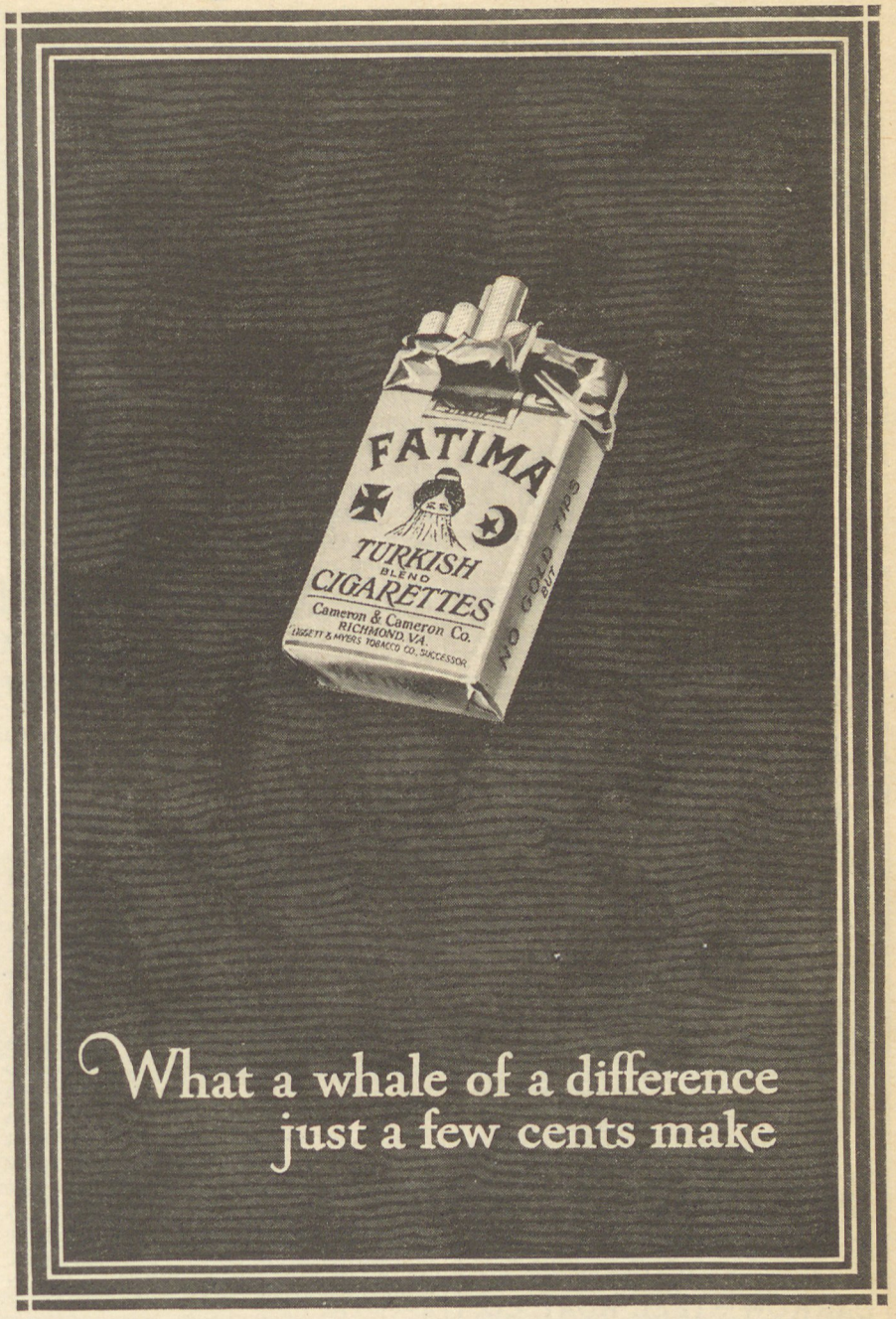

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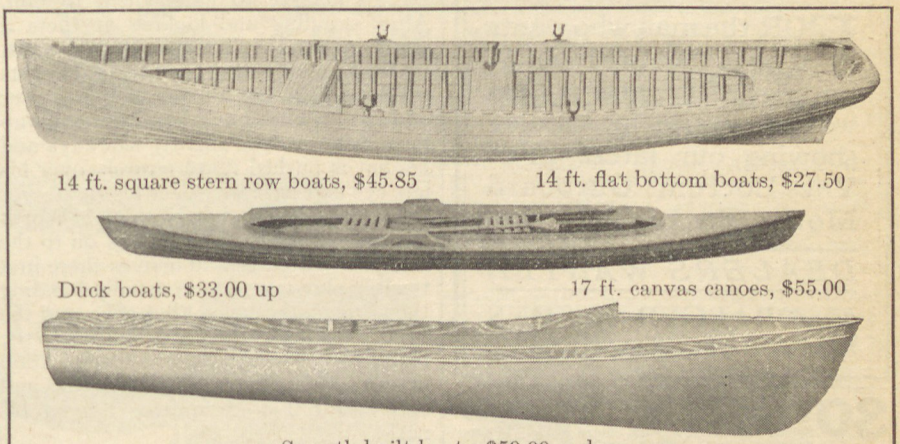

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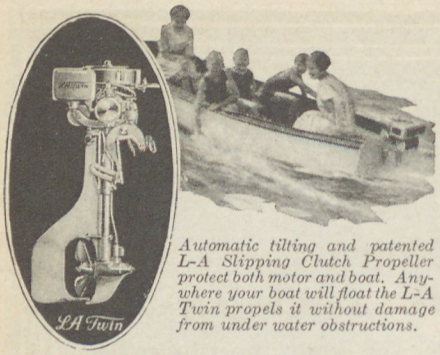

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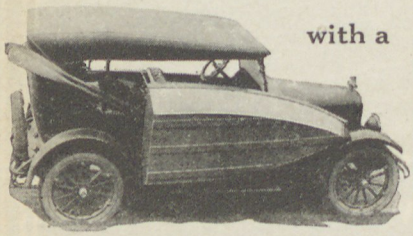

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reason that the amateur boxer, when up against a professional, finds the air full of gloves. There are only two gloves, but they hit him so fast in succession that he thinks there are forty. The portages my friend's friend met were few in number. Nor were they difficult ones. But he had gone at them wrong, and when you do that one portage can easily take on the appearance of half a dozen.

This may sound like applesauce, but it's a solemn fact that once when I started out on a trip with Bud Ross he sank to the ground at the end of the very first portage and said: "My gosh, I'll be glad when we come to the end of all these portages." Poor Ross, instead of merely taking the one portage as it came and not worrying about the next, had kept his mind on the fifty-five portages we were to encounter on that trip and he had made the whole batch on the first portage. And he was doomed to make the whole remaining total on every succeeding portage. Thus on a simple little trip of fifty-five portages Bud made a total of one thousand five hundred and forty, which is a man's job (adv.).

But to go back to my friend's friend. I know what he did. In the first place he paddled up to the portage with his canoe full of fish poles, pails, axes, cigarettes, tackle boxes and a hundred other odds and ends that either wouldn't go in the pack-sacks or weren't put there. Thus he started over the carry with a pack or two on his back and his arms and hands full of odds and ends.

Before he had gone three rods the fish poles had slipped askew and were catching on the forest at either hand. The pails were banging against his knees at every step.

At the end of the next half-dozen rods his packs were slipping and all he could do was stop walking and try to straighten them by doing what, in the South Sea Islands, is called the snake dance. But it is no joke to correct a slipping pack by moving your shoulder blades to the rhythm of imaginary tom-toms. Came a time part way over the portage when he decided to definitely arrange his packs. So he threw everything down in disgust and did it.

He is all ready to go again, but his fish poles and pails are now on the ground and there's nobody to hand them to him. After standing and looking at them a while, hoping they'll leap up to his hands, he bends over and grabs them. He gets them all right, but his top pack slips over on top of his head and when he comes up for air the pack is slightly sideways and his hat is pushed down entirely over his left eye and part way over his right.

He now decides that Nothing is Worth While anyway, so he plunges on to the end of the portage and arrives there in a terribly shopworn state, usually handing the portage, the canoe, the packs, and the whole blooming wilderness bodily into the hands of the devil. The perspiration washes clean lanes down both cheeks and several fat, red mosquitoes are on his neck.

After a rest, he and his partner go back after the canoe. Now the fact that one man can carry a canoe much easier than two can has never entered his head. The canoe weighs about eighty pounds, and according to his balance sheets back at

"Old Town Canoes"

An early start for the head of the lake

IF YOU have never experienced the innumerable thrills of a long canoe trip, start making your plans right now.

Your first requisite is an "Old Town Canoe." Get an "Old Town" and make those summer vacation dreams come true.

"Old Town Canoes" are strong and steady. They are fashioned after actual Indian models, which makes for gracefulness and speed. And "Old Towns" are low in price. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1925 catalog shows all models in snappy colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 536 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

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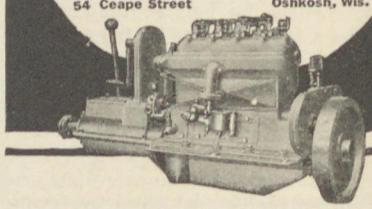
Flexifour
15 H.P. MARINE MOTOR

Same bore, same stroke, same 4-cylinder smoothness, with *25% more power* on *10% less fuel!* That's Universal's 1925 achievement—the new Universal Flexifour. New genuine RICARDO head design, lightened reciprocating parts, ground pistons, cylinders honed to glass-like smoothness, giving wonderful smoothness from trolling gait to real speed. Send for catalog, mentioning kind and size boat you're figuring on.

UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY
54 Cease Street Oshkosh, Wis.



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Have a Long, Sweet Smoke With Pete!

Men, here's a treat on Pete! Old Green River! Kentucky Homespun! America's **most particular** smokers know it! The pure real genuine stuff. Bred and air cured as only Nature can do it in old Kentucky. Mellow! Tasty!

Name Your Choice—Mild, Medium, or Strong—I'll Send Generous Sample Bag FREE!

Pipe delight you never had before. No obligation—but I'll tell you how to cut your smoke cost in two. Write **now.**

Pete Moberly, Box 896 Owensboro, Ky.

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Free Leatherette Carrying Case Free with Big 3 Foot Wonder Telescope. 5 sections. Brass bound. Powerful lenses. See people and objects miles away as if they were close. See moon and stars as never before. Useful and entertaining. "Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away." —Mrs. Yarbough. "Watch my boy arrive at school 2 miles away." —Mrs. Horn. "Read numbers on freight cars mile away." —A. C. Palmer. Thousands pleased. Big 3 ft. Wonder Telescope with FREE Case and Strap, deposit with Postman only $1.85 plus few pennies postage. On arrival of Big 3 Send No Money satisfaction guaranteed or deposit returned. Order today. FERRY & CO., Dept. A391, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

the office that would make forty pounds per man. But before he gets through he will have decided that in this case half of eighty is two hundred.

So he and his partner go back and pick up the canoe. They turn it upside down and the man in front puts the bow on his right shoulder and the man at the stern puts his head in the canoe and rests one gunwale on each shoulder. Away they go! But they have forgotten that a canoe is a rigid affair while a trail is almost liquid in its undulations and vicissitudes. Suppose they come to a little dip in the trail. The man in front takes a couple of rapid steps down the incline and the man behind is almost decapitated. The man in the rear yells out uncomplimentary remarks. But a minute later he, in turn, must take those two quick steps. The front man is just climbing up the other side of the dip, and he is given a sudden shove forward—and if he should be on the point of stepping over a log, he will, nine times out of ten, describe an arc in the air and not his foot, but his nose, will act as pathfinder on the other side of the log.

To the man in the rear, who can't see very well, the man in front is constantly trying to jerk his head off. To the man in front, who is inclined to adjust his pace and movements to conform to the irregularities of the trail without thinking what the man in the rear is walking on, the other fellow is trying his best to alternately jerk the canoe off his shoulder and push it over him.

At the end of the portage are three numb shoulders, two paralyzed brains, and two very badly damaged dispositions. Two men who can speak civilly to each other after carrying a canoe over a portage have, indeed, reached that stage in life when they can look with serenity and peace of mind on anything.

I have seen men trying to portage those clumsy, big bags that require a man on each side, in spite of the fact that the portage trails are one man wide. Indeed, I have seen strange sights, so that I feel qualified to say, after the manner of some historian whose name slips me, "All of it I saw; part of it I was."

Now there is just one way to carry packs over a portage. The first thing to remember is that everything must be in those packs. If it won't fit in a packsack, throw it away. Then walk over those portages with your hands free to adjust the packs, momentarily to relieve a shoulder, keep your hat out of your eyes, or the mosquitoes out of your ears. Take your time. You've plenty of it. Don't worry about the portage you are making, nor about those that are coming. Once is enough to make any portage; and since the agony of a portage is largely in your own mind, you can struggle over unseen portages with just as much torture as over the one that's under your feet.

After all, portages are your best friends. If it were not for the portages, there would be no wilderness. Every one that you put behind you takes you many miles farther from civilization—each time you see water sparkling between the trees ahead, you are projecting yourself into the wilderness a distance infinitely greater than the length of the portage.

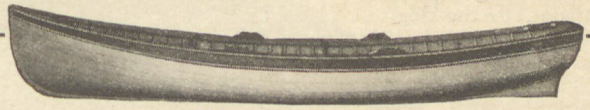
The McNab Patent Rudder

It Reverses—Brakes—Maneuvers—Steers

and gives to the boat without throttling the motor a delicate speed control that is ideal for trolling. This remarkable Rudder has caused a sensation amongst sportsmen and can be readily installed on any **Evinrude, Elto, Johnson or Lockwood-Ash Outboard Motor.**

Why try to troll at an impossible speed? Why run the risk of your motor going dead? Keep your motor running and maneuver through the McNab Rudder.

The McNab Kitchen Rudder Corporation
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT



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For nearly half a century Dan Kidney & Son have been building honest, dependable boats that stand up under all conditions. A Kidney boat today is accepted as the "Safest Buy" by most fishing clubs and old timers.

If you want a durable outboard motor boat, canoe, hunting boat or launch, investigate the Kidney. We can refer you to present owners of Kidney Boats, and will send you the Kidney Catalog, which completely describes and illustrates the Kidney line, on receipt of 6c in stamps.

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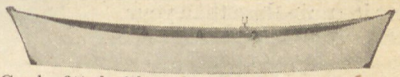
Always Ready and Dependable

Most stable, durable, compact and convenient canvas folding boat made. Can be carried on the running board of your automobile.



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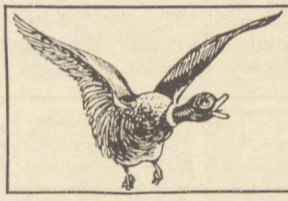

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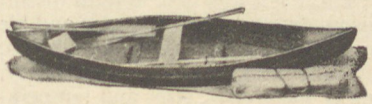

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Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.

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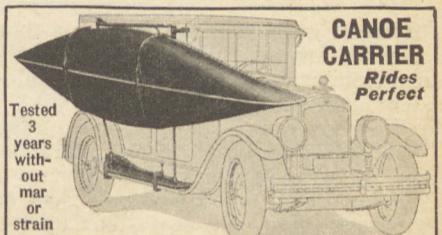
Holds 2 or 3 people. Rowboats and for outboards.

CANOE CARRIER
Rides Perfect



Tested 3 years without mar or strain

Adapted to any car—off or on in a jiffy. Made to order or working plans supplied.

Write GEORGE OBERLIN, Auburn, Indiana

When Your Dog Made his Bid for Fame

Memories and anecdotes written by dog lovers of the I.W.L.A. to which all are urged to contribute

GEORGE Ade once remarked in one of his inimitable Fables in Slang, "Every Mother Thinks Her Own Mudhen Is a Bird of Paradise." That is true of mothers and also quite true of dog owners.

There never lived a dog owner whose soul was so utterly ossified that he never secretly patted himself on the back of his vest and congratulated himself on owning the finest dog that ever wore hair. No, and there never will be such a craven creature.

From the small boy with his composite of a fox terrier, beagle, pointer, setter, and what-not, to the dog crank who boasts the blue blood of the land in his kennels, we are all convinced that "My Dog" is *the* dog and nobody can convince us to the contrary.

How many times have you bored people to bitter tears telling of the marvelous things you have seen your dog do? How many times have you grown hot under the collar as the other fellow's imagination proved a trifle more alert in canine lore than your own? And how often have you sat down, looked at your dog and said, "Boy, if I could write, I'd certainly tell this ol' world about you?"

Now, OUTDOOR AMERICA is quite willing to take your word for the fact that *your dog* is the *greatest dog* in the world and we are going to give you space in these pages to prove it.

In other words, we are interested in that dog of yours and want the rest of our readers to know what he has done that in your estimation makes him eligible for the Dogworld Hall of Fame.

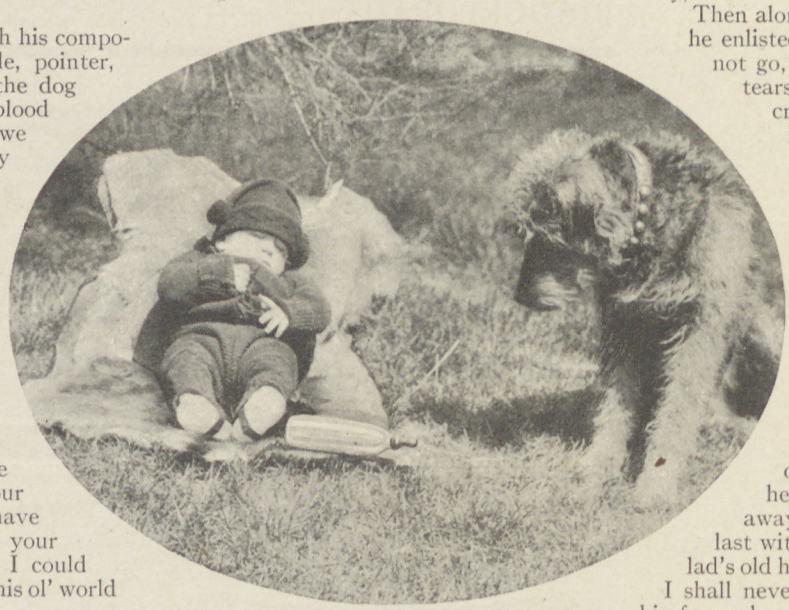
We are not going to stand on ceremony and limit the field to any particular breed. Nor will the fact that your dog has no more breed than the proverbial rabbit make the slightest difference. We are just as much interested in the clever mongrel as we are in the clever blue blood.

What we want is little human interest stories of what your dog has done that to your way of thinking differentiates him from canines of less fortunate judgment in the choosing of owners.

We know you have often told of the time that that beagle chased a rabbit directly between your legs and, when you failed to shoot, turned, gave you a look of withering scorn, and again took up the chase; we know you can recall the time your old setter brought that glove you lost three weeks before to the house and laid it beside your bed; or the time that little fox terrier barked just in time to get the family out when the barn was afire.

There are hundreds of little stories of *your* dog that we want, and we don't give a continental how they are written as long as they carry that spark of *human interest*.

The only thing we ask is that the story be authentic and not more than two-thousand words in length. For instance, we'll start it off with the following little yarn of an airedale. This story is entirely true in every detail.



Pals.

Jerry

E. H. R.

SINCE the lad was first able to distinguish between his dad's setter and his mother's cat, he has loved dogs, guns, and hunting with a primitive intensity.

Dogs of all breeds, sizes and temperaments have shared these affections. His most annoying trait (to his folks) when a lad, was his determination to convert his home into the municipal dog pound, as almost each new sun set on him coaxing, dragging, or carrying some forlorn old dog "home to mother."

His mother was one of those rare women who understood the boy's love of animals and did her best in the face of paternal opposition to maintain his "pack" at least until suitable homes had been found for the unfortunates.

As he grew older, he was persuaded to give up trying to own all the dogs in the city and only a Llewellyn setter, "Mac," remained. Mac was his constant companion. They could be seen roving afield in every moment of the lad's spare time. When he left home to attend a military academy, Mac had to accompany him and, despite the protestations of the faculty, Mac remained.

Then along came the world war and he enlisted in the navy. Mac could not go, and as I recall it, the only tears shed when he left home crept past his reserve when he kissed his mother goodbye and when he saw Mac standing on the depot platform wagging his tail and offering eloquent blessings with his dimming old eyes.

When he reached France, on his second trip, he was handed a letter—a long, loving letter from a mother trying to soothe the hurt of one she still considered her baby. Mac had pined away and died—breathing his last with his head resting on the lad's old hunting coat.

I shall never forget the expression on his face when he read that letter. For more than a month he was unable to eat much of anything and he grew thin and haggard. This can only be appreciated by a lover of dogs who has lost one.

But this has nothing to do with the story of Jerry—its only purpose, if it has any, is to give you a peep into the heart of the man.

* * * *

I have read and listened to scores of eulogies on dogs—from the masterly rhetoric of the polished diplomat to the mumbled uncouth mutterings of the barfly, but I can think of no greater compliment—no more sincere expression of appreciation, than that paid to the lad's airedale, Jerry, this morning by his year old baby boy.

They were on the lawn in front of the house and the youngster was attempting to share his bottle with the wise old veteran who sat near him, highly pleased with the plan. Nor can I think of any dog more deserving of this honor than that same old airedale.

As we looked at them, a lump rose in my throat. It was easy to appreciate the depth of their mutual love and understanding. A beautiful picture.

Results mean more advertising. Help our Advertisers get results.

To see the old boy, whining softly and that stump of a tail working vigorously as he attempted to return the compliment with his tongue on Johnny's face, brought a host of memories rushing to the surface.

* * * *

It was a chill morning in Brest, France—they were mostly of that variety if you remember the spring of 1917. We had just completed an unusually unpleasant trip across, twice losing the ships we were convoying in the storm, and our old destroyer lay moored to the dock.

The lad was still in the depths, thinking of Mac, and I saw it was up to me to let a little sunshine in. After much persuasion we went ashore together, and were soon polishing, with our elbows, the bar of one of the myriad estaminets, soothing our weary souls with sundry potions.

Some English blue jackets stood at the other end of the bar and, as is always the case, we were soon in deep discussion on the relative merits of the British and American navies.

Among sailormen lying is an art and we were running jib and jib with the "Limeys." The old light had returned to the lad's eyes and he was beginning to show some sign of interest in life.

The excitement ran high and the drinks were coming fast.

A side door swung open and in walked a Canadian doughboy—his empty sleeve, crutch, pallor, and cough marked him as one who had recently returned from that inferno casually referred to among those of the A. E. F. as "The Line." He was closely followed by an airedale whose long, blocky muzzle, close, curly, black and tan coat, and body lines, showed unmistakable signs of perfect breeding.

You may also recall that 1917 was a hard-boiled page on the calendar of time and wounded men were nothing unusual in Brest. Scant attention was paid to the Canuck, but I could see the lad's interest center in that dog.

We lost interest in the Ananias contest and turned from the bar to watch the doughboy and his homely pal. The dog sat on his haunches at his master's side, one foot resting on the crutch that lay across the doughboy's lap as his eyes followed every movement the Canadian made.

The soldier ordered a drink and a sandwich. When they were brought to the table he proceeded to make the event a solemn ceremony. With his one good hand, he broke the sandwich in several pieces and handed the dog a piece each time he took a sip from the glass. They were oblivious to the noise at the bar and their solemnity, while amusing, tugged at one's heartstrings. It was evidently a daily rite.

Finally, the sandwich was gone and the glass empty. The soldier rose, put his crutch in place—then screamed, clutched his throat and fell across the table. It was the gas getting in its fatal work.

There was a rush from the bar to help him, but we were met by a sixty pound bundle of fury which stood with his forepaws on the doughboy's chest, teeth bared, and growling defiantly. Someone picked up a chair and swung at the dog. Somebody cracked the swinger on the jaw, spoiling his aim.

Strongheart Training School for Police Dogs

In charge of well known German Trainer

Your Police Dog must be *properly* trained, just as your child must be educated, if you expect to bring out and develop those fine inherent qualities that make a *well-trained* Police Dog the ideal Companion and Protector.

Champion Bero of Elmview

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Character plus Appearance

Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elmview, and other noted Dogs at stud.

Puppies for sale at reasonable prices, shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. "You can pay more, but you can't get a better Dog."

SUN BEAM FARM STRONGHEART KENNELS

Eastern Road NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Sporting Spaniels Springers, Cockers

Our stock are all hunting dogs, and bred for work as well as looks. We are going to have a nice lot of puppies for early Spring and Summer delivery, and we invite your inquiries, and come and see us if you can. We will be glad to show you why Winnebago Spaniel puppies are superior to others. Our great Sires are at the service of approved matrons. Return charges paid on bitches sent for services.

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Collins Kennels

For Great Danes that have size and intelligence, write Collins Kennels, enclosing 15c for catalog.

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Are the He-Man's Dog

—the companion par excellence for man, woman or child. Two thousand satisfied customers will prove this.

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Sturdy Northern stock sired by a brother of "Strong-Heart" with over thirty Champions in pedigree.

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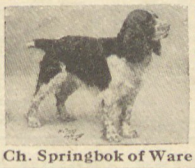
Van Den Norden Kennels

Ashland, Wisconsin



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Largest Kennels of this Breed in America

U. R. FISHEL

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Boarding and Training Bird Dogs

Our kennels are large and roomy, the best of feed, water and shade; your dogs properly taken care of and sent home fit for their work.

Terms on request. Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Lou Holliday's Super-Airedales

(Original Lionheart Strain)

Spring Sale—Nine Litters —Big Western Type

Parentage known all over this continent as workers with courage and brains. Pedigreed. Guaranteed. Males $20.00 during sale. References in 48 States, Canada, Mexico.

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Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.

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Safest dog for children.

Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.

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"A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type"

We Offer For Sale **Eight English Setter Pups** wormed and ready to ship. Lamberlon's Mack-Phil's Speed Ben breeding, priced $35.00. Also one four-year pointer thoroughly broken on quail and grouse, $125.00. 10 days' trial. Also twelve splendid Rabbit Hounds, ready for fall shooting. Also we will board a few extra dogs for the summer. Good Kennels—Good Food—Fresh Spring Water.

Address Chas. Beckman, R. D.

Cambridge Spring, Pa.

Setters, Pointers, Collies, Shepherds, Fox Terriers, Bulls. Puppies two to three months old. Purebred, True Types. Any of these Kinds, Males $12; Females, $7.

Order from this Ad

Darnall Kennels, Williamston, S. C.

Pure-Bred Chesapeake Retrievers

There is a reason why I never have a raft of dogs to sell. My stock must suit in all ways or I pay all the bills. Beaver Don and Beverly's Golden Buster at stud. I am feeding duck dogs, not show stock. Glad to tell you about them.

DR. A. L. BEVERLY, Dayton, Iowa

50--Setter Puppies--50 ENGLISH and LLEWELLIN

World's best breeding. For Playmates, Pals or Bird work—we have the best that can be bred.

Enclose stamps and send for prices and descriptions.

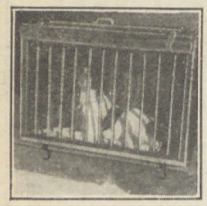
Thoroughbred Setter Kennels, Hesner Blk., Edgewood, Ia.

HIGH CLASS BIRD DOGS

Registered Broken Experienced Grouse Quail Woodcock. Setters and Pointers at stud. Shores Ben Eugene. Best English Setter before the public today for all purposes. Shooting Dogs. Also Tipperary's Irish Duke. Best in Irish. DeSota Franks Sport. Best in Pointers. Stud cards and photos.

G. O. SMITH, Wheeling, W. Va.

The BIRD DOG'S PALACE



Clamps on the running board of any car. Has waterproof top, built like the tops on closed cars, storm curtain, linoleum on the floor, nickel plated trimmings throughout and tapered back that does not touch the body of car. A regular palace for the dog, handsomely finished and a splendid value at $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15 for the two-dog size. Immediate shipment. Manufactured by

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Collies or German Police PUPPIES

You will want them for playmates for your children. Champion stock any age or color. Pedigrees with each pup or dog.
PRICES REASONABLE

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German Police Puppies

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

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For Sale
ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS

for immediate shipment; pups from the best of Springer Stock. All pedigreed, A. K. C. Liver and White with the best of markings. Sire and Dams are field workers. Pedigrees and prices on application. Sire Blue and Purple ribbon winner.

CERRO GORDO KENNELS
223 No. Fed. Avenue Mason City, Iowa

Modern Breaking, Training

Without abuse, without whip. No filth, vermin or disease. Best foods, medicines, veterinary science. Good quail range all summer. Terms $10.00 per month.

J. M. FIELD, Climax, N. C.

Special Sale on Hunting Stock

$75.00 Coon Hounds now	$47.50
50.00 Female Coon Hounds now	35.00
30.00 Rabbit Dogs (males) now	20.00
25.00 Rabbit Dogs (females)	$12.50 to 15.00
Good Young Hounds	15.00

Send Check or Draft for 10-Day Trial
Sixteen Years in Mena

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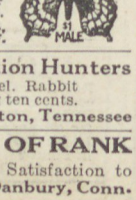

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In the general confusion that followed, the doughboy regained consciousness for a moment.

"Down, Jerry!" were his only spoken words. Then, with a shudder, he entered that land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

The dog dropped to the floor. But he understood that an unseen hand had entered the fight. The scruff of hair on his back bristled—he whined and licked the face of that which had been his buddie.

The dog offered no resistance to the military police and hospital attendants when they attempted to resuscitate the soldier, seeming to understand that they were working for the thing he wanted most.

All efforts were without avail. They placed the body on a stretcher and carried it to a waiting ambulance. Jerry still growling, walked stiff-legged alongside the stretcher, until they reached the machine and then attempted to leap in. The door of the ambulance was slammed in his face and the machine dashed away. Jerry paused for a moment, stunned, then started off after it. We hailed a cab and tried to follow him but he was lost in the crowd.

We tried the morgue but the dog was not there.

Again that haunted look appeared in the lad's eyes. He could not forget the incident, he confided to me, and visions of that dog starving, shattered his sleep.

For more than a week we searched but could find no trace of the dog. We had tried every conceivable place in the town except the bar-room where the tragedy had occurred. We avoided the place until we had exhausted all other possibilities.

We finally tried it. In we went, and lying beneath the table where his buddie had died, was Jerry. But a different Jerry. Gone was the fire. His mud splattered coat hung limp and his brown eyes were dim with agony.

Marie—I think her name was Marie, at least that's what the boys called her—owner of the establishment, noting our interest in the dog, explained in her crippled but vivid version of English that Jerry had returned to the table an hour after the ambulance left and had not eaten since.

"Tam fool—he mak' bark w'en coostomer coom in," she announced. This, she went on, not only hurt her feelings but her frugal soul, as no one could use the table while Jerry occupied his position and unless someone took him out she would call in the police and have the dog shot.

The lad was not paying any attention to Marie. He was seated at the table across the aisle from Jerry, talking to the dog. For more than an hour he sat there and finally Jerry accepted a part of a sandwich from his hand.

Another hour and the lad had convinced the old chap that he was his friend. They returned to the destroyer together. From that day until the close of the war, Jerry never left his heels.

I wrote the lad's mother that he was back on his feet and the letter that I received in return—an epic poem—will always remain one of my most treasured possessions.

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Cass Lake, Minn.

Llewellyn Beauties.

They made eight more trips on the destroyer, and then came the armistice and the lad was given his discharge. They went home together and together they remained.

What a duck dog Jerry made! He would go with us to the blind on the coldest days and retrieve the fallen birds. I once saw him go after a duck on "rubber ice" when an imported water spaniel whimpered and refused the task.

He accepted me as a friend but would wag his tail only for the lad himself.

As time went on the lad married and his bride was at first a bit disconcerted to find that Jerry was not to relinquish his position on the running board of the lad's battered car, even for their honeymoon. But the old boy soon won a place in her heart. He did not, however, accept her as a pal. He was friendly but dignified.

It was only when the baby was born that he transferred his wholehearted affection. He took it for an accepted fact that the lad's baby was his baby, and since he first heard the little chap cry, he has been the family nurse. He may be found not more than ten feet from Johnny day or night—and woe unto whoever tries to even put their hand on his ward.

He is getting old now and his showy form has disintegrated to peaceful, shaggy rotundity. He is content to lie beneath the baby's bed, to snore and dream contentedly of the days that have been. Who knows what thoughts are his?

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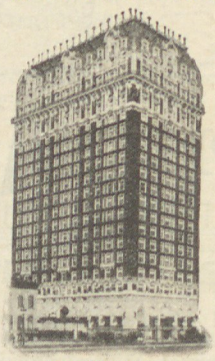

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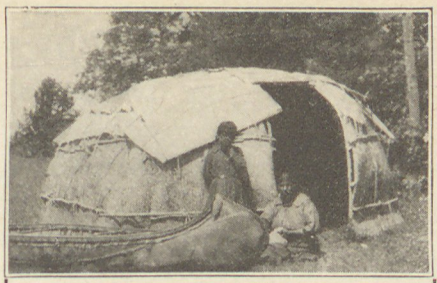

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Nashoba is a high grade family place; is on one of America's famous fishing Lakes, built on a point and designed and built to eliminate mosquitoes and flies. Electric lighted.

The management own their own Private Brook Trout Hatchery and extensive private Brook Trout fishing pools.

A REAL PLACE
FOR REAL PEOPLE

The guest that catches the largest fish from June 1st to October 1st, 1925, will receive 15 shipments of 3 lbs. each of Brook Trout, all charges prepaid to his or her home.

Write for folder.

THE
WILDERNESS OUTFITTERS
at ELY, MINNESOTA
In the Minnesota Arrowhead
"Where the Wilderness Begins"

Complete and reliable outfitting service. Canoe and Fishing Trips arranged into Superior National Forest and Canadian Wilderness. 6,000,000 acres virgin wilderness—10,000 lakes—8,000 miles canoe trails—unexcelled fishing. Complete camping outfits for rental. Food supplies, full line of tackle and camping accessories for sale. Guides reserved. Maps, rates, literature, and information furnished upon request.

We Furnish Everything

COME TO
EAGLE KNOB LODGE
On Beautiful LAKE OWEN

A camp run to meet the taste of discriminating out-of-door-folks. A strictly moral, high grade vacation paradise for the entire family. Best Bass and Great Northern Pike fishing in Wisconsin's forest country.

Send for booklet. Reservation required.

WALTER H. REED, Cable, Wis.
Member of Izaak Walton League of America

Through sleeper with special rates daily over C. & N. W. R. R. to Lake Owen station, May 15 to Sept. 30.

Fisherman, Spend Your Vacation at The Maples
Located on intermediate chain of lakes. The heart of the best Bass, Pike and Trout territory in Michigan. Abundance of common small fish. Good eats. Clean beds and good boats. Furnished cottages. Tourist Camp. Reasonable rates. Write for Booklet. "The Maples,"

W. C. GREEN, Prop.
Bellaire **Michigan**

Hunting and Fishing Ranges
In Michigan. Among her Thousands of Lakes and Streams or on the Big Lakes. Tell us what you want.

PORTER & WYMAN
MUSKEGON **MICHIGAN**

Tourists, Fishermen and Big Game Hunters
Tourists, spend your holidays in the Canadian Rockies, riding and traveling with a pack train. Finest of scenery. Trout fishing, both lake and stream. Special rates for parties. Big Game September 1st. Mountain Sheep, Goat, Moose, Deer and Bear. Short hunts for Moose and Deer, after November 1st to December 14th.

Write W. Watson, Guide and Outfitter.
Nordegg, Alberta, Canada.

For Sale Finest Trout Preserve in Northern Wisconsin.
240 acres. About 2 miles of stream. Hundreds of thousands of trout from fry to 2 pounders. 45 miles from St. Paul on Federal Highway N:35. Fine bait and fly fishing. For information, address

G. HANSEN, Troutmere, Osceola, Wis.

FOR SALE Fifty Choice Sites for Summer homes
On a beautif ul lake, one of the upper Eagle chain in Northern Wisconsin, in the heart of the "Land o' Lakes." Fine roads, excellent fishing, pure cold water. Sixty-five lakes within easy driving distance.

Address
Dr. J. H. MILLER, Pana, Illinois

The "Land O'Lakes" Is Calling You
A dream of a home and financial independence for those who are fond of the "great outdoors" at a price and on terms that anyone can afford. 40 acre farms in the center of the finest hunting and fishing section of northern Minnesota, scattered among hundreds of beautiful lakes and near famous Itasca State Park. Write today.

REUBEN C. THOMPSON
Plymouth Bldg. **Minneapolis, Minn.**

Big Game Hunters' Paradise
Fishing De Luxe. Horseback riding a la cowboy. 100 miles from railroad. Accessible by Auto via Magdalena. Everything furnished except your Bed and Gun. Camping parties a specialty. Write for particulars.

J. S. Moore **Beaverhead, N. M.**

Triangle F Ranch In Jackson's Hole WYOMING
is prepared to accommodate a few guests for Summer and Fall. Harmonious and congenial surroundings. Ranch located in a picturesque region, S. E. corner of Jackson's Hole. "Last of the Old West." Scenery unexcelled. Elev. 6,600 ft. Horseback riding, fishing, kodaking. Detached log sleeping cabins. Good beds, excellent meals. Pack trips arranged. A quiet spot far removed from the clamor of the city. Heart of a noted big game country. Elk, mountain sheep, bear and deer abound. Outfits and Guides for hunting. Write

W. E. HIATT, Triangle F Ranch, via Daniel, Wyo.

Lakeview Resort
On Grass Lake
two miles from Bellaire, Mich., on the 88 Mich. State Trunk Line. An ideal place for families and special attention paid to families with children. Write for information and booklet.

ANSON T. SCHOOLCRAFT, Bellaire, Mich.

Big Game of Colorado
PINE RIVER RANCH
Summer camping headquarters, pack train service, virgin hunting, trout stream and lake fishing. Bear and lion dogs. Mesa Verde, etc., scenery.

H. SCHUTZ - BAYFIELD, COLO.

WALTONIAN INN
Lake Nipissing
New buildings, new boats, new fishing grounds. The best to be found anywhere. Pickerel, bass, pike and trout in abundance.

Make reservations early. Only a limited number of rooms to let this season.

J. A. LECHLITNER, Prop. **Callander, Ont.**

LAURENTIDE HOUSE
Lake Edward, Prov. Quebec, Can.
Trout and Northern Pike fishing; moose, bear, partridge and ducks. 1,200 square miles virgin lakes and rivers. Finest hunting and fishing in Canada. Accommodations in either hotel, camp or tents. An ideal place for rest and sport. Send for booklet.

Vacationist's and Fisherman's Paradise
Lake of many Islands Lodge and new log Bungalow Camps, surrounded by 12 lakes, are at the end of the Trail, off the beaten path, reached this season by our new Auto road, naturally our Camps offer unusual charm, unexcelled fishing small mouth bass, Trout and Walleyed Pike in Galore, no better Bass waters in Ontario, splendid bathing beach, finest Tennis court and baseball grounds in Ontario, Boating, Canoeing, Dancing lodge. Rates per week single $20, double $16, for further information address

FREDERICK J. SCHMELER & SONS, Box 51, Magnetawan, Ontario, Canada

Good Fly and Plug Fishing for Black Bass
McGregor Lake district province Quebec season opens June 16th, parties arranged throughout the summer.

A. B. WEST, 519 Sussex Street, Ottawa, Canada

MANTRAP CAMP DORSET, MINN.
In Mantrap Valley and Itasca Park Region. Located on Mantrap Lake at head of chain of sixteen lakes in Mantrap Valley. Muskallonge, large and small mouth bass fishing. Pike fishing nearby. Cottage plan with main dining room. Good meals, an excellent bathing beach and a real "Outdoor Camp" for Outdoor Americans. Write for booklet.

E. M. WILSIE, Prop.

Two Trappers having a primitive comfortable camp on
pleasant lake in isolated but accessible district, will guide anyone wishing to photograph or study wild life, or outfit a few desirable parties for canoe trips. Pickerel, wall-eyed pike and perch are large and plentiful. A few very large trout on one canoe trip. Moose seen daily.

Good, plain fare. Reasonable rates.

BOX 41 - HORNEPAYNE, ONTARIO

Winfrey's Island, Fraser's Point, Prov. Que.
Beautiful Island on Lake St. Francis (expansion of Upper St. Lawrence River). Bungalows with central dining-room. Excellent fishing and hunting. Dancing, boating, bathing. No flies or mosquitoes. Excellent motor roads via Malone, N. Y., or Montreal. Belgian cooking. Moderate rates. Open June 15th.

For Particulars and Descriptive Circular Write

DR. WINFREY
825 Bienville Street **MONTREAL, P. Q.**

PIKE, - MUSKIE, - BASS, - TROUT
Different kind each day out.
Good meals served, or cook your own.
Bring the GANG, or come ALONE.
Cabins, where you'll love to stay.
Better write without delay.

CAMP NICKEL **TOMAHAWK, WIS.**

SQUAW MT. INN, Moosehead Lake, Me.
A distinctive *Inn*. Homelike, democratic, efficiently managed. Excellent cuisine, comfortable modern rooms, also camps. All sports. Booklet. Address **PHIL SHERIDAN, Manager, Greenville Junction, Maine.**

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department — THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA — 536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 94 and 95.

Automobile Supplies

THE Spring that Squeaks Gets the Crease! How soon will you be cleaning and greasing the squeaky springs of your car? Soon enough! That's good! You can lose those squeaks with a set of McLeod Pat'd Spring Covers. Keeps the grease in—keeps the dirt out. A simple, inexpensive, weather-proof protection that does the trick. Complete set for average car, $4.00. The Morris Supply Company, Wheeling, W. Va., Box 776.

Boats and Engines

A RARE opportunity for a limited time only. We want Twenty Million Small Boat Users to write Globe Anchor Rope Wringer on a postal. Give your name and address. Globe Pattern & Mfg. Works, Jackson, Mich.

OCEAN going house ship, electric lighting plant, electric refrigeration, 6 cabins. Bargain quick sale. The Sales Corporation, Alexandria, Va. (2-7)

BOATS that always go are propelled by Ford engines. Ford engine booklet free to water sports. Harry Rider, 201D East Avenue, South Norwalk, Conn. (3-7)

NEW nine-cylinder Gnome gas engines. Equipped two magnetos, aluminum pistons, $45. Sales Corporation, Alexandria, Va. (2-7)

16 FOOT Rowboat—easily made. Construction blueprint 30c. Weesho-Uco. 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

ROWBOATS—Easily made. Literature free. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich. (3-7)

Books and Publications

Profitable books. Mink Farming, $1.00. Racoon Raising, $1.50. Muskrat Farming, $2.25. Fur Farms Publishing Co., Dept. A, Utica, New York. (3-8)

Business Opportunities

A GOOD buy now at MacIntyre's Silver Black Fox Ranch, Bathurst, N. B., Canada. Few mated and bred pairs, standard bred, registered, proven breeders on which 100 per cent increase is guaranteed. Write, stating fully what you want, how much cash you want to put in. Deferred payments and ranching facilities arranged.

Camping Equipment

SLEEP in your Ford Sedan. Pullman type beds, the most comfortable and practical bed on the market. Tudor, $9.00; Two-Door, $7.00, postpaid. Milligan & Chrey, Bremerton, Wash.

OREGON Wool Blankets, Hudson's Bay Point Blankets, Eiderdown Sleeping Robes, Stag Coats, Outing Equipment. Factory shipments. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-6)

TENTS and real camp equipment direct from factory. Write for free booklet. E. W. Klos Mfg. Co., Muskogee, Okla. (3-8)

AUTO Campers' equipment book free. Kiernan Co., Whitewater, Wis. (3-6)

Camps and Cottages

D. A. MACINTYRE, Bathurst, N. B., Canada. Eastern Salt-water fishing and hunting at MacIntyre's Bathurst Basin, New Brunswick. Home, farm and ranch for few young persons of means and refinement. Write him fully what you want and expect, and compensations you can make him.

BEAUTIFUL Lake Michigamme, and the bewitching Peshekeme River. Furnished tents rented, or bring your own and lease a site. Use of rowboats included. Camp Rivers-End, Champion, Marquette Co., Mich. (3-7)

HUBBARD Lake furnished cottages. Nine hours from Detroit. Swimming, boating, woodland trails, trout streams, radio, farm produce and baked goods. H. C. Shafer, 5101 Seebaldt, Detroit, Mich.

SPIDER Lake, Sawyer County, Wisconsin. Muskie and Bass—Log Cabins on beautiful lots. Very easy terms. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis. (3-7)

Camps and Cottages—Cont'd

CAMP Al-gon-quian for the Real American Boy. Located on Burt Lake in Northern Michigan. For further information write to H. H. Twinings, Camp Director, 1225 Forest Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

RAINBOW Fishing Resort on the Pere Marquette. Meals—Lodgings—Boats, Bait. Rates $4.00 per day. For reservations wire or write J. A. Seward, Ludington, Mich., care Hansen's Pharmacy.

TO LEASE—Lake Michigan shore with buildings. Ideal for summer activities of responsible organization. Send for views. C. Mears, Pentwater, Mich.

THREE furnished cottages for rent with boat, ice, wood, $12.50 per week. Good fishing. W. E. Lucas, Haliburton, Ontario, Box R, Canada.

FURNISHED cottages for rent, on beautiful northern Wisconsin lake. Good fishing. E. Kuschel, 209 13th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FURNISHED cottage to rent on Black Lake, Hongor Bay. Address Ed Immel, Onaway, Michigan.

Coins and Curios

INDIAN Curios. Stone Age Specimens. Antique Guns, Pistols and Daggers from all parts of the world. Illustrated list, 10c. N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (6-9)

RARE Antiques—Guns, pistols, ancient Indian stone implements, miscellaneous relics. Send for lists. G. R. Moore "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-7)

ANTIQUE firearms, swords, daggers, spears, powderhorns, flasks, Indian curios; catalog free. Nagy, 8-D South 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 OLD coins, all different, $1.00. 1,000 different Stamps, $1.00. List free. Merten Denney, Box 315, Dept. J, Dallas, Texas.

Dogs

Airedales

OORANG Airedale Terriers are a special strain of pedigreed dogs highly developed for the all-around purposes of house-guards, automobile companions, children's playmates, men's pals; hunters and retrievers of all wild game; also stock drivers of cattle and sheep. Exclusively bred and sold by the world's largest dog kennels whose complete illustrated catalog will be mailed to your address for ten cents postage. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (6-9)

THOROUGHBRED Airedale puppies and brood matrons. All ages. Real guards. Satisfaction guaranteed and all papers for registration in A. K. C. Floral Hill Kennels, Manawa, Wis. (3-8)

AIREDALE pups, six to twelve weeks' old, well bred, papers to register. Males, $10; females, $7.50. George Bond, Aurora, Mo.

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-6)

AIREDALES—Oorang bred; fine specimens; prices reasonable. W. A. Lumley, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-6)

FOR SALE: Airedale puppies, half grown. Part trained. Fully pedigreed. Wm. Jordan, Hermann, Mo., R. F. D. 1, Box 68. (3-7)

ONE male airedale, one year old. Good watch dog. $15.00. W. C. Luedtke, Young America, Minn.

PEDIGREED Airedale male puppies, $12.00 each; none better at any price. Guy Dille, Ridgeway, Ohio.

Chesapeakes and Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels—Keen nose, leg length and weight, make this breed the superior of any spaniel now on the market. Fast, powerful swimmers, rapid ground workers. Not a new discovery. "Old Patsey" made good here years ago. Retrieve duck, grouse, chicken, pheasant. Wonderful intelligence, easy trained, easy handled. Largest, finest kennel in America. Genuine curly-coated rat-tail strain. Eight prize winners imported in three years (a record). Puppies from experienced workers, also youngsters and trained dogs on hand always. Little long in distance, mighty long on quality. Percy K. Swan, Chico, Calif. (2-7)

Dogs

Chesapeakes and Spaniels—Continued

CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Puppies and young stock. All old enough to work this fall. Champion Carney's Water King at Stud. Cash fee, $25.00. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-6)

THOROUGHBRED registered Irish Water Spaniel pups. Retrievers, companions and watchers. Males, $25.00; females, $20.00. Money Order or check. J. B. Pfau, Kenwood Park, Duluth, Minn.

FOR Sale: Three litters of Springer puppies. Cornwallis' Spey (Imp.) at Stud. Four grown Chesapeake pups. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Iowa. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Litter cocker spaniel puppies. Six males. One female. No better blood. Papers for A. K. C. registration with puppies. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wisconsin.

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS—Incomparable retrievers of all game. Tireless workers. Wonderful disposition. Attractive. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Mont. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel at stud. Chief of Iowa. A. K. C. 449530. Liver & White. 55 lbs. A real duck dog. Write for terms and photo. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (2-6)

CHOICE female Chesapeake puppies for sale. Guaranteed duck dogs. Females, $25. A. L. Green, Sheldon, Iowa.

CHESAPEAKE Puppies, Young Dogs—working. Dogs at stud. Lakeside Chesapeake Kennels. Clear Lake, Iowa. (3-7)

IRISH water spaniels. Cheap if taken immediately. Pedigreed. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Mont. (3-7)

CHESAPEAKES—Excellent breeding. Clare John Thomas, Grand Forks, N. D.

Collies

COLLIES—The dogs with human brains. Prize winning imported and American-breds at stud and for sale. Brood matrons by champions. All stock must satisfy or money refunded. Established fifteen years. Egyptian Farm, Marion, Ill. (6-10)

FOR SALE—White Collie pups. Registerable A. K. C. Satisfaction guaranteed. Henry Morrison, Shelbysville, Ind. (3-7)

COLLIES for Sale. Training Book 35c. Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-7)

Hounds

COON hounds. 1 six-year-old, 1 seven and 1 four-year-old. A-1 broke. 2 three-year-old coon hound bitches. Blue tick, red tick and black and tans, from three to ten months old. Get my prices before you buy. H. C. Lytle, Fredericksburg, Ohio.

ENGLISH Beagles. Registered and eligible registration American Kennel Club. Sires and dams are field trial and bench show winners. Old and young stock for sale. Two real ones at stud. Please state your wants in first letter. Money back guarantee. References. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-7)

OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers high class coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at $15 each. High class Pointers and Setters. 60 days' trial. Descriptive price list, 10 cents. (4x)

FOR Sale—U. K. C. registered English Beagles; Ye Purple Ribbon bred kind; all papers furnished. The Lakeside Kennels, Lake City, Michigan.

OLD fashion coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat. Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Littles Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 93.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

RUSSIAN Wolfhound puppies, from beautiful, silkycoated, curly, extremely large registered trained parents. Prices reasonable. E. B. Kulbeck, Box 477, Havre, Mont.

SPORTSMEN—We send our coon, opossum or rabbit hounds anywhere on trial. Purchaser to be own judge. List, 10c. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tenn. (3-8)

WHO wants these? Extremely long-eared, old-time black and tan, registered Foxhound puppies. Address, Edw. Kulbeck, Box 477, Havre, Mont.

BEAGLE puppies, from good hunting and field trial, blood lines; eligible to registration, $15 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Ill. (3-7)

TENNESSEE coon and opossum hounds. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. "My dogs tree." D. F. Bumpass, Cottage Grove, Tenn.

TRAINED coon hounds and bird dogs. Trial Catalog, five cents. Frye's Kennels, Finger, Tenn.

TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-7)

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for any breed of hounds. Farmers Bank for reference. (3-8)

COON, rabbit and foxhound pups, $10.00 each. Fred Kucera, Clarkson, Nebr.

ENGLISH beagles for sale. Puppies and young stock. A. C. McCanna, Youngsville, Pa.

FOR quality, buy your coonhounds from Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (9-12)

TREE dogs, twenty days' trial. Open and silent trailers. Floyd Parker, Japton, Ark.

Miscellaneous Dogs

CHOWS—Excellent quality, exceptional type, gentle dispositions, dark red or black puppies. Also some grown stock. Glenncove Kennels, Northbrook, Ill. (3-7)

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthiana, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered Mammoth Great Dane Dogs. N. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Indiana. (3-8)

GREAT Danes. Puppies and grown stock. Fox Farm, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (3-6)

Pointers and Setters

BRACE of trained second season Irish Setters, over distemper. Bench winners. Excellent pedigree. £100 the brace. Pups £12 each. Prices include carriage to New York. Johnson, Grange, Tenbury, Worcestershire, England.

ENGLISH Pointer Puppies—Bred from finest shooting stock. Sire and Dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa. (3-6)

IRISH Setter puppies, three months old, solid mahogany red, sired by son of International Champion Tyrone Larry. Farm raised, strong healthy individuals. $35.00 up. Dr. A. Woodin, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

WANTED bird dogs for training. Thirty-four years experience in developing shooting dogs on grouse and quail. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

BEAUTIFUL Irish Setter puppies, registered, Ch. Terry of Boyne and Bran of Boyne breeding, $30.00 each. S. H. Gucker, Glasgow, Montana.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, Champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-7)

DESIRABLE registered Pointers and Setters. Pups, eight months. $25.00. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

IRISH Setters; correct type and color; eligible to registry. Write for prices. Dean Roberts, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

REGISTERED English Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers, and retrievers. All ages. List free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-7)

BIRD dogs for sale. Want dogs to train. Ray Huckaby, Gibsland, Louisiana.

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light and dark police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kremenalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups $30 and $35; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 10 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Police pups and grown dogs. Bitches open and bred. Pedigreed. From imported prize winners. $30.00 up. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-8)

REGISTERED Police Puppies for sale. Famous Kriminal-Polizie Strain. Crestland Kennels, 1208 Huestis Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind. (3-6)

FOR SALE—Police dog pups. Papers furnished. Best quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Safe delivery. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. Dak. (2-6)

GERMAN Police pups. Males, $15.00. Females, $10.00. W. C. Luedtke, Young America, Minn.

POLICE puppies, related to "Strongheart," $25.00 to $35.00. Variety Farm, Gilman, Illinois.

Terriers

SMOOTH Fox Terrier Puppies. Best of Sabine blood, $15.00 to $25.00. Maridell Kennels, Eldorado Springs, Mo. (3-6)

FOX terriers. Spitz. $8.00 to $15.00. Write C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wis.

REGISTERED Pit Bull Terrier Puppies. W. D. Alexander, Hydro, Okla. (3-7)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-8)

Firearms

Sauer Guns and Rifles

• YOUR safety lies in dealing direct with J. P. Sauer & Sons, only authorized agent in America. We carry only new latest Sauer models. We handle no discarded models nor second hand or rebuilt goods. The factory guarantee as well as our own is back of every transaction. Pre-War Quality at Pre-War prices. Address. (6-8)

The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

Firearms—Continued

FOR Sale: New Ithaca double 20, recoil pad, $40.00. Winchester hammerless pump 20, perfect condition, $35.00. Colt double hammerless 12, $30.00. Savage 22, hi-power, $25.00. Model 52 Winchester 22 with telescope, perfect condition, exceptionally accurate, $70.00. E. S. Kingsford, Iron Mountain, Michigan.

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

GUN BARGAINS—Sale or Exchange. Special cash prices on new guns. No lists; write your wants. Satisfaction guaranteed; send stamp, please. Geo. A. Goeke, 15 East Main St., Waukon, Iowa. (3-7)

SELL: 410 ga. single, new $9.00. Savage .22 high power, new $35.00. Springfield 30-40 fine, 2 boxes soft nose cartridges, $25.00. Firearms list, 100 guns, 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice, Wild Celery, Ducks Potato, Sago Pond Plant, etc., bring ducks and fish to waters near you. Ready to plant now. 28 years' experience. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 19 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-6)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FOR Sale—Cross 8-strip, 2-piece, 6½-foot light rod, $15.00; Briston Delux 5½, $10.00; 5-foot split bamboo, $10.00; 6-foot split bamboo, 1 piece, $8.00; Bluegrass reel No. 3 jeweled, $15.00; Takapart, $3.00; Shakespeare reel, $2.00; Heddon-Imperial jeweled reel, $11.00; 3 large Stundibilt reels, $3.00; king 11-foot special boat, better than new, $25.00. Above priced way below value for quick sale. A. H. Sikes, Great Falls, Mont.

DRY FLIES: Fore and Aft hackle flies are effective for bass and trout. At your request I will send you on approval an introductory set on barbed or Jamisons barbless hooks. State size. R. S. Timmons, R. 1, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. (3-7)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs. $1. Doughbait guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., $1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., $1. Angleworms, ½ pint, $1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

FISHERMEN: Buy your high quality waterproof silk and Irish linen fish lines direct. Save one-third. 3c brings you our assorted samples. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill.

FOR SALE: 80 yard Meisselbach Tripart Reels, $4 postpaid. C. O. D. $4.15. H. B. Nissly, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (4-8)

For Sale or Exchange

FIREARMS, ammunition and components. Loading tools, rifle and revolver bullets. Ideal tools wanted. W. A. Clark, Colton, N. Y.

SALE or Trade: Excellent English setter pups. Good breeding and markings. All registered. A. C. Gilchrist, Wood Lake, Nebr.

Food Products

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, $2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-7)

Game Birds and Animals

I SPECIALIZE in mating and raising little pure-bred English Grey Call Decoy Ducks from matings that have been tried and trained as decoys in actual hunting. None better and many not as good. Have no other water fowls with or near any ducks. Choicest for sale will be selected for customers in the order that orders are received for fall delivery. References, Cherokee State Bank, this city. P. C. Stephens, Columbus, Kansas.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 93.

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANT eggs. I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Mongolian, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

WILD duck eggs. I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck respond to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

FOR Sale—Baby bears, coon, foxes, wolves, tame ape, tame coyote, ferrets, coons, skunks, minks, martens, fishers, grouse, pheasants, squirrels, weasels, monkeys, parrots, leopard, agouti, llamas, gnu. Austin Game Farm, West Suffield, Conn.

SALE: Wild northern red, grey foxes, coyote pups. Raccoons, skunks, Canadian geese. Hatching eggs: Wild turkey, peafowl, pheasant, mallard, English call. Now booking orders for decoys, fall delivery. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Illinois.

PHEASANTS' eggs for hatching from six hundred choice breeders of eight varieties. Safe arrival and satisfactory hatch guaranteed. Twin Brook Game Farm, Box 614, Middletown, New Jersey.

RAISE Silver Black Foxes. Get into a profitable business raising Silver Black Fox Skins. Write for prices on Spring pups. Enclose stamp for particulars on Fox Farming. Valley Silver Fox Farm, St. Stephen, N. B. (3-7)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

FOR Sale—Blue Foxes. Send ten cents coin, prices, photos, literature. Grove's Blue Fox Ranch, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dept. B. (7-8)

PHEASANT Ring Neck Eggs from choice stock, hardy birds, $3.50. Setting of twelve eggs. William Coe, Suffern, N. Y., or 27 W. 125th St., New York.

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Wood Ducks, Japanese Silkie Bantams. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-8)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks, $5.00 pair. Eggs in season, $10.00 per hundred. L. F. Sutton, Akron, New York. (4-7)

IMPORTED roller canaries and gold fish. Harry Powers, Walton, Kentucky. (3-6)

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger positions: $1,500 to $2,400 year, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, A-57, Denver, Colo. (2-6)

Indian Goods

GENUINE Indian Relics. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Beaded watch fobs, $1.00. Moccasins, $4.50 pair. Dozen selected arrowheads, $1.50. War clubs, belts, necklaces, $3.75 each. Indian beaded rabbits' feet, good luck charms, $1.00. Beaded hatbands and headbands, $2.75 each. Everything in ancient and modern Indian handicraft. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (3X)

GENUINE Iroquois Indian Handiwork. Seneca Indian Traders, Collins, N. Y. (3-8)

INDIAN made Baskets, Blankets, Beads. Catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Calif. (12-12)

Miscellaneous

TANNED mountain lion skins, just right for wall decorations or floor rugs, $16.00. Give two references and receive one C. O. D. Money back guarantee. Bear and other skins. Order now. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

Miscellaneous—Continued

HIGH blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-8)

HAVE you the physical vigor and vitality that you would like to have? If not, write at once for interesting health secrets sent free. Eugene S. Eaton, 44 Gibson Bldg., Bandon, Ore. (3-8)

PLEASANT, profitable vacations. Twelve descriptive medicinal plants, $1.00. C. H. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (3-8)

PLANNING extended auto camping trip. Can take three. References exchanged. S. H. Cope, Leonia, N. J.

QUIT tobacco easily, inexpensively with pleasant root. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

FOR SALE: Buffalo Heads, $125 each. Tom Smith, Fredonia, Ariz. (3-7)

Photography

KODAK films developed, 5c. 6 glossy Velox prints for 15c. Old photographs or tintypes copied and 6 sepia postcards for 75c. Quick service. Johnson Studio, Brownsville, Tenn. (3-8)

PICTURES—Five unusual views (real photographic prints) of results of cyclone in southern Illinois, $1.00. Raymond Matz, Carmi, Ill.

KODAK finishing on Velox samples and prices on request. Bairstow Studio, Warren, Pa. (5-10)

5x7 ENLARGEMENT 25c. Send Negative. J. Frey, 53 Walnut St., Newark, N. J. (3-6)

Printing

LABOR saving equipment and low overhead permits us to offer low printing prices. Estimates and samples on request. Bement Printing Co., Bement, Illinois. (3-6)

250 LETTERHEADS, 250 white envelcpes printed and mailed, $3.00. Samples printing free. Sunco, Mohawk, New York. (3-8)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Batavia, Ohio. (3-7)

150 ENVELOPES, 150 Bond letterheads, 3½x11, $2.00 with order. Neff Printing Co., Mankato, Minn.

Real Estate

FOR Sale: Completely equipped summer home on a beautiful Northern Wisconsin Lake. One car garage, boat house, ice house, zinc lined cedar chests, big fireplace, launch, row boats, outboard motor and tools. Every item required to provide an outing for the family appreciating such an equipment and setting as this property provides. Priced below real value. Possession this season. For inventory and pictures, write F. P. Cronkite, St. Joseph, Mo., or J. W. Quinn, First National Bank, Stone Lake, Wis.

FOR Sale: 450 acre tract of land in Muskoka Highlands of Ontario, Canada, partly covered by young forest (excellent for game preserve). An 80 acre lake and streams of spring water on property. 5 miles from Muskoka Lakes wharf. One mile from post office and Muskoka River for bathing and fishing, and ½ mile from railway siding. Selling to close estate. Reasonable cash offer will be considered. Mrs. Alex. Leslie, 82 Westminster Ave., Toronto, Canada.

SOMO Bay Property—For Sale: Resort site or club property. Located 5 miles west of Tomahawk City at the junction of Wisconsin, Tomahawk and Somo Rivers. Has 1¾ miles water front bounded by the above streams on three sides. Also two cottages and three-room garage. Will sell all or part. Fishing supply inexhaustible. Apply on grounds during month of July, or write A. B. Shannon, Portage, Wis.

Real Estate—Cont'd

NORTHERN Wisconsin Lakeshore lands, Lake Owen, Namakagon, Diamond and other good lakes. Wilderness timbered country off main auto trail if desired. Write for folder. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-6)

FLORIDA at its best this summer. Investment opportunities. Farms, groves, homes, on beautiful lakes, best fishing and sports, cooler than north. Try it. Information costs you nothing. B. O. Baker, Wiley-Coulson Bldg., Leesburg, Lake County, Florida. (2-6)

NORTH Woods calling you: Write us for descriptions and prices of camp sites, lots and all other kinds of lake shore property in the great North Woods. Ames & Ames, Owners, Minocqua, Wis. (3-8)

LAKE frontage, improved and unimproved, virgin timber, pike, muskie, bass, trout-fishing. Good hunting. Write Hackley-Phelps-Bonnell Co., Phelps, Vilas County, Wis., for particulars.

LAKE frontage in the dense Wisconsin forest. Virgin timber, pure water, good fishing and bathing. Find rest, recreation and health. Morse & Tradewell, Antigo, Wisconsin. (2-7)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

1,300 ACRES—North Central Michigan, $6.00 per acre. Lakes, streams, fish and game. Porter and Wyman, Muskegon, Mich. (3-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Lot and new cottage on beautiful lake in heart of northern Minnesota lake country. W. Schultz, Arlington, Wis.

FOR Sale: New cottage—furnished—on beautiful lake, Northern Michigan. Cheap for cash. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Mich.

FIVE acres, fruit, poultry farm, Ozarks, $76.00. $1.00 down, $5.00 monthly. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

LAKE properties, stream properties suitable for trout ponds and hunting sites. Write. Box 154, Pembine, Wis. (3-7)

Stamp Collecting

TRY Cole's approvals. They Satisfy. Cole, 3019A Wallace St., Chicago. (3-7)

Taxidermy

FUR and leather tanning, remodeling, dyeing, repairing, taxidermy and manufacturing of all kinds. Snake and alligator for leather a specialty. Henry Breuer and Son. Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. (3-6)

Wanted

WANTED—A small place in Vermont with trout stream, or one on lake where fishing is good. High ground preferable. E. L. Smith, Dresher, Pa.

WANTED—Red or grey foxes, young or old. State price in first letter. Dr. D. B. Patton, Tuscaloosa, Ala. (3-8)

WANTED: Block Decoys, Mallard, Pintail, Geese; state amount, kind and price. Charles Einfeldt, Box 65, Forest Park, Illinois. (3-6)

FOXES WANTED—Wild Stock, old or young ones. Ross Brown, McFall, Ala. (2-6)

I WANT Gordon Setter puppies. Price. Wm. Wetton, Slater, Mo.

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HARRIS and Shetland Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland; the "real thing" for distinctive Sports Suits; hand-woven and wonderfully good-looking. Booklet and latest exclusive patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-9)

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TYPICAL because *absolute dependability*—and nothing short of it—was L. J. Johnson's aim when five years ago he determined to make the Outboard Motor a practical means of water transportation instead of a clever novelty.

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That's how the Johnson owner *knows* that his Johnson will always take him where he wants to go—and bring him back. That's why more Johnson Motors were sold during 1924 than any other make.

The Johnson is the *one* outboard motor that can be instantly attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering any of them.

It drives a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour, a canoe from 9 to 12.

Johnson is the only really portable motor—its complete weight is

Only 35 Pounds

35 pounds—complete and ready-to-run. The Johnson is vibrationless. Its only sound is a gentle purr.

It is easy to start and safe to start at any temperature. The ease of handling the Johnson is a revelation.

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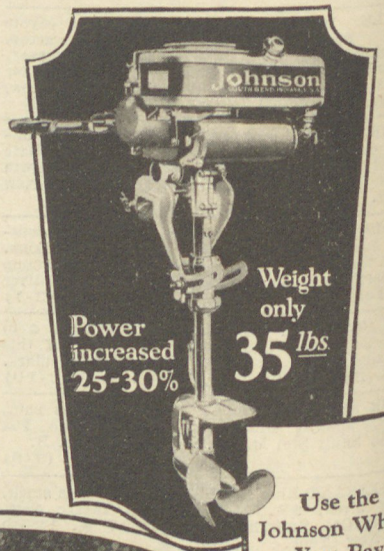

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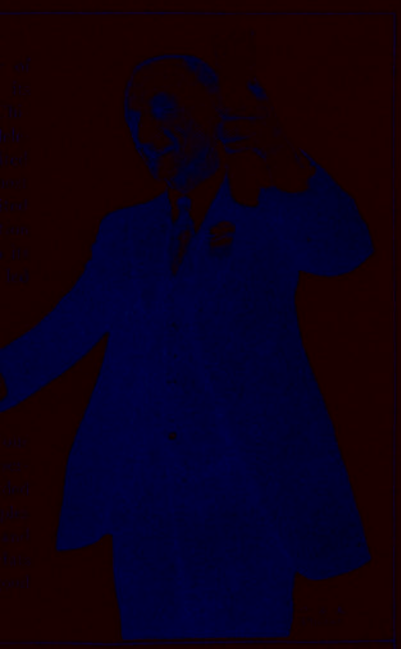

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